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My PARENTS,

IRA ANDREWS
AND
ANN HOPKINSON

Their Ancestors and Posterity.

INCLUDING MY OWN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

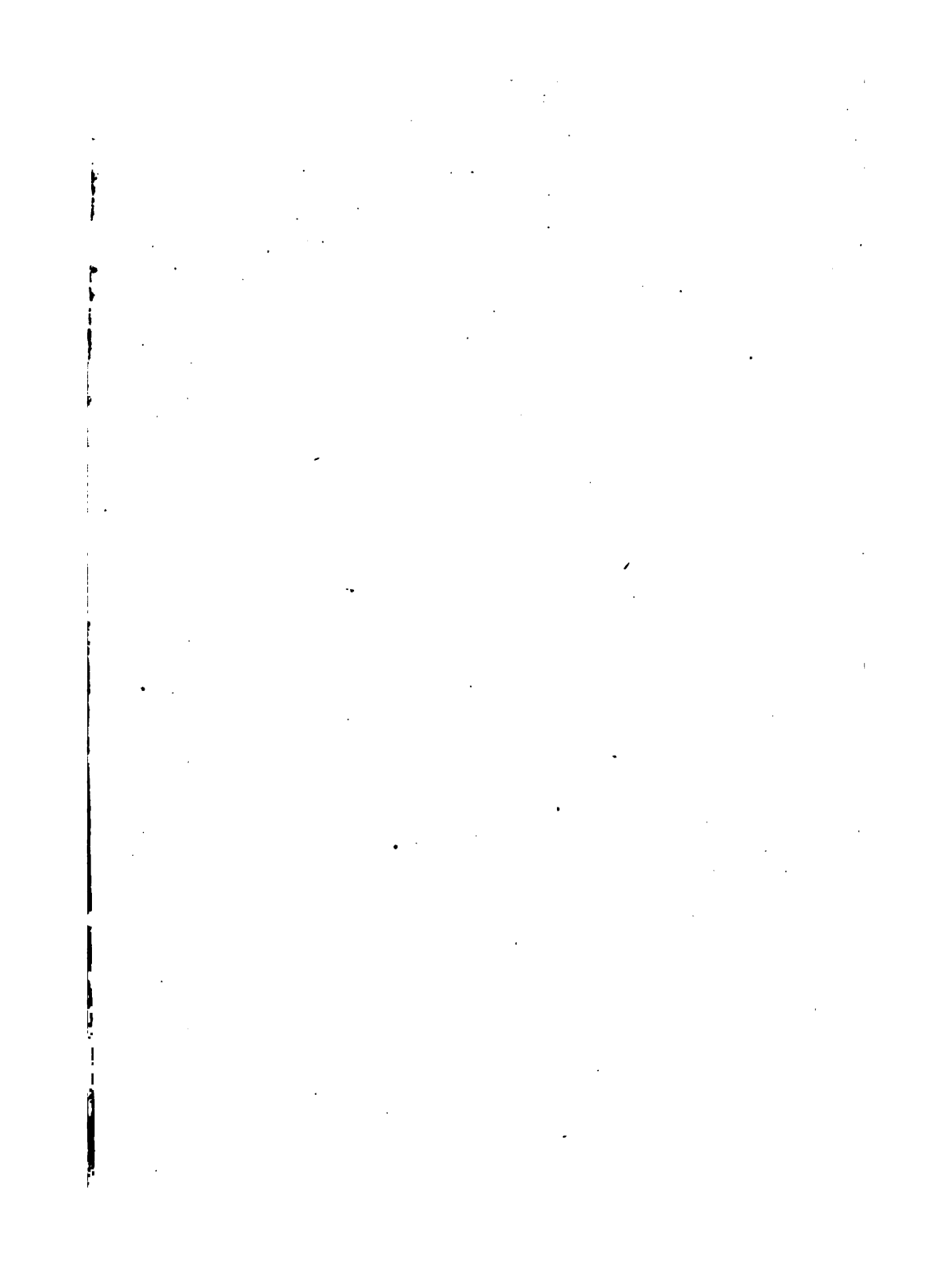
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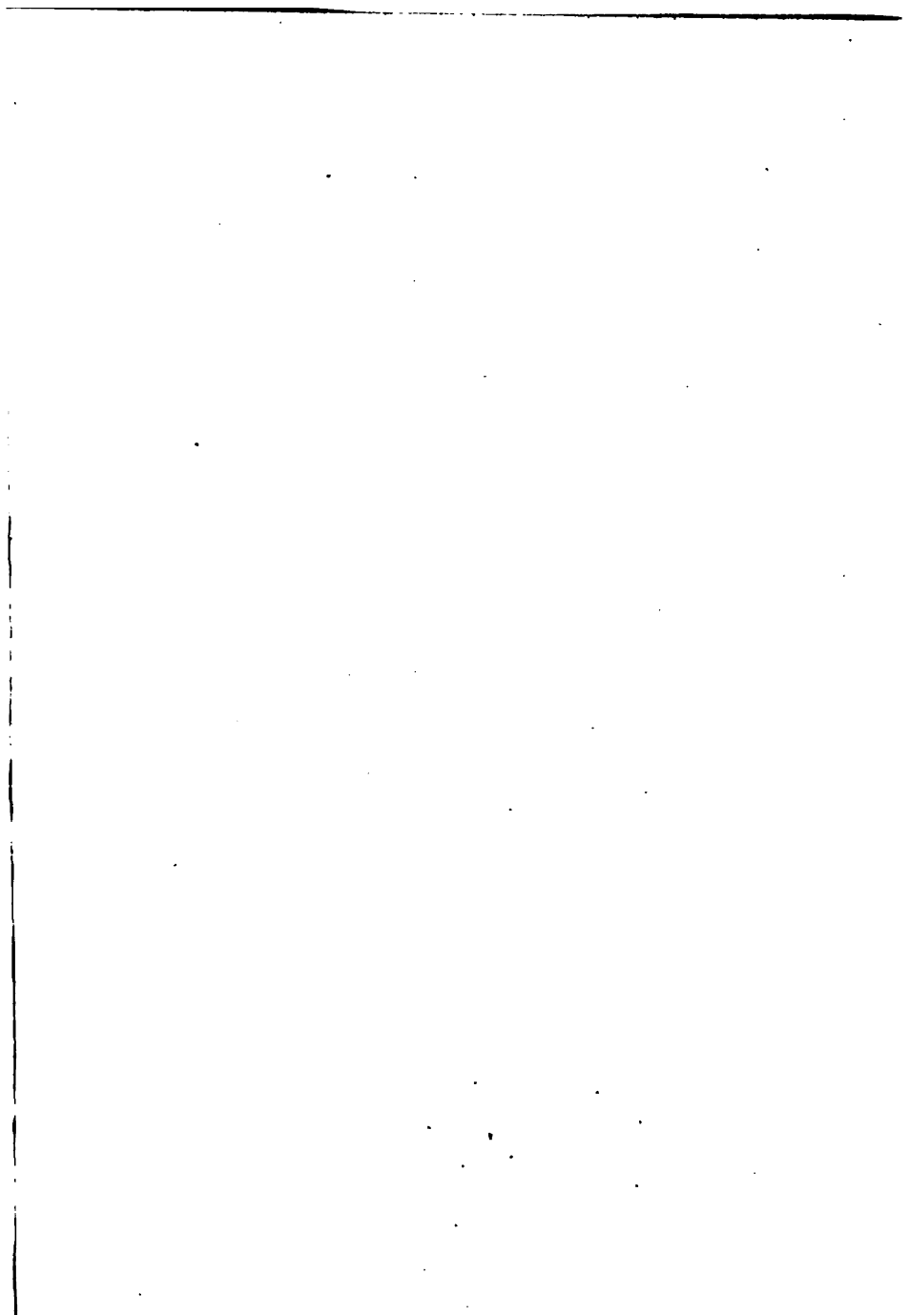




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Your Father's Friend
J. S. Andrews.

IRA ANDREWS & ANN HOPKINSON

THEIR ANCESTORS AND POSTERITY.

INCLUDING

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR,

GIVING THE REMINISCENCES OF HIS EARLY BOYHOOD IN HIS NATIVE MICHIGAN. A SKETCH OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OAKLAND COUNTY AND ITS SEAT OF "JUSTICE." AN ACCOUNT OF THE ANIMALS AND INDIANS OF THAT STATE AND THE INDIANS OF THE UNITED STATES. SKETCHES OF HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS—HIS MARRIAGES AND TWO DIVORCES—HIS CHILDREN AND THEIR CHILDREN. HIS ELEVEN YEARS ON THE WATER—TWENTY YEARS A LECTURER, AND ONE YEAR AN EDITOR. HIS PRESENT WIFE, HER EARLY TRAINING AND PUBLIC LABORS.

ALSO A TREATISE ON

MARRIAGE, DIVORCE,

AND THE LAWS OF

PSYCHOL AND CONSTITUTIONAL

HEREDITARY TRANSMISSIONS

A GLANCE AT THE CHANGES AND PROGRESS

DURING THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

TOGETHER WITH

AN APPENDIX GIVING HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS AND EXPERIENCE.

THE WORK IS ADDRESSED TO HIS CHILDREN.

Thomas Sheldon Andrews

TOLEDO:

BLADE PRINTING AND PAPER COMPANY:

1879.

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TO

MY ONLY SON

EDWARD CLARK ANDREWS

AND

MY ONLY DAUGHTER

ALTHEA ANDREWS SMADES.

PREFACE.

FOR some years past it has been my intention to write, when I could command the time, a statement of all I have been able to learn regarding our progenitors, both respecting the name Andrews (with which I and you, my son, were entrusted), as also the general health, longevity, and mental characteristics of our paternal and maternal ancestors, together with a statement of incidents in my own life and struggles, which by right concern you, and which you have before been too young and inexperienced to properly weigh, comprehend and duly appreciate. And now, during the month of June, 1878, when on the eve of a contemplated tour across the Atlantic Ocean for a short sojourn in Europe, and in so much as it is possible that by accident at sea or from some other cause my life may not be spared beyond this journey (notwithstanding I hope for a safe return to pass many years yet with you), I deem it a fitting time to commence the execution of this work. But as I am transient, passing a week

in a place, giving lectures by the way, previous to our arrival at New York, where we are to embark, and being away from my papers without opportunity to consult dates, I cannot hope to be entirely correct, nor to produce a very edifying memoir; but if I succeed in giving you a plain, comprehensive statement of the main facts, which I deem most instructive and reliable, it will satisfy a desire that I have long entertained and fondly cherished.

Your Father and Friend,

THOMAS SHELDON ANDREWS.

CHAPTER I.

ANDREWS—The two brothers, John and William Andrews, of England, the first to introduce the name into America—They settled in Connecticut and that State is the fountain-head of the Andrewses of this country—The further tracing of the name—Why it is considered to be a Scotch name—Its early introduction into Scotland from the Lake of Galilee—St. Andrew's Day—How the original name has been changed and mutilated by careless spelling—The given name, Ira A., seeming favorite with the posterity of John Andrews—Was my father a descendant of John or William Andrews, of England, or was he of a more recent Scotch descent?—My father's father, grandfather, or great grandfather—Were they Scotch or English?—My own father—When and where born.

Whence your pedigree;
Were it of ancient house, and proud display?
Of lineage long—
Or *far better*, of Virtue, Manhood, and Womanhood true.

TWO brothers, John and William Andrews, emigrated from England and settled in the State of Connecticut at an early day in the history of this country. Both John and William married and left sons and daughters, and through the sons the name has been greatly multiplied throughout the land. It has given teachers to our schools, professors to our colleges, governors to States, commanders to our armies, judges upon the benches

of our courts, ministers to the pulpits, statesmen in our legislative halls and in the Congress of the United States; as also authors, scientists, physicians, members of the bar, editors, printers, publishers, merchants, tradesmen, farmers, mechanics, artisans, etc. In fact, at this day the name is found in all the walks of life, and in every department of the various industries of our country.*

Sometime about the year 1871 or 1872, Alfred Andrews, of New Britain, Connecticut, a descendant of John Andrews, aforementioned, and a man of enterprise and intellectual worth, after great labor and research in collecting and classifying the names and data of the John Andrews posterity, published a large book, giving therein the result of his many years laborious investigations, by presenting a history of the births, names, marriages and whereabouts, so far as he had been able to ascertain, of the descendants of the said John Andrews, and it presents a surprising record in the way of numbers and hereditary characteristics. It also contained a contribution of likenesses of individual branches of the family in the way of steel-plate engravings that give much character to the book, and indicates the subjects to have been men of a high standard of mental character. The

*At the time I write an Andrews is Governor-elect of Connecticut, and I expect that Samuel Andrews, Esq., the skillful and gentlemanly superintendent of the typographical department of the Blade Printing and Paper Co., Toledo, O., will superintend the work of this publication.

first chapter of the book gives a commentary on the origin of the name and the different ways it has been spelled, which interested me very much. He says the name was originally spelled *Andrew*, minus the "s," and is descended from Andrew, the fisherman of Galilee, who was *sainted* by reason of his association with Jesus of Nazareth. Some of his posterity having found their way to Scotland at an early period of the Christian era, promulgated the name there, and a day was dedicated in that land to their great ancestor, St. Andrew, which is honored with an annual celebration to this day. The "s" became attached to the name, it is thought, by the habit of disregarding the apostrophe when writing and printing it in the possessive case, as St. Andrew's day, etc. The name has been otherwise much changed and perverted by wrong spelling, as Anderson, Andrus, Andros, Andress, etc. But Mr. Alfred Andrews, the author of the work, affirms that however much thus changed, each and all are of the same origin. The late Hon. John Andrew, the popular and much esteemed war governor of Massachusetts, seems to have retained the name intact. He was a benevolent, intellectual and scholarly man.

The name is generally denominated as native to Scotland for the reasons already given, it having been extended from there into England, America, etc. I searched diligently and with great

interest the complete contents of the book for the name of my father, his birth and family record, but in vain, as between its lids, which contained hundreds, or may be thousands, of the name, I was not able to find the least mention of him or his. At the conclusion of the book, however, a note gave the information that another work of the kind, giving the genealogy of the posterity of William Andrews, was being prepared for the press. This gave me encouragement that I might yet be able to find my father's name among the descendants of the said William Andrews, as it seemed to me that it would follow as a matter of course, that in so much as I had not found any trace of him among the descendants of John, that his name and birth would assuredly appear as a descendant of the brother William. I thereupon immediately addressed a letter to Alfred Andrews, the author of the former work, and made inquiry relative to the prospective book of the descendants of William Andrews, and to give my name to the subscription list, that I might early procure a copy when put in type. After a long time I received a reply to my letter, written by a Mr. Gad Andrews, a friend of Alfred. The letter was dated at Southington, Conn., February 16, 1878, and informed me that my letter, addressed to Alfred Andrews, Esq., at New Britain, was duly received there, and sent by Cornelius Andrews, a son of Alfred, to

the said Gad Andrews, desiring him to reply to my letter, as Mr. Alfred Andrews had died during the month of April, 1876, and Mr. Gad Andrews having in his possession the manuscripts for the new book of the William Andrews posterity. He also advised me that Mr. Cornelius Andrews, of New Britain, has his father's book of the Genealogy of John Andrews for sale. Price, THREE DOLLARS. The letter also informed me that the project of bringing out the second work had been abandoned, they having failed to obtain a sufficient number of subscribers to sustain the expense of its publication,* but that the reply to my letter had been delayed while the manuscripts, so far as prepared for the book, were fully searched in my behalf, but they had failed to find my father's name or any trace of our branch of the family. Consequently I can give you but a limited and rather unreliable detail of my father's ancestral history. Suffice it that I tell you my father, Ira Andrews†, was born at New Lebanon, New York, September 16, 1786, and all I now recollect of ever having learned of his father's family or ancestors

*The John Andrews posterity are termed by Gad Andrews the New Britain branch, and the William Andrews' posterity the New Haven branch.

†In my perusal of the book of the Genealogy of John Andrews, I saw the name *Ira* Andrews quite frequently, though not that of my father; and the fact that Ira was apparently a somewhat favorite name with the descendants of John Andrews, the inference is that my father might have been one of his descendants.

was told me by my mother. She said my father's father, or grandfather, I have forgotten which, was small of stature, wore *knee breeches*, was from Connecticut, and of Scotch descent; or, rather, as she termed it, "*Was a Scotchman.*" But having no history of any Andrews having emigrated direct from Scotland to Connecticut, and only her statement for it, I deem that she might possibly have been mistaken, and that we may be descended from either John or William Andrews, of England.

Still, in response to my letter of inquiry from Mr. Gad Andrews, it was given as the opinion of the writer that my father was *not* descended from either of those brothers, there being no evidence found in their researches to warrant it. That, taken in connection with my own recollection of the inferences that his grandfather or great grandfather came direct from Scotland, inclines me very strongly to the opinion that we are of a "*different tribe,*" as the gentleman who replied to my letter, was pleased to term it; and that we are more directly descended through the paternal ancestors from Scotland, and not from England. And yet, there is room for conjecture.

CHAPTER II.

My paternal grandmother—My father's brothers and sister—
Three letters from my cousin, James H. Andrus, of Almont,
Michigan, concerning them—He also gives a very interesting
statement of his own family, and has a word to say about
Spiritualism—He is a son of my father's brother, James,
and though an own cousin of mine, I have never met him,
nor had he even heard of me until he received my letter--
He also spells his name differently.

I KNOW nothing of my paternal grandmother,
and very little of the brothers and sister of my
father; though I recollect there were quite a
number of the brothers, of whom I have seen two
only, namely, James and Amos. My father was the
eldest of his father's children, and I think James was
next to him; while Amos was the youngest of the
family, and was called after his father, whose name
was also Amos. There were several other brothers;
one by the name of Hazzard, whom I never saw,
but heard his name often mentioned by my par-
ents. There was but one sister, whose name was
Sally. She was once engaged to be married to
Oliver Newberry, who at that time resided at Buf-
falo, N. Y., but afterwards removed to Detroit,
Mich., where he became very wealthy and was

known as a great steamboat and vessel owner on the lakes. The engagement was by some means broken off, when Mr. Newberry resolved that he would *never marry*, and he *never did*. *She* afterward married a man by the name of Hawkins; their residence was in Michigan, and I think they raised a family of children. Those are all of the members of my Grandfather Andrews' family of whom I have any recollection.

James Andrews or Andrus, I think he spelled it, whom I have before mentioned as the brother of my father next younger than himself, long resided at Almont, Lapeer County, Michigan. He owned a farm near that place, I think, and also carried on the mercantile business, he having a store in the town. He had but one child, a son, whose name, I recollect, they called Hudson, and I think he was bred to the law or to the same pursuits of his father. I heard him often spoken of by my parents as well educated, and a young man of good promise. He is, of course, an own cousin of mine.

Amos Andrews, the youngest brother of my father, I recollect was a shoemaker; he resided for a short time, about the year 1849, at Birmingham, Oakland County, Mich., where my father then resided, and where he died January 13th, 1855. Amos had quite a numerous family of children, both boys and girls, and the children were called

"smart," but they and I were then quite young, and I have no recollection of their names. Amos soon moved from there, with his family, and I have since lost all trace of them.

Since the foregoing was written, I have addressed two letters to my cousin (Hudson) James H. Andrews, or *Andrus*, as he spells it, at Almont, Michigan, son of my father's brother, James. The following are his respective replies to each. They were received and perused by me with great pleasure and satisfaction, and as you will readily observe, after having read the foregoing, they give me much information relative to my father's father, and his brothers and relatives, which was before wholly unknown to me :

ALMONT, MICH., Aug. 7th, 1878.

DR. T. S. ANDREWS :

Dear Cousin :—Yours of the 5th inst. is just at hand, and I am glad to learn that I have such a cousin, for if I ever knew of it, it had escaped my mind. I was pretty well acquainted with your father and mother and some three years since, I met your brother Seymour at Flint, and had two or three days acquaintance with him. I am quite deficient as regards a knowledge of our father's pedigree, although I have long felt an interest in learning something of it. My father died at Port Huron, October 21st, 1870, at the age of 79 years.

His brothers were Ira, Hazzard, Samuel, Elias, Sylvanus and Amos.

Amos is now living at Port Huron, and possibly might give you some information. I knew of but one sister, Mrs. Sally Hawkins.

I myself have had neither brother nor sister. I am inclined to think that there is something *mixed* in regard to our grandfather being a Scotchman. I was well acquainted with him for several years before his death, in Attica, N. Y., and have no recollection of his having any Scotch accent whatever, nor of ever seeing him wear "knee breeches."*

My father at an early day went from Chautauqua County, N. Y., to the township of Penfield, Monroe County, where he married, and then removed to Motville. From there he moved to Attica, N. Y., thence to Binghamton, thence to Darien and thence to Michigan. He often spoke of his uncle David, who lived, I think, in Chautauqua County, but am not quite certain.

This is all the information that I can give you in regard to the subject that I can think of at present.

I shall like to hear from you occasionally while on your tour, if convenient, but don't fail to write

*I presume it was his father, or grandfather, that my mother refers to as a *Scotchman* with knee breeches.

upon your return, and let me know if you learn anything further.

To conclude, if you have not already investigated the subject of spiritualism, I would advise you to do so at every convenient opportunity, until you learn the truth for yourself in regard to it. You see I am a spiritualist, and would like to have my friends and "all the rest of mankind" learn the truth for themselves.

Yours, etc.,

JAS. H. ANDRUS.

Since the above was received, I have written a letter of inquiry to Amos Andrews at Port Huron, Mich., according to the information in the above letter, but have received no reply to it. You will recollect that he is my father's youngest brother, and I presume the only one of the family now living. He must be aged. Here follows the second letter from Jas. H. Andrus:

ALMONT, MICH, August 16th, 1878.

DEAR COUSIN :

Yours of the 13th inst. is at hand. In answer to your questions, my age was 62 the fifth day of last June. You did not give me your age. Our children are Unita,* William,* Mary, Charles, Phebe Ann,* Julia, Frank P., and Harry L. Those marked (*) are in spirit land. I have not been an officeholder, with the exception of town offices, as the Republican party has a large majority in this town

and county. Am now one of the Village Trustees. Our son William enlisted in the 3d Michigan Infantry as First Lieutenant in his Company, served through the war and came back a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regiment. He was a lawyer and good counsel. He contracted a disease in Texas which probably may have caused his early passage, which took place May 15th, 1873, at the age of 31 years. Frank is also a lawyer and is Village Clerk and Attorney. Charles is a carpenter and joiner. Harry is a clerk in a dry goods store. My business has been selling goods and groceries.

Grandfather Andrus died in the township of Attica, N. Y., but a few miles from the village. My father sold his farm here, and bought a few acres of land on the bank of the river two miles below the center of Port Huron, where he lived several years. Mother died many years ago and he was living with his second wife.

Grandfather, as I remember him, was of rather small stature and quite sprightly. He stepped around at eighty as quickly as most people at twenty-five. I have heard that one of his sons, I think Sylvanus, lived in Pennsylvania, and lost a son in the war. Have also heard that Elias I think, came to Michigan and settled years ago, but have heard nothing of him since.

I am much pleased to learn that you do not remain "in the dark" regarding Spiritualism, and

shall look with much interest for your "experiences in that direction."

Please to write often, and keep me posted in regard to your tour, etc., etc.

Yours truly,

JAS. H. ANDRUS.

As I received no reply from my Uncle Amos, I wrote my cousin Hudson once more concerning our Uncle Amos's family, and here is his reply:

ALMONT, MICH., January 17th, 1879.

DR. T. S. ANDREWS:

Dear Cousin,—Yours of the 13th inst. is at hand. I have not been at Port Huron since my father's death, nor seen Uncle Amos, but heard from him a year ago last Summer. He had sold his farm and was then in the city in the grocery business. I am sorry that I cannot give you the information in regard to his family which you wish. It was probably his oldest son, Mortimer, with whom you were acquainted on the lakes. It must have been soon after that time that he went to some foreign place, I forget where, and died there. It seems as though I have heard that he had another son who died in the army, but of this I am not at all sure.

Have heard that my uncle in Pennsylvania lost a son who was an officer in the army, and it may be this that haunts my memory.

Uncle Amos has had another son, his youngest,

who became deranged and was taken to the insane asylum. Cannot say whether he is yet living or not. He also had a daughter Louisa, who, we have heard, married and died.

Our father's sister, Sally, married Ira Hawkins, of Alexander, N. Y., who removed to Mason, Michigan, and he died there, many years ago. They lost their two oldest sons, Alfred and Fayette, but the youngest, Emery, married and was living in Richmond, St. Clair County, Mich., the last we heard from him.

His two sisters, Emily and Louisa, were at Port Huron when last heard from. Aunt Sally came to Almont and died here many years since. All this may be information somewhat foreign to your subject.

Thanking you for your promise to send me a copy of the History, as I shall want to see it very much; also for the photo, I remain,

Yours truly,

JAS. H. ANDRUS.

CHAPTER III.

My father—His temperaments, characteristics of mind, tastes, talents, appetites and peculiarities of disposition—His musical talent and "Andrews' wit," and their inheritance by his posterity—His violin, and the extra use he sometimes made of its bow—His temper and his benevolence—His and my mother's elements of compatibility, and their non-compatibility—His service in the army, and participation in the Battle of Queenstown Heights.

MY father was a man of about medium size, say five feet ten inches in height, and his weight, I think, would average from 150 to 160 lbs. He had gray eyes and dark, coarse hair, indicating power and endurance ; his temperaments were motive-nervo-sanguine, with no influence from the lymphatic. He was very active both in mind and body ; a restless, wide-awake, early rising, industrious and hard working man. He had a very prominent development of the upper frontal lobe of the brain, giving superior ability and love for thinking, reasoning and seeking out causes and effects, whys and wherefores, etc., and although his scholastic attainments were quite limited, he was a great reader and thinker. His combativeness and destructiveness were prominent and acute, which rendered

him* quick-tempered and passionate; he also had large approbateness, which gave him much personal pride and rendered him quick to feel a slight. (This faculty gives a fondness for dress and personal appearance with the young; a love of approval, together with a quick sensitiveness to reproach; while with the more matured, it gives pride of intellect and desire of personal or professional estimation from society). When he was young, he was said to have been "very dressy," his neatness and personal appearance having been a matter of remark among his young associates of that day, as also his habits of industry, supple activity, and resolution in self-defence. I have heard my mother relate that ruffled shirt bosoms were in style at that time, and that he was very particular to have his ruffles neat and in order when he *dressed*.*

As before stated, my father's opportunities for scholastic education was very limited, while his native ability was much above par. But unfortunately for him, and for us all, he early acquired an appetite for strong drink, which he never overcame to the time of his death. His keen intellect,

*I am the more particular to notice this, as he became quite careless in this respect during the latter part of his life; although the hereditary tendency adhered with his generations, his children all, and especially the sons, being fond of dress and appearance. This, together with an almost undue sensitiveness to the sayings and opinions of people, has regularly descended with us all.

large mirth and imitation, together with his combative and destructive nature, gave him a sarcastic vein that was very expressive when he was in liquor, and at such times he was often rash and aggressive. Yet when himself—free from the intoxicating stimulant—he was as kind and gentle as a child. Several traits, talents and physical conditions peculiar to himself have been regularly inherited—in a greater or less degree—by all of his children, both sons and daughters; some of which I still observe in you, my children. Among the most prominent of the mental inheritances traceable directly from him is *music*, and a dry “Andrews wit,” which was noted by all who knew him, and many familiar acquaintances of the family were wont to remark when they saw it begin to make itself manifest in his children, that it was the “Andrews in them;” a sort of drollery, and disposition to place objects in a ridiculous light, to argue by ridicule, etc.* As also the talent for music, which has regularly descended with nearly every one. My mother was also a good singer

*This characteristic has been very strong with me through all of my life, and has, at times, greatly interfered with my sense of dignity; yet, it has been very hard for me to restrain or subdue it. Music has also ever cheered and harmonized my better nature; its influence over me in many a dark hour has been as a mental narcotic, and my whistling and singing has had its tendency to banish dull care and waft my thoughts away to connect themselves with pleasant events and associations on memory's green tablet, and thus would my busy hands perform their tasks with far better cheer.

and had an excellent voice and ear for music ; while my father was a violinist, and among my earliest infant recollections is the tap from his fiddle bow when I was too noisy while he was playing. He was eccentric and affectionate, and though rash and resolute in temper, and especially so when under the influence of strong drink, yet in his better nature, one of the kindest of neighbors and best of friends. He would discommode himself to the last to oblige a neighbor, or do a kindness to his fellow man. He was too kind and considerate of his children, would do himself, to save them, what they should have been prompted to perform. He never gave *orders*, never told his children to go, come, or to do any task, but invariably *asked* them to do it. His common expression was, "be as good" as to do thus and so. Even when he was under the influence of liquor, I never knew him to be cross or severe with his children ; although at such times he was both cross and abusive to my excellent mother. When he was absent and expected home by her, she was wont to chide us to be circumspect and not cross him, while she would have the table set (he was fond of table, and liked to see that), a cheerful fire if the weather was cold, and all things as pleasant and agreeable as possible for his reception, expecting he would be "in liquor," and feeling cross and disagreeable. But it was of no use ; he was

sure to find some cause to vent his temper upon her. Or, if out with his team about home, at work where liquor was obtainable, she was ever kept in dread, and constrained to "put her best foot forward" in preparation to ward off the effect of his drinking. I think he naturally felt oppressed by her superior social ability, and different tastes and aspirations from his own, and, when his unduly developed organs of combativeness and destructiveness were stimulated by intoxication, his greatest grievance seemed always to come by her. She was not always submissive under his intemperate tirades; I have known her to turn upon him and dispute his invectives at every utterance in loud tone of voice, and, at other times, she would sing aloud some familiar Methodist hymn, which would exasperate him greatly, and I have known her to even tire him out until he would go away to bed and give it up; not through her contentious retort, but some device of loud talking or singing, though usually she bore it through in silence. But be it one attitude or another, on her part, it was still the same with him; he must and would have his abusive onslaughts through his intoxicating cup. They were by taste, *temper*, (not temperaments,) different home trainings, and natural aspirations, *non-compatible*. She unintentionally tantalized him by her natural bearing. She was ever reaching out and seeking after higher attainments, while he was

satisfied, contented, yea, even thankful for and with the bread and circumstance of to-day. She was of lofty spirit, sought to associate with the best class of society or none at all, and labored to impress upon her children the same disposition in their choice of associates ; while my father was democratic in every sense of the word. He rather had a hatred for aristocracy, and the exclusive ones of society, though they might possess the best of character and disposition. He was well met with those on the middle and lowest planes of life, and ever adhered steadfastly to the Jackson Democracy in politics. While my mother maintained the idea that the Democrats were the *whisky* party, and she, having suffered so much from that source, naturally espoused the cause of the opposite (Whig) party, contending that they were of a higher moral cast, and through her greater influence impressed almost indelibly these sentiments and politics upon each and all of her children save one, your uncle Clark, who always sustained the politics of his father throughout his life.

My father should have had a wife of a more lowly mien, a milder and more yielding disposition than was that of my mother. Yet they each were possessed with excellent constitutional powers and lively emotions of mind and spirit, through which their children became possessed with ample intellectual and bodily powers.


My father was free from disease but had strong appetite for both food and drink. I have known him to get up in the night, cook a meal of victuals, sit down and eat it all alone. His appetites have not been inherited by any of his children, or at least indulged to excess by any of them. Another peculiar condition of his nature, though a very hardy man, was that of his being extremely susceptible to take cold. He would often remove his boots in the evening and sit by the fire, but soon begin to snuff and sneeze with the approach of a cold. And that physical condition, I, myself, fully inherited. I have never been able to change my boots for a pair of slippers, in winter, without contracting a cold. I also have, by inheritance, a great share of my father's combative and destructive nature, together with a full scope of my mother's reformatory disposition. But the difference between my good, well-meaning father's early instructions, and opportunities for culture and the modification of temper, with that of my own, is marked. I was fortunate in meeting, early in my boyhood, an excellent phrenologist, who admonished me to *beware* of giving away to extreme temper, as my organs of combativeness and destructiveness were very acute, and that, together with over-wrought approbateness, I would be inclined to think myself insulted when I was not, etc. That knowledge and admonition has been of great benefit to me

all through my life. And thus the benefits we derive from the discoveries in science. The old theologies taught that there was a personal devil, which haunted, tempted and afflicted men. But the discoveries of Dr. Gall, that the organs of the brain give these powers has nearly destroyed that superstition, while it has its tendency to elevate and bless mankind.

Myself, my sister, Mrs. Ticknor and you, my daughter, have all been afflicted with deafness, especially of the left ear. Deafness is often produced in posterity through intemperate habits of progenitors, but more especially from the possible intemperance of a mother; yet, often from that of a father. My father's appetite for stimulating liquors was acquired, or at least greatly enhanced while he was in the service of the Government during the war of 1812, commonly known as our last war with Great Britain. It was then a custom in the army to deal liquor to the soldiers with their rations. He served in that war for a time in the New York Militia under Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, and fought bravely at Queenstown Heights. I have heard him say that he saw Gen. Brock, the British commander, fall from his horse when shot during that battle.

CHAPTER IV.

My mother—Her temperaments, mental endowments and her religion—Her illustrious ancestors, both paternal and maternal—Roger Williams and Francis Hopkinson—Her conscientiousness and inherited fortitude—Her natural ability as a linguist—Her trials, faithfulness to duty and to her children—A sketch from history—Her father, mother, brothers and sisters—George Hopkinson, and his son, George, Jr.—The family of John Hopkinson, of Newburgh, Ohio—I wrote the Postmaster at that place—His reply—John and Percis Parshall and their children—Henry Gaylord, etc.

HILE it becomes *man* to foster the paternal name—his time-honored inheritance—with interest and pride, yet it is with profound satisfaction, together with the deepest pleasure and interest that I assure you, my children, that my mother, your paternal grand mother, was a woman of superior character, and came of illustrious ancestors. Her mother, whose maiden name was Williams, was a descendant of the famous Roger Williams, who settled Rhode Island; while her father, whose name was Hopkinson, regularly descended from Francis Hopkinson, whose name stands recorded as one among that intrepid band of heroes who signed the DECLARATION OF

INDEPENDENCE; who, taking their lives in their hands, stood foremost in that hour which "*tried men's souls*," and with fortitude which ever comes of a deep consciousness of *being in the right*, gave us that immortal chart which was the forerunner of our national liberties.

An evident injustice exists that deprives woman of her name in her generations; whereas, children often inherit their greatest and best qualifications from a great and good mother, and, though the father may be ever so unworthy, yet his name is cherished and kept intact by the generations, while the maternal name is absorbed and lost in the husband and father.

My mother's maiden name was Ann Hopkinson. She was born at Saratoga Springs, New York, June 26, 1796, and, as may be noted, she was ten years younger than my father. She was, as before stated, of superior inheritance, and native ability; she was a trifle above medium size, had dark, coarse hair with an occasional red or sandy hair to be found among it; her eyes were large, and of a dark hazel color; her temperaments were quite equally balanced, with, however, a predominance of the mental and bilious, or motive. She was endowed with a large intellect and excellent judgment. *Conscientiousness*, benevolence and *will*, were the predominating mental powers. She had large facial features and a Washington cast of

countenance; and in her case is fully exemplified the injustice that exists whereby the mother's name is cut short in her posterity, while that of the husband and father continues on and on to the end of the generation. Her moral influence was almost supreme over her children, and the effects of her untiring devotion to their teaching and training must continue its influence upon her posterity; while her great conscientiousness by its inheritance in greater or less degree by her children, has given the moral incentive that has ever continued to chide, buoy up and guide their footsteps in the paths of rectitude. Her social faculties were also very great; she was a fine linguist, great to entertain company, and a very interesting narrator of events past and present, or, in other words, her excellent social qualities and ability to depict and interest those about her was a matter of remark by all who knew her. She was also devout in her religious life, and known for her fervency in prayer; yet an advanced thinker for her time and opportunities. She was inclined to question Scriptural inconsistencies and unhumanitarian acts, or unreasonable themes of the churches, whilst my father never failed to proclaim that he did not believe a syllable of the big story of Samson and the foxes. My mother's mother, and all the maternal influences from Roger Williams down, were deeply imbued in the Baptist faith; while the Hopkin-

sons were generally of the Methodist persuasion. John Hopkinson and family, of Newburg, O., however, were converted under the preaching of the (then) famous Alexander Campbell, (who for a time held great meetings at Newburg and vicinity) to the Disciple faith. My mother during her early life was a Baptist; but she manifested her *come-outive* disposition by breaking from them, and joining the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was a member to the time of her death. I am informed by my sister Althea, however, that she had become much interested in spiritualism before her death; and the supposition is, that, had she lived a short time longer, she would have *come out* from the orthodox faith entirely.

Her great mind and spirit was calm and rational through all of her extreme pain and suffering during her last sickness, and when her children were gathered about her death-bed in agony and tears, her last fervent words to them were to "*Have fortitude!*" While her whole life, which was beset with deep trials and disappointments, fully attest the truths of *hereditary descent*, so completely represented in her undying fortitude, born of those great-souled forefathers — Roger Williams and Francis Hopkinson.

I have no history of Francis Hopkinson, and only recollect that Dr. Franklin mentions his consultations with him regarding critical affairs of the

nation. Franklin and he were long friends, and were very companionable. They both died the same year, viz: 1790. But of Roger Williams, the eminent founder of Rhode Island, I copy the following short sketch from a history of the United States:—

“ Roger Williams was a Baptist minister of enlightened views; he arrived in New England, February, 1631, at scarcely thirty years of age. He was an ardent friend of religious liberty, and a foe to every form of legal intolerance. He was at first pastor of a church at Salem, where having advanced the opinion that a commonwealth is bound to protect all religious denominations, rather more boldly than was acceptable to the Massachusetts government, and having also announced some strange opinions with great spirit, [The history don't say what those opinions were], he was tried for heresy and sentenced to leave the province.

He repaired to the spot where Providence now stands and laid the foundation of a colony of which he was himself minister, instructor and father; his manners were harsh, but he had a good heart. He obtained a deed of Providence (now the State of Rhode Island) for himself from the Narraganset Indians, and it became as much his own property as were his clothes; yet he gave every foot of it away. Nor did he love power more than property, as he would not accept of the magistracy. Providence settlement soon became the asylum of all who were persecuted in the other colonies on account of their religion.”

The history further records as follows:

“ Roger Williams learned the Indian language that he might teach them, and was a true friend and benefactor to them. At a time when the Indians had become fully incensed against

the whites, and the tribes were about to unite to exterminate the white settlements, there was no other white man in New England at this critical period that dared to expose himself to the Indian fury but Roger Williams. Aware of the danger to the Colonies, this good man, amid storm and wind, and at the most imminent hazard of his life, embarked in a canoe and hastened to the Wigwam of the Narraganset Sachem, even while the Pequod ambassadors were there, still reeking with the blood of Oldham and others. Here for three days and nights he ate, drank and slept in their midst, in danger of being shot, or having his throat cut every minute. The Narragansets for some time wavered, but he at length succeeded in preventing them from entering into a league with the Pequods, and thus probably saved the colonies from extinction."

My father was also a non-conformist, by thought and feeling, and those inherent influences have, in a large measure, culminated in, or extended to, nearly all of their children. This, together with the advancement of the day derived from the inroads of science, enlightening and freeing mankind in general from the thralldom caused by the ignorant superstitions of the past, has given them mental liberty, through which nearly all have become free, conscientious thinkers, upon religion, and all other subjects. This will readily indicate to you, my children, the advantages that accrue to offspring and to the generations, through the fervent, conscientious struggles of progenitors, as well as by the labors of those great, liberal and philanthropic vanguards in science and advanced thought, who labor for the amelioration of man,

all of which will present the suggestion that you too, owe a debt of correct principles and generous motives to your posterity.

My mother's father and her brothers were tall and well proportioned, and were, also, men of excellent judgment and character. They were known for their cool and accurate decision in determining matters of interest to the town or State. Their judgment was often solicited as arbiters in cases of dispute, which always gave great satisfaction to the parties concerned. George Hopkinson was her eldest brother, and his son, George Hopkinson, jr., now lives on his farm, a mile or two south of Pontiac, Michigan, where he has long resided and been known as a man of integrity and worth.

John Hopkinson, another of my mother's brothers, recently died at Newburgh, now South Cleveland, Ohio, where he long resided and was well known by all of the old inhabitants thereabout as a man of stalwart integrity and of great worth and reliability as a citizen. He was a blacksmith by trade. He had but one son, whose name was Norman, and whom I knew well as a bright, intelligent young man. He died between twenty and thirty years of age. Poor Norman! He was born with a deformed chest, of which he was ever afflicted. I have no recollection of any of the other members of the family, but will here give

verbatim the contents of a postal card kindly sent me by the postmaster of Newburgh, in response to inquiry I made of him through the mail respecting the remaining members of the family. It is as follows :—

“ NEWBURGH, South Cleveland, Ohio, }
October 8, 1878. }

“ The widow of John Hopkinson is here and one daughter, Mrs. C. W. Botton ; one daughter in Cleveland, Mrs. J. Browning ; one in Iowa or Wisconsin ; one in California, Mrs. J. Healy.

Respectfully,

C. A. MARBLE.”

These are the only members of my mother's father's family of whom I have any personal recollection, save her sister, Percis, Mrs. John Parshall, who resided with her husband at Royal Oak, and afterward at Detroit, Michigan, and who left quite a numerous family of sons and daughters, who are, of course, my own cousins, and with whom I was better acquainted than with any other relatives of the same degree, of which I have any recollection. Mrs. Harriet Gaylord, one of their daughters, still resides at Detroit, and has a numerous family of bright, intelligent sons and daughters. Henry Gaylord, her husband, is long since deceased. He was a scientific mechanic, with whom I sailed in the same steamer two years, he as engineer. He was an excellent and very

worthy man, and highly respected by all who knew him. James Parshall is a man of intellect and of property, and resides at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Caleb Parshall, his next younger brother, was an estimable young man, who died young. John Melvin Parshall, another cousin and brother of James and Harriet, etc., was about my own age. He was an engineer. The last I knew of him he resided at Alpena or Saginaw, Michigan. Charles Parshall, another of their brothers and the youngest of the sons, lives at Detroit, and is also a scientific mechanical engineer. He received a patent-right for an improvement in machinery of his own discovery that proved remunerative to him. He also has sons and daughters.

There were four or five more daughters of John and Percis Parshall, who were sisters to Harriet, James, etc. Their names, as near as I can recollect, were Julia, Sallie, Betsy, Rebecca, and Priscilla. Julia, I think, married a man by the name of Bakewell, who, if I mistake not, was in some way related to Alexander Campbell, the famous Christian evangelist. Betsy and Rebecca both married and reside in Kalamazoo County, Michigan. Rebecca's husband's name was Aldridge, but the name of Betsy's husband I have forgotten. Sallie, if there was one of that name, of which I am not quite sure, I have no knowledge of; but Priscilla, the youngest of the family, married John

T. Didlake, Esq. They reside at Towanda, near Bloomington, Illinois, and have children. I think Julia Parshall Bakewell also resides with her husband and family in that locality. John and Percis Parshall, their parents, are both deceased. Mrs. Parshall, their mother, and sister to my mother, lived to a great old age and but recently died.

I regret that I am not able to give you the resident places of my mother's other brothers, as also the names of the men with whom her other sisters were married, which I cannot; but I can fully testify to the fact that all of her brothers and sisters were generally healthy and long lived. Yet there was a hereditary rheumatic affection with which some of the family were at times afflicted, and of which difficulty my mother was perhaps one of the most subject, and my brother Clark and myself were, I believe, the only ones of her children who inherit it from her.

Caleb Hopkinson, my mother's father, started from Black Rock, New York, with his wife and son, Jonah, to go to Delphi, Cass County, Indiana, and died *en route* of paralysis. His wife, my maternal grandmother, long survived him. She lived to a great age; I think she was eighty-five or more when she died. She was not a noted woman, but rather thoroughly domesticated and retiring in her disposition, and known for her noble, womanly qualities. She lived an exemplary and

very useful life. I remember her well, but have no recollection of her husband, my maternal grandfather. I also remember that my father was wont to say of her that she was one of the very best women the world ever afforded. She was somewhat short of stature, with the vital, mental, and lymphatic temperaments predominant, and her hair and eyes, if I recollect right, were dark colored. My mother was larger than her, taller, and likely took her physical form, somewhat after her more stalwart father, although I am of the opinion that she took her general character and temperaments about equal from both her father and mother. Her youngest brother, Bernice, was a scholar, and all of his life a bachelor and a rover. He served in the Union army through the late war with the South.

CHAPTER V.

A letter from my brother containing an invaluable contribution from him and my cousin, George Hopkinson, Jr.—My mother's father was a soldier under Washington—He also had a horse shot under him at the Battle of Lundy's Lane—He was taken prisoner and afterward made the first salt ever manufactured by a white man at Syracuse, N. Y., in a five pail kettle—He many years afterward journeyed westward with his wife and son—They put up for the night at a hotel in Indiana—His son wished to shave him, but he waived being shaved until morning, then his son who was a minister read the 1st Psalm and they retired to bed, and in the morning he was found dead of paralysis—A complete and reliable statement regarding the brothers and sisters of my mother.

“Superior worth your rank requires;
For that, mankind reveres your sires;
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merit heightens your disgrace.”

“FENTON, Mich., December 23, 1878.

BROTHER THOMAS:—You ask if I can contribute any items of interest concerning the Hopkinsons' and Andrews' families for your history. I can give you some knowledge of the Hopkinsons from my own remembrance; but George Hopkinson and wife were here a few days since, and he gave me quite an account. He has

a splendid memory, and I can recollect things of an early day better than what transpired a few years past. I will give you the names and ages of the Hopkinsons, and also the deaths, as near as I can remember and gather from George.

“Grandfather Hopkinson died when I was but six years of age, but I can remember the occurrence and their talking of it. I also remember well when the old lady died, and where. The Hopkinsons were a strong, nervy, long-lived people, and so were the Williamses.

“Grandmother Hopkinson was a connection of Oliver, Gerdon, B. O. and A. L. Williams, of Saginaw and Owosso, Michigan, and formerly of Rhode Island.

“Caleb Hopkinson, her husband, and our mother’s father, was born in Massachusetts in the year 1756, and died in Indiana of paralysis, 1824, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He married Elizabeth Williams, of Rhode Island. Don’t know what year.

“Elizabeth Williams Hopkinson was born in Rhode Island in the year 1755, and died of dysentery at Royal Oak, Michigan, in 1843, in the eighty-eighth year of her age.

“Caleb Hopkinson and Elizabeth Williams, his wife, were the parents of twelve children ; seven sons and five daughters. The names of the sons

were, respectively, George, Seth, Jonah, Caleb, Smith, John, and Bernice. The daughters were, Eunice, Percis, Betsey, Mary and Ann.

"George Hopkinson, Sr., died in Ohio in the 89th year of his age. George Hopkinson, Jr., is in his 71st year, well and healthy. His mother is in her 90th year and in good health. Grand' father Caleb Hopkinson was a resident of Boston when a young man, before the Revolutionary War, served in that war under Washington, volunteered in the war of 1812, and was taken prisoner at Lundy's Lane, where he had a horse shot from under him. He remained a prisoner at Halifax until the close of the war, and was turned out bare-footed and nearly naked. He was a pensioner of the Revolutionary War.

"In 1810 he (Caleb Hopkinson) made the first salt that was ever manufactured at Syracuse, N. Y. The spot where that beautiful city now is, was then a wilderness. He was on his way from New York State to Indiana with his son Jonah, when he was taken numb on one side of his body; they stopped at an inn, and Jonah, thinking he was going to be sick, desired to shave him; he said, 'no, Jonah, you may shave me in the morning,' and then read the first Psalm. In the morning he was dead. Jonah did as his father requested—he shaved him.

"Bernice Hopkinson, his youngest son, is now

at the Soldier's Home, at Washington, if living, which I think he is, and in his 70th year.*

"Aunt Percis Parshall died in her 83d year. I have now given you all that I know of that is reliable.

"By the way, does it seem possible that I have lived *sixty years* in this world? I am just two days past my three score years. The points are fast turning with me now, but I feel as well as I did thirty years ago, only not quite so spry. It has been my good fortune to have good health the most of my past life, for which I am thankful to my Creator.

"Your Brother, etc.,

H. S. ANDREWS."

Since the above was received, I have the following letter from George Hopkinson, Jr. He is aged and the letter is somewhat broken, but it contains items of much interest concerning the Hopkinsons—my mother's father's family.

"PONTIAC, MICH., Jan. 18th, 1879.

"DEAR COUSIN :—I was glad to receive your letter which was in waiting for me on my return from Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., where I have been midst the deep snow to attend the funeral

*Since I received this letter from my brother, I have addressed a letter to Bernice Hopkinson, Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., and it was returned to me with the following written upon it, viz.: "*No man of that name here.*"

of my mother, who died December 29th, 1878. Her maiden name was Nancy Jefferson ; she was born July 15th, 1789. My father, George Hopkinson, was born in New Hampshire, Feb., 1782, and died at 89 years of age. Grand father, Caleb Hopkinson, died the same year the old *Michigan* went over Niagara Falls, I think it was in 1824. He died while *en route* to Delphi, Indiana. He, grand mother and their son Jonah, left Black Rock, N. Y., for Delphi, Cass Co., Indiana, on the Wabash River, and he died of paralysis when within one day's journey of their place of destination. Jonah was a Methodist preacher and a carpenter. He built quite a number of houses at Delphi, which became his place of residence. He had two sons, one named Geo. F., and the other Paul. George lived near Chicago, Ill., and owned two or three farms and raised a great number of sheep. Caleb Hopkinson, Jr., was a man of great muscular strength ; when he was eighteen years old he was six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds, and was not fleshy. My mother weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds and she stepped both her feet into his hands and he raised her from the floor and held her at arm's length. He died in Arcadia, Wayne county, N. Y. ; age unknown. He had one son named Oelson, and three daughters, Jane, Sophia and Elizabeth ; their whereabouts is unknown to me.

"I passed the house, or rather the place where the house once stood, two weeks ago where your father, uncle Ira, was married. It is two miles and a half east of Palmyra village, Wayne Co., N. Y.

"One of our aunts married a Mr. Sampson, near Buffalo, and another aunt married a Mr. Peat, and they had a son, Captain Peat, who was once a noted man as captain of Lake Erie vessels, and was said to be a good sailor. Aunt Betsy Hopkinson, another of your mother's sisters, married Sherman Bristol. He died in Canada. She afterward married a Mr. Martin, near Buffalo; went west, I think to Michigan, and there died. Emerson Bristol, son of Aunt Betsy, long a presiding elder, resides at the present time at Ancoster (or Lancaster), Ontario, Canada.

"Uncle Smith Hopkinson went to Ohio from York State, with his family, and that is all I know of him.

"Grandfather Caleb Hopkinson was in the Revolutionary war, and also in the war of 1812-13. I recollect well the morning he mounted his horse to go and serve in the last war. Four of his sons went with him, viz.: George (my father), Smith, Caleb, jr., and Jonah. He was taken prisoner by a British cavalry charge, his horse being killed under him. He was taken, thirty or forty other prisoners with him, to Halifax in an open boat, sixteen of whom perished (froze to death) on the

way. They would haul the boats to shore at night, build fires for the guards, but kept the prisoners in the open boats under close guard without fire. When finally released from prison, he, with other prisoners, walked two miles, bare-footed, in snow four inches deep. He had but half of a pair of pantaloons and the body of a shirt only, all else having been worn out during his long imprisonment. The inhabitants finally, out of pity, gave them—one a hat, another shoes, etc.

“I remember the day I saw Uncle Bristol come home from the war. I also saw Grandfather Hopkinson *paid in silver for his horse*, and for his time in the service. Grandfather was the first white man that made salt in the Onondaga Salt Works. He boiled it in a five-pail kettle. (The Oneida Indians made a little, however, first.) Afterwards there was a company formed, the parties being mostly from Albany, but he remained chief owner. My father and Uncle Caleb were the overseers of his interests.

“Grandfather Hopkinson died at sixty-eight and grandmother at eighty-eight. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Williams, and a distant relative of Gurdion Williams of railroad notoriety of Michigan. She retained her memory remarkably in her old age. She was at my house six weeks on a visit just previous to her death, and her mind was as good as a lady at twenty-five.

"I will now give you my own family record :

"George Hopkinson, jr., born at Westmoreland, Onondaga County, New York, July 5, 1808.

"Maria Howell, my wife, born April 8, 1809.

CHILDREN.

"Mary Hopkinson, born at Palmyra, New York, April 27, 1830.

"Henry Hopkinson, born at Palmyra, New York, September 4, 1832.

"Spencer M. F. Hopkinson, born at Palmyra, New York, April 14, 1837.

"Yours, ever,

GEORGE HOPKINSON."

CHAPTER VI.

The sensational marriage of my father and mother—Their first housekeeping at Palmyra, N. Y.—Joe Smith, the Mormon “Prophet,” attentive to my mother’s hired girl—My parents move to Buffalo—A little episode in the way of a holiday present, which is a pleasant surprise—Oliver Newberry boards with my parents—He emigrates to Detroit—Why he never married—My parents short residence upon Cunningham’s Island—They embark at Buffalo for Detroit in the famous steamboat “Walk-in-the-Water”—An incident on board—One of my mother’s interesting narrations.

MY FATHER and mother were married at Palmyra, New York, December 9, 1814, under circumstances that is indicative of the pluck and fortitude of them both. It seems they were together attending a social evening party, where there was much hilarity and good feeling being enjoyed by all present, when, of a sudden, it was proposed by some one present that for a variety sensation some couple present *should be married*, and it being well known to all that Ira Andrews and Ann Hopkinson had been keeping company for a proper length of time, and they also being known as brave, good looking and resolute, were rather singled out as the parties to be married,

when, to the great surprise and pleasure of all present, they cheerfully stepped forward and the ceremony was duly and lawfully pronounced amid the applause of all present, and their marriage was widely celebrated and commented upon by the community at large, fully realizing the sensation that was intended by those who suggested it; for a marriage of a well-known couple in a community at that day was a matter of importance, and far different from an occurrence of the kind in our time. They commenced their first house-keeping at Palmyra.*

They afterward moved to (the then) village of Buffalo, New York, which was becoming a place of smart promise, and there they kept a thriving boarding house or inn, and I will relate an incident which occurred during their residence there to show the shrewd ability of my mother in a business way. She, in anticipation of making a handsome Christmas present or New Year gift to my father, and he being very fond of a good team, and not owning one at the time, she commenced to economise money long before the holidays and purchased, all unknown to him, from her savings, one of the fleetest and most beautiful span of horses

*At that time, Joseph Smith, who afterward became so famous as the Mormon "Prophet," was a boy and lived with his parents at Palmyra, and I have heard my mother say that he used to come to see a hired girl of hers, and sit about in her way in the kitchen. She said "Joe" was a lubberly lout of a boy."

the vicinity afforded, and also a stylish sleigh, buffalo robes, bells, and all complete. She had them driven up before the door at the given time, and invited him out, having all the household as spectators, while she presented him with his grand holiday gift.

Here my eldest brother (your uncle) H. S. Andrews, of Fenton, Michigan, was born; also my eldest sister, Samantha L. Andrews, long since deceased. But these will be given in the complete family record further on.

Among their boarders at Buffalo was one Oliver Newberry, a young unmarried man, employed as a grocer and merchant of brown home-made earthenware. He having saved up some money, asked my mother's advice relative to what way he might invest it to make it pay him best, as he was about to sell out and quit Buffalo. Her advice was that he would go to Michigan, the then *far west* territory, which was becoming famous for the inducements it offered to emigrants from the east, and there put his money into lands, which she thought would eventually pay him abundantly. He went to Detroit, where he ever after remained, and there became very wealthy. He erected a large commission house on the docks, and, as before stated, became one of the heaviest steamboat and vessel-owners on the lakes, and was known as one of the most important business men and capitalists

in the Northwest. His residence was on Fort street—a grand costly mansion erected to his own order, and a niece, his brother's daughter, was his housekeeper. He kept sacred his pledge of single blessedness to his death, which occurred, I think, sometime about the year 1859.

Soon after Mr. Newberry departed for the West, my father and mother were induced to break up and sail for Michigan also. They embarked with their two young children in the steamer *Walk-in-the-Water*, Capt. Rogers, Master—the first vessel propelled by steam on Lake Erie—and, after one week's voyage, including way landings, arrived safely at Detroit. This was in 1820.

I recollect hearing my parents tell of their once having lived for a short time on Cunningham's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio, now called Kelley's Island, and adjoining the famous Put-in-Bay Islands. Just at what period they lived there I am not aware, but it seems to me from my present recollection that it was before they went to Detroit. I distinctly recollect that they said they went to the Island with Capt. A. Walker, in a sail vessel, and it is my opinion that they first went to the Island, returned to Buffalo, and then to Detroit. They were the sole occupants of the Island while there, and I have heard them relate the fact of there being abundance of fruit upon it, peaches and apples growing wild, having been planted by

the Indians, also, that wolves and game abounded upon the Island.

I well remember an incident, related by my mother in her entertaining manner, that occurred in the cabin of the steamer *Walk-in-the-Water* before she left the dock at Buffalo, when they embarked in her for Detroit. She said she observed two superior-appearing gentlemen walking the cabin to and fro, arm in arm. One was apparently "going up the lake" in the steamer, and the other had called upon him before the steamer sailed, though himself not taking passage. She related that as they walked up and down the cabin some young children were at play on the carpet, among them was a little "tow-headed" boy whom the gentleman from the shore stopped and accosted; placing his hand upon the lad's head, said to him, "Well, my boy, what is your name?" The little fellow looked up and replied, smartly, "DeWitt Clinton Leach, sir." "Ah," said he, "and where are you going?" "I am going to Michigan to cut the trees down," was the ready reply. The gentlemen walked up and back once or twice more when they stopped again and the large, fine-looking man who had before spoken with the boy, took from his purse *three dollars* in money and gave the boy and said to him, "take this, and when you get to Michigan have your father buy you some sheep with it. I give it to you because you are likely

named after me, as my name is De Witt Clinton ; I am not very rich," he continued, "and this is all I can afford to give you now." The gentleman was the great De Witt Clinton, Governor of New York. The advice of Governor Clinton was strictly followed ; the three dollars were invested in sheep, De Witt C. Leach was afterward known as the greatest sheep raiser and dealer in the Northwest. He became wealthy by means of his *wool clips* and his general deal in sheep. He was three times elected to Congress from Michigan, and he helped frame the original constitution of the State.

CHAPTER VII.

My parents arrive at Detroit in the "Walk-in-the-Water"—
Early reminiscences of Michigan life and scenes by my
brother.

THE following article from my brother's pen,
your uncle, H. S. Andrews, of Fentonville,
Michigan, I clipped from the *Independent*, a
newspaper published at his home. It is so inter-
esting and so well suited to this place, I publish
it in full, together with the editor's short preface :

REMINISCENCES OF THE TERRITORIAL DAYS OF MICHIGAN.

The following sketch of pioneer life was written by H. S. Andrews, a well known resident of Fenton, and one of the first settlers of Michigan :

FENTON, Jan. 10, 1878.

It was in the early part of June, 1820, that my parents embarked on board the steamer *Walk-in-the-Water*, at the city of Buffalo, N. Y., and after a voyage of one week we landed in safety at Woodworth's dock, near where the Detroit and Milwaukee depot now stands. Detroit was then a small rustic city, now the beautiful queen city of this great peninsular, and as I look back to those, the earliest days of my recollection, it being over half a century past, no adequate words of mine can convey the vast progress and improvements since made.

The steamer above mentioned was the first one that ever crossed Lake Erie, and was much inferior to some of the ferry boats that now ply upon the river between Detroit and Windsor. She performed her mission with marked success.

The population of the city of Detroit was at this time mostly French people; the principal traffic in those days was the fur and deerskin trade between the French and Indians and the city merchants. Thousands of dollars' worth of furs were exchanged for goods and whisky. In 1824 not a sidewalk was to be seen in the city and only two brick stores, one a small one story brick, built and kept by Peter J. Desnoyer; the other owned by Major Whipple and kept by G. Sampson on Jefferson Avenue, one block above Woodward.

The best school building in the city, where I learned my first lessons, would in no way compare with our Union School Building in Fenton. General Lewis Cass in those days was a great man in Michigan. Lewis Cass, Junior, son of the General, long since a minister to Rome, a boy then, was a friend and classmate of myself. It is with fond recollections that my mind reverts back to those mirthful days spent with young Cass, trying our skill with bow and arrow that the red men had learned us to shoot, and with this and many other sports, our boyhood days glided by.

In the year 1820 the total white population of Michigan numbered 8,896 only. On the corner of Woodward and Jefferson Avenues stood small wooden buildings—one a fur store kept by J. Campeau, the others saloons, groceries, &c.

In the center of Woodward Avenue below Jefferson on the brow of the hill descending to the river, stood the city market, a square, one-story building, enclosed with pickets or slats, rather, about two inches apart. And I shall never forget an incident that occurred at that market. One frosty morning in the latter part of October, 1826, a Frenchman who was lodged in jail for stealing a pair of boots, was conducted by the Sheriff from the jail to the market to receive the penalty of his crime.

His back was stripped to his hips leaving only his pants, a cord was attached to each of his wrists, and he was then placed in front of the market, and each hand fastened to a slat about three feet apart. In this uncomfortable position, he received from the strong arm of the Sheriff twenty lashes across his naked back, with a red rawhide; each blow left its crimson mark, and was accompanied by a deep groan from the sufferer. At the twentieth lash his trembling appeal to the Sheriff was to untie him quick. Such was life fifty years ago.

We will go back to the stone walls of the prison, and here we see within its iron grates John Simmons, who was awaiting his trial for the murder of his wife, and after a long tedious trial he was convicted. While under the influence of strong drink he inflicted a blow on her head with a shoe-hammer, causing death. His gallows was erected in front of the jail, and, though a child of only eight years of age, I distinctly remember the occurrence. He was conducted upon the scaffold by the Sheriff, when he knelt in view of his coffin with reconciliation to his God, and there, standing within a few feet of him, I saw the first and last man executed in Michigan. Such a sight I never again wish to see. If I mistake not the same old building then used as the State building and court house, still stands between Woodward Avenue and Griswold Street, and is used for a Normal School. The ruins of the old fort which secreted the American Soldiers of the War of 1812, was yet visible in the year '34. While they were grading Griswold Street, I saw the bones of many soldiers plowed out and thrown into French carts and drawn off. Just about this time the cholera broke out in the city, and it was not an uncommon thing to see six or eight French carts in a string with coffins going toward the cemetery.

In 1828 my father moved two miles out of the city on the Pontiac road, where he kept a small country inn for two years. During this time thousands of Indians came from Saginaw and other parts of the country to Detroit each spring, to receive

their yearly presents from the government, and many of them camped near where we lived. During this time I learned to talk the Indian language nearly as well as my own native tongue. My father at times had some trouble with them, when they had indulged too freely in "fire-water," but being a resolute man and understanding their nature, he could manage them pretty well.

My parents moved west to Redford, and from there, at the age of sixteen, with their consent, with a small bundle of clothing tied up in a cotton handkerchief, I started out to seek my fortune. My mother gave me good advice and requested me to learn a trade (and her counsels I always esteemed to the day of her death). After traveling ten miles with bundle in hand I arrived at *Piety Hill*, now Birmingham. (Their piety then, however, was much the same as may be found in many of the rural districts of California at the present time.) At this place I learned my trade and followed it for twenty-eight years of my life.

General Andrew Jackson was the first President of my recollection, who honored that chair March 4th, 1828, and was re-elected in 1834. Stephen T. Mason, although a youth of nineteen, by his activity and superior ability, was the then acting Secretary of the Territory, and at the death of Governor Porter, succeeded him as Governor, and was afterwards elected to the same office, being the last Territorial and the first State Governor of Michigan. He afterward became, as has many another bright gem, the unhappy victim of strong drink. The Hon. Dr. Isaac Wixom was a member of the Legislature in 1838, and with honor re-elected in the year 1843. Robert LeRoy, Esq., is within the pioneer circle, having arrived in 1818; also Rouse Perry, a resident of fifty years—following an Indian trail to Fenton at the dawn of civilization, and thence on to Saginaw. Over half a century has passed, and as I drive over the old and once familiar road to Detroit, as I approach the city, two miles out, I halt and gaze upon the spot where,

fifty-two years ago, stood the humble inn of my father. It was long since blotted out, and in its place I behold a splendid city residence of modern style, and I look over the grounds where, in my boyhood days, I hunted the rabbit and wild pigeon, then the grazing ground of hundreds of French ponies, and dotted with the wigwams of the red men of the forests, now a dense city of rich residences, with here and there an old French building as a memorial of former days.

Ten minutes later and here I am amid the rattling coach wheels, and the shrill whistles of steamboats and cars, of the busy City of the Straits; and as I approach the dock, where I have so many times crossed the river in a French canoe, which was the only means of conveyance at that time, and now look upon the mammoth ferry-boats conveying with safety full trains of cars filled with people from shore to shore. I repeat in my mind the passage in Numbers xxiii., 23, "What hath God wrought."* Nearly three score years have elapsed, and many who were strong in their glorious youth have long since gone to that country from whence no traveler returns,† while only a few remain to commemorate those eventful days of hardship and privations.

People are less excitable now than they were then, and society is regulated by the same refined laws which govern all the principal cities of the east. There is quite as much, if not more patriotism; but time subdues, and a new generation has sprung up, with no vivid recollections of the steamer *Walk-in-the-Water*, or of the throng that gathered around as she approached the dock. Many a heart was made glad as her lines were thrown upon the shore; by the greeting of friends and the arrival of the United States mail, which at this time was at its destination, as Detroit was the dawn and ending of civilization. With this handful of brave spirits, full of energy

*What hath *men* wrought.

T. S. A.


†From whence their spirits very often return.

T. S. A.

and enterprise, they began paving their way to distinction and wealth, and, shrewd explorers, soon penetrated to the almost inexhaustible pineries that have constituted riches in the hands of the fortunate locators, and as civilization increased, their search was still onward, even to the upper peninsular, where their eyes feasted on the rich copper and iron ore of the distant hills of our borders, specimens of which we were proud to see at the great World's Exhibition, as trophies from across the deep blue waters of Lake Superior. Their quality stands unsurpassed in the wide world, and still there are hidden treasures undeveloped.

CHAPTER VIII.

My parents move from Detroit to Shelby—My sisters Julietta and Althea born—Removal to Detroit—Birth of my brother Clark and myself—My parents again keep an inn, and my father becomes a clearer-up of land—Removal to Franklin, Redford, Southfield, and to Birmingham—At Redford my brother H. S. A. in the role of rabbit catcher—His partner and he meet poor luck in the end, and he leaves to learn a trade—One son leaves the family domicile and another joins it—Birth of my brother Edward—We move to Southfield, clear land and make sugar—Birth of my sister Libby—My own little axe—The flying squirrel—The bee tree—Sugar making—Old Buck and Bright—Removal to Birmingham—Death-bed of my father—"My son, that no longer interests me"—My mother soon follows to the grave—The old homestead—Family Record.

T Detroit my brother, your uncle, Clark was born; he was three years older than myself. I was born one mile from the (then) corporation of Detroit, at the Desnoyer farm on the Royal Oak and Pontiac turnpike road, and in the house your uncle mentions as "now removed and in its place is erected a beautiful city residence." He says they moved out to that place in 1828, which is likely correct, as I was born in 1829. But in his limited newspaper article he does not, nor had he reason to, trace the thread to show as you will observe by consulting the family record of my parents which you will find a little further on in this work, that your aunt, Althea S. Andrews, now

Mrs. Smith, and Julietta, another sister of mine, long since deceased, were both older than your uncle Clark and myself, and that they were born at SHELBY, which is in Macomb County, Michigan. Therefore, my parents must have moved from Detroit on their first arrival there from Buffalo, and then again returned to Detroit after having lived at Shelby two or more years. At the Desnoyer place, as your uncle records, my parents were again engaged as inn keepers, and my father was also occupied clearing up land ; a source of laborious industry that occupied a goodly number of the years of his after life, and in which my own early boyhood was passed in real delight, with my little axe in hand, felling the small trees, piling brush, and helping my father amazingly. And amid these labors my diversions were ample in chasing the flying squirrels when my father would fell great trees in whose hollow trunks they were disturbed from their nests ; as also, in finding the eggs or the young of the partridge and the quail, etc. And too, what a delicious treat, when my father—as was often the case—would fell a “bee tree,” which gave us an abundance of pure, sweet honey ; and not unfrequently was added as a retort for the greed of “us children,” a black eye, or a great, swollen blotch about the neck, face or hands, that tortured us for a time with excruciating pain, from the *mad* sting of the bee ; while my father seemed to wear a charmed life as he would

go among the little covetous creatures with burning honey-comb upon a shovel and secure pails swimming full of the ready, marketable commodity. And from the comb my parents would manufacture "beeswax" for the grocer and the druggist.

And oh! the rejoicing again, as the spring time approached, and my father would commence to prepare the spiles and troughs, in anticipation of the maple sugar season. And

When all day the maple trees had poured
 Their garnered sweetness out,
 And then to gather in the store,
 The farmer moved about.
 Old Buck and Bright he fastened to the sled,
 A barrel put thereon,
 And then he starts around the trees,
 With gee, whoa, haw, go on.
 The barrel full starts for the vat,
 And empties out the store,
 And again old Buck and Bright must start,
 And go and gather more.
 While this is doing, see that one
 Is tending to the fire,
 And round the kettles, make it burn,
 And send the bubbles higher.
 Be careful now, or 'twill run o'er,
 As it is getting thick;
 There, there, you see—it's over now,
 O! get some pork!—be quick,
 And now it's done enough to strain,
 And it must settle too;
 Now place the syrup o'er the fire,
 And quickly it will do.
 Take off the kettle, let it cool,
 For now the sugar 's done.
 Come girls, and boys, and bring some spoons,
 To eat it now is fun,

LANG SYNE.

My father was, in spirit and reality, a frontiersman, and a farmer without a farm, only as he cleared up lands, broke up the virgin soil and reproduced crops upon the lands of others. He was a resolute, unconcentrated, hard-working man, too poor and too unsteady to ever lay a foundation for fortune. With his numerous family in a new country, without capital, hard work and necessity was our common boon.

When my parents again moved from Detroit they went to Royal Oak, where they kept an inn for a time, in a great double log house. From Royal Oak they moved to Franklin, Oakland Co., and from Franklin to Redford, in Wayne Co. Here my brother Edward was born. And I can recollect that a company of men, or the United States troops, were engaged cutting a turnpike road through the heavy timber from Detroit. They used powder to blow great trees out by the roots, and for blasting rocks. I can remember the booming reports.

My brother Clark and myself were quite small boys when we lived at this place, but I can recollect that he and I used to have some small kettles, and had a little sugar works of our own near where my father's greater works were. We tapped small maple trees and gathered the sap in a little tin pail ; we also had some small troughs to catch the sap in. And, too, at Redford, your uncle

Seymour, (H. S. Andrews), then a boy, in company with one Chester Peck, a chum of his, one winter caught, I think, one hundred rabbits and cured their skins, which, towards spring, they made a journey to Detroit to sell, but, finding no market for them at any price, they scattered them along the road on their return, thus winding up the *fur trade* with him. Through the advice and assistance of my mother, he went to Birmingham (Piety Hill) and learned the blacksmith's trade with R. T. Merrill, the then great and enterprising builder up of that town.

From Redford we moved to Southfield, where my sister Libbie was born. At this place my father took the contract to clear up a place for one John Lanson, an Englishman, who lived at Birmingham. The little log house we occupied there, and which is still standing in a very dilapidated condition, was but about two miles from the village of Birmingham; but it seemed a long distance to me then, as we had to follow a narrow road, by blazed trees, through a dense forest to get there. But that forest is cut away now, and *my own little axe* was one of the instruments to its accomplishment.

From Southfield my parents moved to Birmingham, where they built a residence, and where they spent the remainder of their days. They must have moved there as early as 1837 or '38, as I

remember circumstances that occurred in that village at the very first commencement of the Harrison Presidential campaign, which was carried on during the year 1840; and we had been there a year or more before that. Consequently my parents had their residence at that place near twenty years, they having continued to reside there until their deaths; they both died during the year 1855. But up to the time that my father died he had never given up the hope of ending his days upon a piece of land of his own. He had long watched for Congress to pass a grant of land to the soldiers of 1812, and the winter of his death the law was finally passed. It had become a dotage with him, and that winter I subscribed for a daily paper for him, the *Detroit Advertiser*, that he might every day read what Congress was doing about the matter, and finally when the grant was passed, he was wonderfully elated. I immediately wrote a letter to General Cass, our United States Senator, which he replied to, and promised to see to it for us, which he *did*, and he finally obtained it and sent it forward to him; but he was dead and buried before it reached us, although when I had received word of the certainty of its being obtained, he was yet alive, but low in his last sickness. I went to his bedside, gently aroused him, and told him that a land warrant for one hundred and twenty acres of land had

been obtained for him. He was calm and perfectly rational in his mind, but under the influence of a burning fever. He listened and looked steadily at me, heard all I had to say, then slowly raised his right hand and said to me: "My son, that is no longer of interest to me." I felt keenly and deeply his words, and they were the last, I think, that I ever heard my poor, good father utter, for very soon thereafter, the once kind but resolute spirit of Ira Andrews had vanished away. His hands were complacently folded across his breast, and his face wore an expression of peaceful confidence.

On a bleak, cold day of midwinter, pierced by the driving winds and drifting snow, we followed his mortal body to the pleasant burying ground near the village of Franklin, and there deposited it by the side of my two sisters and my brother, who had gone before. But as if upon a journey they had long traveled together—my mother and he—she lingered a short time behind, but soon overtook him. And there they have peacefully rested near twenty-three years; while at Birmingham, the old house, so long their home, still stands as a tender reminiscence of the past. You will recollect I visited it last summer, (1877), when "Mother" and I came to Michigan to see you and to visit your uncle, (H. S. Andrews and family, your Aunt Addie and Cousin Friend, at Fenton.

FAMILY RECORD OF IRA AND ANN ANDREWS.

[MY FATHER AND MOTHER.]

NAMES OF THE FAMILY.	WHEN AND WHERE BORN.	WHEN AND WHERE MARRIED.
PARENTS.		
Ira Andrews	New Lebanon, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1786 ..	{ Palmyra, N. Y., December, 9, 1814.
Ann Hopkinson	Saratoga, N. Y., June 26, 1796	
CHILDREN.		
Samantha Louisa Andrews	Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1816	Waterford, Mich., May 26 1846.
Henry Seymour Andrews	Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1818	
Julietta Andrews	Shelby, Mich., Nov. 4, 1820	Birmingham, Mich., November 1, 1846 " " December 25, 1853
Althea L. Andrews	Shelby, Mich., Aug. 19, 1822	
Ira Clark Andrews	Detroit, Mich., April 25, 1826	Buffalo, N. Y., September 25, 1848.
Thomas Sheldon Andrews	Detroit, Mich., April 15, 1829	
Edward Ellerby Andrews	Redford, Mich., October 25, 1834	White Lake, Mich., June 28, 1858.
Ann Elizabeth Andrews.	Southfield, Mich., Dec. 8, 1836	

WHEN AND WHERE DIED.

Ira Andrews, Birmingham, Mich., January 13, 1855	Althea L. Andrews.
Ann Hopkinson-Andrews, Waterford, Mich., Sept. 17, 1855.	Ira Clark Andrews, Fenton, Mich., Feb. 17, 1874.
S. Louisa Andrews, Franklin, Mich., Sept. 13, 1831.	Thomas S. Andrews.
H. S. Andrews.	Edward Ellerby Andrews, Birmingham, Mich., Dec. 22, 1876.
Julietta Andrews, Franklin, Mich., Sept. 12, 1881.	Ann E. Andrews-Ticknor, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 15, 1875.

CHAPTER IX.

The deaths and burying places of my father, mother, brothers and sisters—A tribute to their memory by my brother—As also, like tributes of love and respect at the hands of Addie and friend B. Andrews, and by L. M. Ticknor, Esq.

MY FATHER and mother, my two eldest sisters and brother Edward, lie buried at the village of Franklin, Oakland County, Mich., and my brother, your uncle, H. S. Andrews, has caused to be erected over their graves, a beautiful granite monument and marble slabs, appropriately lettered with their respective names, ages, and the dates of their deaths. This was done by him, not alone from a deep sense of filial affection for them, but that you, and all of their posterity, may ever know where they were lain ; that you may visit the spot, commemorate and keep sacred their memories. My brother, your uncle, Clark Andrews, lies buried at Birmingham, Oakland County, Mich., beside his first wife, and mother of his son and only child. Their graves are adorned with an appropriate monument, marked in affection, by his widow, Addie Beldon Andrews, and son, Friend B. Andrews.

Your aunt, Ann Elizabeth Andrews-Ticknor, lies buried at the beautiful Lakeside Cemetery, at Chicago, Ills. I cannot direct you to her grave, but I am informed that it has been properly marked and adorned by her devoted husband, L. M. Ticknor.

You will observe that my father died at sixty-nine years of age, and my mother at fifty-nine, both the same year. My father lived an excessive life much of his time from hard work and hard drink, whilst my mother died of an internal derangement, or disarrangement, of the bowels, consequently, we have no certainty of their natural longevity. But my mother's mother, Elizabeth Williams-Hopkinson, lived as before stated, to eighty-eight years of age, though her husband died younger and prematurely, of paralysis. While Mrs. Percis Parshall, the only sister of my mother of whom I have any recollection, like her mother, lived to a great age, and the other brothers and sisters I think to nearly or quite seventy years each. My father's father lived to be very aged, but of his mother I have no account. My father died of typhus fever, as did also my two eldest sisters and my brother Edward. My brother Clark died suddenly of an internal hemorrhage, from probable rupture of a blood-vessel while lifting. I think he had long suffered from rheumatism of the muscles or membranes of the heart,

and that the hemorrhage proceeded from a strain upon those affected parts. He, like myself, had been from his boyhood, subject to swelled knees, or rheumatism of the joints, and though he had not realized that difficulty for some years, I am of the opinion that it went to the heart, and was the ultimate cause of his death. He had suffered for some years previous to his death with acute pains in his left side, and in the region of the heart.

CHAPTER X.

My brother, H. S. Andrews, and wife—Their natural adaptation or excellent compatibility in marriage—Their children—And the children's maternal grandparents—Together with the religious tenets of them all—My sister, Althea Andrews-Smith—Her husband, Isaac P. Smith—Their children and their religious views.

YOUR uncle, H. S. Andrews, married Harriet Augustia Smith, of excellent family, and they have had born to them three daughters and one son. Nettie, their first-born, a beautiful type of feminine character, died in early childhood, and they now have living, Julia, Jennie, and their only son, Willie, or William. Julia is married to John Bainbridge, and they live in California, and have at this time an infant daughter, their first, whose name—if it has one—is unknown to me. Good parentage, and a welcome birth into the world is a prerequisite blessing that is becoming slowly to be understood. A fortunate marriage is a blessing, not alone to the parties immediately concerned, but also, more particularly so, to their posterity and hence to the world. It is seldom that I have been enabled to recount within my own knowledge, a family of children, all of whom have so

well sustained the reputation, or more properly, the inheritance of an excellent and superior parentage, than have the children of Ira D. Smith and Sarah Snyder Smith, his wife. Your Aunt Augustia was their eldest daughter, and I think also, their oldest child. Ira D. Smith was a spirited, high-minded man, and his wife was, and is, an intellectual, great-souled woman. The facial features of both your aunt and her mother are large, and indicative of a great deal of character. Your aunt's temperaments are highly vital and mental, with excellent constitutional inheritance. She is not adapted to drudgery and laborious tasks, as her muscular powers are not near equal to the vital. She would therefore tire and give out in extreme physical exercise, whereas her vital functions are a great support to her intellectual and mental talents; while your uncle's temperaments are motive-mental, or muscular, which gives him great activity and physical but not vital endurance. They are all of the Baptist faith in religion.

For the benefit of my brother's children in tracing their own probable longevity, I append the births of their maternal grand-parents, as also their ages, and the death of their Grandfather Smith, which is as follows: Ira D. Smith was born in Green County, New York, in the year 1795, and died of paralysis at Detroit, Mich., in 1866, in the 71st year of his age. Sarah Snyder, his wife,

was born in Germantown, N. Y., in the year 1802, and is now living in her 76th year, well and healthy.

Your aunt, Althea S. Andrews, and her husband, Isaac P. Smith, have had but two daughters and no sons. Their eldest daughter, Anna Smith-Baker, died at Chicago, Ills., in the year 1876, and was buried at Aurora, Ills., (their former home) by the side of her husband who had died a year or two before her. Ada, the younger, is married to Frederick Doddridge. They, and her parents, all reside at Chicago at this time. Both Anna and Ada Smith were by nature gifted with superior intellectual ability and bright literary talents. They were both of them well educated and very fair musicians, while their mother is a woman of rather extraordinary intelligence and ability. She was from a girl, resolute, liberal and progressive. She has ever stood forth an able and fearless investigator after truth, and to her I am individually more indebted for encouragement and a start upon the high road of real and true investigation, liberal thought and honest conclusions, which have long since raised me out of the quagmire of the religious superstitions of false creeds, than to any other single individual, and for which my gratitude will ever overflow to her. She also inherited an abundant influence from my father's destructiveness, which she has made use of in a very pre-

dominate degree, in a righteous, conscientious zeal for good, and although she has had a severe temper when aroused, yet her greatest desire in life has seemed to be to do good and make others happy, and also to advance the world through those with whom she came in contact, by imparting to them noble thoughts and ideas from her own unbounded treasury. Her intellect, benevolence, veneration and *will power* are among her leading mental endowments, while her philoprogenitiveness is over-wrought; she thus being too tender and indulgent, or possibly idolatrous of her own children. She doubtless would have governed to better advantage, and done better by children as a "stepmother," than as an own mother.

When a young girl, she was led through the influence of her surroundings, together with the assistance of a rousing revival meeting, to conform to the persuasions of the Methodist Church; was baptized and became a member thereof, but during the early period of the advent of modern spiritualism, she became a conscious and consistent believer in what she deems its truths. She fully believes in the harmonial philosophy; believes that hell is an inharmonious, unhappy mental condition, whilst heaven is harmony and happiness of mind and feeling, and that neither have reference to a place or locality, but pertain to the

mind, feeling or conditions of the soul of man, as *per se*—"The kingdom of heaven is within you." She believes that Jesus, the Jewish reformer, was not a God, nor the supernatural begotten of a God, but that he was a fore-runner, an elder brother, or, in short, a vanguard in reform, and a type of harmonial manhood, to which all men may aspire. That he was not in any way favorable or friendly to creeds, or religious forms and ceremonies, but that he was what would now be termed a *liberal*, a free thinker, and also a spiritual medium; that he was *mighty*, by reason of his simplicity and susceptibility to the heavenly hosts, or mighty men in spirit life; and that his "Father in Heaven" was a ministering spirit who controlled and taught the great lessons to the world through him, and that he felt his dependency upon that influence, and that he was simply; to use his own words, "Nothing of himself," comparatively, when separated from the controlling spirit, and that at such times he would seek seclusion, and there beseech, implore (pray) the return of his controlling guide, and that what men call *God*, is the soul of nature, and not an individualized being. That he declaimed from his highest inspirations against the false and pretentious religious time-servers, who associate themselves together for the sake of power and profit, make hypocritical "prayers for pretence," "rob widow's houses," build

up "Our Societies" in arrogance and pride, inspiring the members with bigotry and hatred against the *real* seekers after truth, who are free from guile, and possessing that moral fortitude, mental individuality and heroism which will *not* yield to *persuasions* and false faiths, and thereby subscribe to what they do not nor cannot believe. She believes that they "compass land and water to make proselytes," and thereby make them *ten times* more evil and hypocritical than they were before, and binding them fast up in creeds and educational bias, completely cuts them off from the true advice, that they "prove all things, holding fast to the good," and thereby becoming enlightened, liberal, genial, benevolent, charitable, whole-souled humanitarians and true appreciators of all things and all sources of good, rather than dashing aside the most precious and enlightened themes of *good will to man*, with the exclamation, "*I wouldn't read that for the world!*" but rather give their time and resources to the multitude of priests and preachers that live in arrogance and pride off of the pay they get for enslaving individuals and keeping the world in serfdom through ignorance. That his mission was rather to *unbind* from creed and let the oppressed go free, giving himself as example, with the exclamation, "I am *free*, be ye also free!" while the pith of his teachings were "resist not evil," but with true charity

and unfeigned *good will to men*, learn to overcome evil with good. That man should not persist through blind zeal in the educational biases of the past, turning from real light and knowledge and the highest resources of goodness and justice to strike hands with priestcraft, because it is popular. She believes that truth will live when this false structure, and the false theologies, are swept from the earth, and that man *will*, yea, *must*! yet stand upright, accepting all, and loving all, as a true harmonial philosopher in his relations, man with man, and the rotten, dead, past theologies buried deep beneath his feet. In short, she believes that all of the so-called orthodox religious creeds of to-day are anti-Christ, or altogether opposite to the teachings Jesus promulgated to the world when he was in the physical body on earth, and that the "coming of Christ has reference, instead of *his* personal coming, that men will come to his standard. That the term Christ, is expressive of a principle with which he, Jesus, was imbued, and which all men may attain, and as fast as they so attain to it, it implies "Christ coming in the flesh," *i. e.*, in the *flesh* of all men, they thereby becoming enlightened even to charity, and thus noble, free humanitarians and great-souled, harmonial philosophers like unto himself, and that very many men and women are now standing upon the earth at this day who have reached that high

standard, but who are ignored by the church, same as he was of old, because those in the church are *under the law*, not comprehending spiritual enlightenment, and therefore, *not in charity*.

He comes!

She believes Christ is come! Is coming. That—

“The signs are sure; the mystic number is fulfilled;
 ‘He comes!’ They answer, O that he would come!
 We want the Christ!
 We want a God to burn the truth
 Afresh upon the forehead of the world!
 We want a man to walk once more among
 The wrangling Pharisees, to drive the beasts
 And money mongers from the temple courts:
 To bring the gospel back again, and prove
 How all unlike the churches are to Christ!
 We want that Christ again to tell the ‘saints’
 Their sins: that they were sent to bless the poor,
 And they have sold themselves unto the rich;
 That they were sent to preach the words of peace,
 And they have filled the world with war of words;
 That they were sent the messengers of love,
 And they have driven love out of their creeds;
 That they were sent to teach man not to lie,
 Nor tremble when their duty led to death.
 O, for a Christ again? He would dare
 To tell the churches how they lie and cant:
 And talk of serving God, and serve themselves;
 And talk of saving souls to save their cause;
 And pare and narrow God’s divinest truth,
 Until a man cannot be a man
 And member of a church.
 Already Christ is coming. Hear ye not
 The footfalls of the Lord? He tramples down
 The cruel hedges men have built about
 The gate that leads to heaven. He rends the creeds
 And gives their tatters to the merry winds.
 He does not come as bigots prophesy.

To choose a handful and to damn the rest,
 To found a Jewish-Gentile kingdom here,
 And roll the world into the past again.
 He comes the spirit of a riper age,
 When all that is not good and true shall die.
 When all that's bad in custom, false in creed,
 And all that makes the boor and mars the man,
 Shall pass away forever. Yes, he comes
 To give the world a passion for the truth,
 To inspire us with a holy, human love,
 To make us sure that, ere a man can be
 A saint, he first must be a man.

May all 'Christians' see what Christ would do—is doing.'

She further believes that his (Jesus) physical body never arose from the tomb, but that his appearance after death, was in spirit form only, and that all individuals continue to exist as individualities after they have passed through the metamorphosis called death, and that as we live here, will determine our state of harmony on entering upon the future. She does not believe in the orthodox faith nor in forms and ceremonies, nor in begging of a God to *save* through prayer while living false lives. But she believes that each and every human being is responsible for his or her own acts, and upon them alone depends their own happiness here and hereafter. She also believes that wrong and evil acts recoil upon their perpetrators, or that good, noble acts enlarge and beautify individual character, that *love begets love* and *evil, evil*. That we should not beg and pray as whipped children to a God, but that we should

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learn to be truly humane. That real happiness consists in making our other fellow-beings happy, and that we can do nothing for a God or Gods. She thinks that we should not only not lay a straw in our brother's way, but seek, all unknown to him, to remove that which may chance afflict him. She has *kept the faith*, and is unceasing in her belief that we will all meet in a future state of existence *natural as here*, and be seen as we are, and known as we are, and that the *Judgment* consists in every man's *enlightenment and gift* to perceive his own errors, while forgiveness comes by a realizing sense of the sin and the power to rise up and cast it off. That sin is our instructor; that all things are for use with discretion, and that our appetites and passions should not be allowed to become our masters.

Isaac P. Smith, her husband, is of the same faith. He is a man of great benevolence and is in the best sense of the word, a HUMANITARIAN. He enjoys the advantage of a good scholastic education, and has been a liberal reader and zealous investigator after truth. He was one of the early, persistent abolitionists, having never entertained any sympathy or excuse for the Southern slaveholder, and during the war for its extinction, took his life in his hand, together with a sure grasp upon his musket, went bravely to the front and served out his enlistment, doing battle for his country and for humanity. •

CHAPTER XI.

My brother, Clark Andrews—His two marriages—The mother of Friend—Her temperament, etc.—Friend Belding and wife—My sister, Libby Andrews-Ticknor and her husband Lewis M. Ticknor—Their children—Their home—Their social, domestic, intellectual and literary talents and religion—Her death and his sorrow and trials.

YOUR uncle, Clark Andrews, was twice married; his first wife and mother of his only child, your cousin, Friend B. Andrews, died at his birth, and your uncle afterward married Addie, her sister, who proved to him a truly worthy wife, and an excellent mother to his son.

His first wife, Hattie Belding Andrews, mother of your cousin Friend, was a beautiful, amiable girl and woman; of mild temperament, intellectual, and of very prepossessing appearance. I never saw her to my recollection but once or twice, but know that she was greatly loved and admired by all who knew her, and that my brother, her husband, was extremely devoted to her.

Friend Belding, the father of Hattie and Addie, his wives, was a man of stalwart integrity and purity of life. He was a broad, liberal thinker, and espoused the Universalist faith in religion when

it required a *will* to maintain the position against the rigid doctrines of the day. He was also a Jeffersonian Democrat in politics, and a just man, loved and trusted by all who knew him, while his wife was one of the most exemplary of women, generous to a fault, and a friend to humanity. They are both deceased, but I cannot give you the ages to which they attained, nor immediate causes of their death, but they both lived to be quite aged.

Your aunt, Libby Ticknor, left at her death, as you are well aware, two beautiful, promising children, Ernest and Blanche, who are under the superintendence of their excellent, intelligent father, L. M. Ticknor. But as one of the highest blessings to her, as it has been indeed a comfort to us all, Blanche has from the day of her mother's death, found a par excellent home with her good aunt Addie, and at the time I write, all are well and prosperous, and the children progressing nicely at school; Ernie having also found a good home with your aunt Althea Smith.

Your aunt Libbie, their mother, was my youngest sister, and the youngest child of my father's family, and being so, was somewhat petted by all of us older ones, which impressed upon her individuality, perhaps, a little of that vain importance common to the youngest, or only child, yet she was a sensible, industrious girl, and long the home-

stay of my parents in their old age ; and from her early childhood came to know what real sorrow was, standing steadfastly by her mother through all of her affliction to the time of her death, and realized with her, many wakeful nights, by reason of that common misfortune we had all so fully shared, namely, my father's intemperance. And from much real life experience, she became in her maturity, a thoughtful, benevolent and very practical woman ; a faithful wife, and a solicitous, watchful and excellent mother. She was very domesticated in her disposition, one of the very best of housekeepers, and like my sister Althea, possessed an uncommon talent for combining the parts and materials for food in that chemical manner which constituted her one of the finest cooks from whose table I ever ate. When a young girl she was very attentive to the Methodist Church, but at the time of her death, though not orthodox, and nearly or completely free and liberated in mind, I think she had no settled faith respecting the hereafter, although for some time immediately preceding her death, she had been a close and anxious investigator of spiritualism. She was known for her rigid moral character and deep, abiding conscientious honor. But she, like myself, suffered the misfortune of having been born after our parents were somewhat broken in their nerve power, from trials ; and on the part of our

father, by strong drink. And from the same cause she suffered like effects with myself in the way of periodical despondency or blank despair, without seeming cause, with returns to extreme hope and bright anticipations; as also a feeling of necessity for frequent *change* and respite from a sameness of circumstances or position.

Her husband, Lewis M. Ticknor, was and is a man of culture, refinement, and keen susceptibility to right and wrong. He is bright, and I might even say brilliant of intellect, genial, companionable and sympathetic. He is also progressive and an advanced guard in liberal thought. He was well trained and cultured by excellent parents, and early and devoutly united with an orthodox church, but from researches soon became satisfied that our system of religion called Christian, from Jesus of Nazareth, called *the Christ*, is but a rehash, or remodelment of heathen mythology, not original and not reliable in truth. While some features, as Christ and his twelve apostles, symbolical of the Sun and the twelve signs of the zodiac, seem to be borrowed from astronomical figures used in the very ancient system of Druidical sun worship. To him, with his opportunities for reading, and after his ample researches of ancient history, the assumptions of "Thus saith the Lord," "The Lord said unto Moses," etc., are no more true or effective by reason of their vener-

ableness, than are "The Lord said unto Joseph Smith," etc. It is all off of the same piece to him, and only requires opportunity and a good comprehension of human nature to penetrate the mystery and become a *free man*. He is a thorough-going come-outer, completely ignoring all of the false systems of idolatrous worship as schemes of priestcraft, for power and profit at the expense of humanity, who are thereby completely enslaved, rather than enlightened and benefited.

At the present time he is travelling in an agency, and at present is in the State of Illinois, passing through and doing business in towns where I gave lectures fifteen years ago, and he often writes me of the recollections of the people of our labors there. He says they never forget my "*pairing off*" in my public lectures—parties, ladies and gentlemen, who by temperaments were found compatible for marriage. The following is an extract from a letter just received from him, and dated at Tallula, Ills., January 6th, 1879. I give it because of the vein of speculative philosophy it contains.

He says:—"Tallula is an Indian name and signifies '*running water*.' I remember that you wrote me from this place once, and upon introducing the subject of phrenology, they spoke of you. They remember well your '*pairing off*' the '*congenial*' parties. 'Joe. Wathen' keeps the Wathen House, and a finer hotel I have not found in the

State. It is all new and nice, just like home. I wish you were here ; we'd have a social time, but you couldn't get a 'drop of the *cratur*.' The Murphy wave has rolled over all these towns, and they are in the height of their fanatical extreme. Probably in a year from now there will be bad whisky in profusion.

There appears to be no proper balance to the common mass of humanity. All one way or all the other. Don't you know how they were in the case of *Jesus*? How they cried, 'crucify him, crucify him !' and after a little they made a God of him. It was not my intention to make an analogy between whisky and Jesus, but to show the tendency of mankind to rush to extremes. I guess its *nature* after all, for last summer one nearly burned up, and now he freezes.

"Yes '1878' is numbered with the years that have flown. How swiftly they roll ! We get a few more gray hairs at each turn of the wheel. We count over the list of old companions and note here and there a vacancy. One by one they 'drop out of the ring.' Your remark that you 'can't see what it is all for,' often echoes my feelings. Upon the materialistic theory we can't expect to *see*, but upon the *spiritual* it is plainer. And yet, so much of inconsistency is bundled up in the latter, that one gets fogged anyway, and it is useless to moralize."

He was long a member of the Board of Trade of Chicago, the greatest grain mart of the world, where he commingled and competed on 'Change at the Chamber of Commerce, with as bright, intellectual and whole-souled community of business men as the world affords, and amid all their noble, humanitarian resolutions and acts through the war, and at all times and under every circumstance, for the ten or fifteen years that he sustained himself as one of them, he was never found wanting in any noble benevolence for the amelioration of any human fellow-being, or benefit to any just cause for which that body stands so historically renowned.

At the time Chicago was burned, which was the greatest fire known to this earth, their pleasant and beautifully located residence fronted on Union Park. His business had become important, and his circumstances seemed a near approach to a competence, but with thousands of others, the fire-fiend destroyed his business and lapped up nearly his all. But the old adage, or prevalent truism, that sorrows and misfortunes seldom come single, was not an exception with him, for soon thereafter we were called to follow the bier that bore the last earthly remains of his wife to the grave; she who was to him vastly more precious than are the great majority of wives to the men of our world. In fact, it was a blow that nearly dethroned

his hope and struggle for happiness in life. But his children, so noble and dear to him, were left to inspire his energies to a renewal of the struggle for their sakes, and he and they are now gradually surmounting their deepest pangs of bereavement, and I confidently look forward to his achievement of a good work yet in life, while I count with pride and sincere good hope the profit to be derived to the world from my little nephew and niece's sojourn in it; for in their veins courses, besides the blood of a good paternal inheritance, also, by the maternal, a representation from Roger Williams and Francis Hopkinson commingled, and I add it with a deep sense of honor and pride, the courage, nerve and benevolent spirit of Ira Andrews.

Both of their parents had been school teachers, and they, the children, thereby inherit literary tastes. Their parents were also both entertaining readers, and true intellectual reasoners, thinkers, and investigators after truth. It was agreeable indeed to meet them at their family board at evening, together with their two beautiful children, and listen to and enjoy the charm of that happy circle. But, alas, *she* has *gone*! where we must all soon follow. Then let us twine upon memory's tablet a beautiful evergreen wreath in commemoration of her we have so much loved, while we go forward resolutely in life to do well

our duty to those dependent upon us, and to help bless and beautify the world we live in, that we too, may *still live* in the affections of those who know us best, when the familiar scenes of this life are past.

While writing this I am in receipt of a letter from your uncle, L. M. Ticknor, in response to a recent letter I sent him, in which, among other matters, I advised him that I had just been reading Sir Walter Scott's beautiful production, entitled: "Lady of the Lake," and mentioned to him that I thought Blanche's name was chosen from it. In his letter, he quotes from memory a few passages from it, and says Scott is his favorite author, and then refers to his deceased wife in a very touching manner which I here copy in full, that you may know how keenly sensitive he is still to the mention and thought of her.

I quote first, his lines from Scott:

" With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade
And shouted ' Victory. Charge! Chester, charge!
On Stanley, on! "

The following from the Lady of the Lake:—

" I thank thee for the word,
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
I heard it from a frantic maid,
By thee dishonored, thee betrayed;
And I have sworn—

* * * * *

'Till by advantage ta'en, struck his weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

'Now yield—' 'Thy threats, thy mercy I defy—
Let recreants yield who fear to die.'

"Poor Libbie, she and I have read it so many times together, and we both so loved and appreciated it. She was a splendid reader and could render those fine passages to perfection. Great God! how wild it makes me to think she can't speak any more, can't hear, can't think, can't see. *Dead.* 'Tis fearful. She hasn't been out of my mind one instant since I read your words. Yes, we took Blanche's name from Scott. I don't just remember now why, but we both agreed upon it."

"HE AND SHE"

"She is dead!" They said to him: "Come away,
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away?" they said—"God understands."

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
 Tho' he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
 Tho' he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
 To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath,
 Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
 But to heart and to soul, distinct, intense?

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
 What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
 That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
 The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
 Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
 And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
 To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear,
 I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
 As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
 To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you darling, if I were dead,
 And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
 His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
 Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise.

" The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world; oh, most kind dead !
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

" The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

" And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

CHAPTER XII.

My own marriages, and divorces—Zeal without knowledge—
Your mother—Temper, temperaments and sketches of character—Reaction from constraint—We live and learn, and learn by our mistakes—Satisfaction at last.

MY MARRIAGE with your mother was consummated when I was but nineteen years of age, caused by an honest affection and precocious zeal without proper knowledge and due discretion.

Your mother was of medium size, well formed with good physical health, and superior constitutional inheritance. Her temperaments were sanguine-mental, florid complexion, light brown or flaxen hair, and blue or gray eyes. While my own temperaments were motive-mental, with dark, coarse hair, and dark, hazel eyes. Thus, you observe, that notwithstanding my time of youth, without due discretion as regards temperamental association, Nature matched us well in that respect, though not in temper. For in that we were really very noncompatible, both being perhaps over-endowed with it.

Your mother was very high-tempered and head-

strong, which, without education,* and with no mother to direct, she had given rein. She was good looking, and by inheritance, or native ability, bright, smart, and active as a gazelle. But unfortunately she was bereft of the advantages of scholastic education, proper home culture and discipline. But at that time I was not capable of understanding that, but was led on by my own impulses and infatuation. Those conditions with young persons, often remind me of idol worshipers. They imagine that God is embodied in the ugly creature they worship, and so with the young, who with a superabundance of the love element and prominent ideality, often cheat themselves with their own imaginations; build up images from their own minds, that are very grand and approaching perfection, with which they endow their accepted lover.

The foregoing analogy of the heathen worship of *ugly* looking idols, is not opprobiously meant by me to apply to your mother, by any means, for however well the parties of the first part might suit my own case, as before stated, she possessed a fine physique, and was eminently prepossessing in

*You may ask why I would marry a girl who was without education. My reply is: She wrote me beautiful letters—as I supposed—which when too late, I found that she was in no way capable of writing, but that they were written for her by a lady school teacher. Besides, at that day it was not so common for girls to have the advantages of education as now.

appearance. She was two years older than myself and possessed many excellent characteristics of disposition, though all were lain aside when she gave rein to temper. Her father once told me that he had never been able to subdue her *will*. From the first, after our marriage, she seemed to feel that she had for some reason, done wrong in getting married. Seemed eccentric, uneasy, restless, and unreliable as a housekeeper, though an excellent one at times, and after five years we separated. *She left me* unceremoniously and went to her friends. I am not aware that she ever complained of me, but she said she was not suited to my kind of people, nor to be my wife, in which *she was right*. She understood the matter better than I did at that time, for she pulled away from me, while I tried to hold on to her. After one year I persuaded her to come back and live with me. In the meantime, my mother had cared for you my children, in your tender years. We went to a western State, leaving you both with my mother in Michigan. We commenced to keep house, and I entered into business there. Soon I desired to get you from my mother, and to have you with us in our new home, and do all I could to build us all up in prosperity. But when I proposed to her that we would *get the children* and care for them ourselves, she *positively* refused to *ever take care of you again*. Then *I left her*, and for good ! I

obtained an *absolute* divorce for us at Detroit, in the Spring of 1857, whereas, our last separation had taken place two years before. She married again *before* the divorce was obtained, and this time with a man to her mind—is presumable—as they have continued to live agreeably together and raise a family of children. The last I knew of them, which is now twenty-one years, they had three pretty children.*

The foregoing is the superficial record of my marriage with your mother, together with a true statement of all I know of her since our separation. But in another part of this work, further on, in its proper place in the recital of my personal struggles, I shall give you a more complete statement of your mother's *leaving me*, but in connection with this chapter of my life's career, which is most sacred to you, and is allied with your very existence, I want to say, that all was honorable, and that your lives were the result of pure affection, free from profligacy and wrong, and that you can ever stand erect before your generations in honor and truth. Yet there was a trifle of difference in the conditions or circumstances that governed the spirit of your mother when you were begotten and while the governing influences were being impressed upon your embryo existences,

*Since the above was written, I have unexpectedly, by way of a third party, heard from them, and learn that they now have six children. Their three first, grown up to manhood and womanhood estate.

which I deem you now worthy to know, as you both are yourselves parents.

You, my daughter, was our first-born, and although your mother at that time, I think, entertained a pure and true affection for me, yet she was oppressed by a lack of confidence. A blight seemed to becloud her spirit, and she seemed to harbor a sort of dread of my presence, which caused her to be reticent and avoid very much familiarity. This troubled me, and I labored in every way I could to throw it from her mind and set her at ease, and before you, my son, was born, she had become more confiding, having got more accustomed to my presence, that shadow had departed, and your existence was generated under a more frank, open and confiding spirit. But afterward the former condition seemed to return. When we were in private life she was more easy, but afterward, when we were in a hotel, where she was put forward to meet and entertain people of character, she shrunk from it and unceremoniously left me. And in so much as she had suffered so keenly from that diffidence, and felt that she must (if with me) always endure the pressure, I have often felt deep down in my spirit to honor her for her course, for the sake of the freedom of her own *individuality*, be it what it may. For why should one live out a lifetime upon a wrong plane, ever subjected to foreign influences that control life

contrary to the natural inclinations? To this day I have not the knowledge of the complete vein of her queer bearings, or the real cause of her rash action. All that I could learn from her was that she felt herself unsuited to be my wife. She said it came to her too late in its fullness and not until after our marriage. Her intuitions were wiser indicators than my judgment; for I well know now, that we were not adapted to live out our lives successfully together.

Our marriage continued but five years, and although a noble, devoted maternity is the greatest blessing that can be bestowed upon children, yet a devoted paternity may do much to save and strengthen the life of offspring. I deem that your mother was a negative agent in your lives, while my own affections and concern was *positive*. Thus you can perceive the reason why she deserted you in your tender years; while I have ever clung to you under every emergency. They called her an unnatural mother, and so, for some reason unknown to me, she to a considerable degree, certainly was, as she was also an unnatural wife to me, although there was not a complete drouth of affection for either, as the last time I saw her, which was twenty-one years ago, the conversation of our interview of half an hour's duration, was nearly all about you. She seemed much interested for your welfare, but when I asked her if I

should bring you for her to see, she objected, and said she deemed it best for her not to see you.

I have, as before stated, been twice divorced, and yet, I never in my life contested any case at law. I never went into a court room on the occasion of either divorce case; both decrees being rendered by reason of default of a contestant, and the divorces obtained with very little evidence, save that of written affidavits in the hands of attorneys.

My second marriage was of only a little more than one year's duration, from which there was no issue, and the story is hardly worth the telling, but for the sake of the lesson its experience taught, I will give it.

I married again in June, 1857, with a young lady who was at that time a department teacher in one of the graded high schools of Detroit, and a daughter of an old school Presbyterian minister. I had a great desire to have my children with me, and again endeavor to build up a home, and I thought I had this time found one who was both competent and willing to go heart and hand with me to its pleasant accomplishment. My mother having died, you were at that time temporarily, but kindly and well cared for by my sister, your aunt Althea Smith. One of the most weighty considerations in my second choice of a wife, was

* I purposely avoid name, though she was of excellent family, deeming that she and her friends might wish it so.

her advantages of education ; I having suffered great chagrin in that respect in my former marriage. I felt an assurance that she would render me great service in your training and education, as she had a good reputation as a governess and teacher, and I can affirm of my own personal knowledge, that she *was* one of the *best* of school teachers. We were married, and immediately set about carrying out our designs for a home. I had determined to once more try the West, and commence anew. I went on alone to St. Joseph, Mo., leaving her at Detroit to complete her unfinished term at teaching. When that was accomplished, she came on and joined me, bringing Eddie with her, but Allie was left with her aunt. She soon came to us, however, under the care of a lady of Detroit, who went to St. Joseph to open up a school in music.

After a short time, we left St. Joseph for Kansas. I put forth my best effort in this new undertaking with great hope, but I very soon found that hope blighted and withered, and instead of a reliable wife, I had again seriously missed it. I discovered that she was entirely unsuited to my situation and circumstances in life. She was very social and was inclined to associate with people unsuited to our circumstances, and foreign to my tastes and inclinations, and, she was also disposed to give her confidence to others, improperly and

unknown to me, not having the ability or experience in life to understand the results, or to rightly estimate and not abuse the generous treatment she was receiving at my hands. She acknowledged that she had consented to our marriage without due consideration, and mainly to get rid of the restraints of an over-religious father, and the undue influence of a very selfish step-mother, and having been so long under restraint, she became like a bird set free, or a ship at sea beyond the control of its helm. After our marriage, she also related to me that she had been informed by those who were situated to know, that she took her character mainly from her mother, who she said, was a woman that by reason of her high strung notions, had given her father some trouble, and who died in giving her, her only daughter, birth. She would often come to me in tears, all wrought up by her better nature and refined womanly affections, fold her arms about my neck, renew her pledges of confidence and fidelity, and express the heartfelt wish that she could be as "faithful, confiding and true" as myself. Thus I found that scholastic education has very little influence to modify real, inherent disposition and character. Her great drilling in the forms and ceremonies of the church, her strict court paid to conventionalities, regardless of true principles, was very unlike my own deep desire for the simple

truths of nature, regardless of the mockery of time-honored institutions. Our lives and experiences I found to be almost wholly unlike. While I sought truth and justice, she desired riches and worldly position at every hazard, and at almost any sacrifice. I had already suffered deep trials, and had tired of shams and dross, while her aspirations were centered in superfluities. I soon sent her East, she desiring to go. She took both of you children with her, while I remained in Kansas to settle up my affairs there. You were placed with my sisters, and she went to visit her relatives at Detroit and in Ohio. We had lived together in all but little more than one year, and we never lived together any more.

" Life hath many farewells,
O'er some are scattered thorns,
And o'er others, flowers."

I have no words of condemnation for her. She possessed many rare, womanly graces, was gifted by nature and accomplished by education. She was bright, spirited, benevolent, social and affectionate. Two years after, an absolute divorce was granted us by the court at Ottawa, Illinois. She afterward married a gentleman of wealth. They reside in California, and at the time I write, he is a member of the Senate or House of Representatives of that State. She is now an advanced, liberal minded woman, with enlightened views, free

from the orthodox religion, and I have her acknowledgment and thanks for the truths and "noble lessons" I taught her.

The precipices and quagmires her and I walked, or stumbled along over together, have been leveled up, and we have both been made wiser and better for plucking from that tree of knowledge, which, according to the philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg, filled a "use" and perhaps *necessity* in our lives. At all events, that, together with my earlier experiences, have led me to the investigation and comprehension of those underlying conditions in human character which wrongly associated, and not being understood, bring the many trials and sorrows that so deeply wound and afflict society, and which I have devoted my time and powers to teach for the sake of the enlightenment and amelioration of mankind. While she has become a woman of experience and a confiding wife, and having satisfied her ambition by the acquisition of a wealthy husband, and the position she desired, I have also accomplished mine, and finally associated with a true and talented wife, who from the first formed a right appreciation of me, and who has ever deemed me worth clinging to faster and faster, year by year, during the last nineteen years and more; living simple, earnest and industrious lives hand in hand, as professional teachers of the physiological and mental science

of man, which ally him to all the immutable superstructures that encompass him about, and inspire his mind to dare and do, while governed by the beautiful infinite laws of compensation that pervades all life, and which are sure to find him out who through ignorance or unwitting cunning, neglects or trespasses upon them; and through the comprehension and obedience of which, the people must find redemption from the errors and estrangements caused by false teachings and false lives.

And now, we return to enquire, *what caused the divorces? Who was to blame?*


My answer is, *ignorance* and non-compatibility of tastes, temperaments, conditions and aspirations, and not intentional wrong-doing on the part of either. A conflict of disposition and desires that were inborn, and also educated by circumstances too thoroughly to be easily overcome. It chanced to be so, and we were the sufferers and learners, and we separated rather than live it through in discord and evil as thousands do, who might live harmonious, useful lives with another. Yes, we separated, and we did *right!* the same as I would do again under the same circumstances. We all learned—were taught—the lesson of useful experience by it; for while they have each either modified their notions, or else found more compatible husbands, and likely both, I have, as before stated, now lived within one month of twenty years

with Anna Turner, my present wife, very agreeably indeed. She has ever proved faithful to principles and to duty, and we have grown year by year in deeper sympathy and in increased honor and respect towards each other; and as you well know, she has stood faithful and true in her assumed duty to you, my children, while her and I have rendered each to the other the proper support that has carried us through our great work as lecturers and teachers, and through which we have been duly recognized as in some degree benefactors of the race, as the very many unanimous and hearty votes of *thanks* from large, enthusiastic audiences, and the almost innumerable letters of acknowledgment and commendation fully attest.

CHAPTER XIII.

The lecture field and commendations; or good words from press and people—My present wife and her parentage—The adage "Try, try again."—Comments on marriage and divorce.

SPECIMEN NOTICES OF OUR LECTURES.

S a specimen of the general tone of the very large number of notes of commendation and lengthy encomiums from the press and the people, received by us during our many years of public labor, the few following ones are deemed sufficient and proper to be given you in this place, as a token of the public appreciation of our good endeavors :

PHRENOLOGY.—Among the most accomplished expounders of this popular science is Dr. T. S. Andrews, whom we heartily recommend to the press and public everywhere as a gentleman worthy of their confidence and patronage.—*Pantagraph, Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 7, 1866.*

Mrs. T. S. Andrews, wife of Prof. Andrews (the celebrated Phrenologist) delivered a very able and interesting lecture in the Court House last Sabbath evening.—*Carthage, (Ill.) Gazette, Sept. 20, 1866.*

Mrs. Dr. Andrews, the lady lecturer, has attracted the notice of the press generally.—*St. Louis (Mo.,) Republican.*

Mrs. Dr. Andrews came well recommended, and is a pleasant and fluent speaker.—*Leavenworth City (Kan.) Journal*.

Dr. Andrews and wife have been lecturing in this town for a week past, and have drawn full houses. The Dr. has been very successful in delineating character, and the lecture of Mrs. Andrews on "Matrimony" was highly entertaining and instructive.—*Frankfort (Ind.) Crescent*, Oct. 28, 1870.

Dr. T. S. Andrews, phrenologist and physician, commenced a course of lectures in the Presbyterian Church in this place, on Tuesday evening last, and is attracting large audiences, and from what we hear, he is evidently realizing a large and well deserved success in his professional labors.—*Wenona (Ill.) News*, Oct. 10, 1865.

MADISON, O., Dec. 4, 1878.

A large number from Madison have been attending a course of lectures in Geneva by Dr. Andrews and wife. Their theme, "Phrenology," is handled in a masterly manner and quite to the satisfaction of all. A large number of "Character Charts," were also made out by them, reading character with that readiness and precision that hard and faithful study alone brings.—*Cleveland Daily Herald*.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 11, 1868.

DR. T. S. ANDREWS,—*Dear Friend and Brother*:—The world at large may know little, and many people perhaps appreciate too little the amount of good you have already done, but a man's good deeds live after him, and I know you have done very much to push forward the spirit of true education and enlightenment among those for whom you have labored during the last ten years. You have a mind stored with grand and original thoughts, and would to Heaven you had strength of body to maintain you in every effort to promulgate those thoughts to the world. I never had half time or opportunity to inform you how highly I appreciate the labors of those few noble workers for humanity and progression, among whom I count you as equal or superior.

L. M. TICKNOR.

SAVANNAH, ASHLAND Co., O., Nov. 6, 1874.

To all whom it may concern:—

I have listened carefully to the course of lectures by Dr. and Mrs. Andrews, and I take great pleasure in saying that I consider their lectures high-toned, educational and moral in their tendency. Wherever they go they are public benefactors.

N K. CROWE,

Pastor of Presbyterian Church.

The more of such lectures the better. I cheerfully commend them.

M. D. CHILSON,

Pastor M. E. Church.

LAGRANGE, O, Dec. 30th.

MR. AND MRS. DR. ANDREWS:—

The ladies of Lagrange are pleased to present their thanks and best wishes to you, and feel that your able lectures have been very interesting and beneficial to all, and we hope you will again visit us. We feel sure that you will be prospered wherever you go.

MRS. S. MILLS,

For the Ladies.

To the Public:—

We, the citizens of Rochester, O., having attended the lectures of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Andrews, feel prompted to the following expression of our appreciation of them. We consider them highly instructive, elevating and invaluable. They overflow with wholesome advice, especially to the young. Both of them handle their subjects in a very able an intelligent manner. We heartily recommend them to the public.

HORACE A. MANN,
ASA MANN, J. P.,

W. W. SMITH,
E. E. BANNING,

And many others.

MANCHESTER, SUMMIT CO., O., Sept. 6, 1877.

I can highly recommend Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Andrews as lecturers of high scientific attainments. Their lectures in this place have been very instructive and highly entertaining. They are perfectly at home upon the subjects they lecture upon.

H. A. SISLER, M. D.

[Correspondent Medina Gazette.]

LODI, O., October 17, 1877.

Dr. Andrews and wife have been giving a series of highly interesting lectures at this place during the week, on Phrenological and Physiological science. They have been well attended and met with the highest approval.

KELLOGGSVILLE, ASHTABULA CO., O., Sept. 23d, 1878.

I have listened with interest and profit to the lectures of Dr. and Mrs. Andrews, delivered in the Methodist Church in this place during the past week. They are evidently seeking to promote the public good. I believe that all who can attend their lectures will feel repaid.

HINDS SMITH,

Pastor Congregational Church.

[From the Wadsworth, (Medina Co., O.) Enterprise, July 27, 1877.]

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Andrews concluded their series of Phrenological lectures, to the satisfaction of our people generally. They certainly understand their business as well as anybody we ever heard on the subject.

They went to Doylestown from here, and we hope they will be liberally patronized, as their merits deserve it.

[From the Doylestown, (Wayne Co., O.) Journal.]

Dr. Andrews and wife are delivering a course of lectures on Phrenology and Physiology in the Presbyterian basement. They are both eloquent talkers, and their delineations of character are remarkably correct. Their lectures have been well attended by the intelligent classes, and all speak in commend-

ation of their efforts. The subjects are illustrated by several hundred portraits and drawings. To-night will be the closing lecture.

MRS. DR. ANDREWS AT MOZART HALL, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Mrs. A. lectured very handsomely indeed, her thoughts were sound and forcible, her language lucid and eloquent, her voice clear and musical, and her actions energetic and natural. She deserves a large measure of success.—GEO. D. PRENTICE, *Louisville Journal*.

CANAL FULTON, O., Sept. 26, 1877.

Whereas, we have had the pleasure of attending a course of lectures delivered by Dr. Andrews and lady, on the subject of Phrenology and Physiognomy, in this place, and can therefore cheerfully and heartily recommend them to the public, as persons of much culture and refinement, and whose lectures are calculated to do much good toward the reformation of society in many of the common vices now existent.

Respectfully, J. M. TAGGART,
Sup't Public Schools.

CANAL FULTON, Sept. 26, 1877.

We, the undersigned, cheerfully recommend Mrs. Dr. Andrews to the public as a lady of great talent and practical worth, laboring for the elevation of mankind. None can attend her lectures without being elevated in their aims and purposes, and becoming the better prepared to battle with life successfully. All persons interested in the elevation of the human race, should not fail to attend these highly instructive lectures.

Very respectfully,

MRS. L. R. MULLEN,	MRS. T. TAGGART,
" W. RAYLE,	" W. KIRK,
" C. BREESE,	" G. N. ELLIOTT,
" WM. MYERS,	MISS RACHEL JACKSON,
	<i>And many others.</i>

AUBURN, OHIO, March 2, 1877.

TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. DR. ANDREWS.—We, the undersigned, ladies of Auburn, having listened to her course of lectures delivered in this place the past week, take this method of expressing the appreciation and high esteem in which we hold her labors before the public. Mrs. Andrews has a thorough knowledge of her subjects, to which is added a practical knowledge of the world, as well as a sympathetic understanding of those daily experiences which transpire in every American home. Moreover, her soul is in her work, her chief desire seeming to be to bless those to whom she imparts her stores of knowledge and experience. She is a fluent and rapid speaker, her discourses abounding in a wealth of anecdotes and illustration, so that the interest never flags. Mrs. A. talks to the common sense and understanding of her hearers. She arouses one to self-respect and inspires to nobler living.

Most heartily do we recommend Mrs. Dr. Andrews to the public wherever she may go, as an earnest and efficient laborer in the cause of health and moral reform.

DELIA M. LUDLOW,	SAMANTHA L. FREEMAN,
LOUISA WHITE,	SARAH M. SNOW,
LOLA L. ROBISON,	ANNIE M. ETHERIDGE,
LIZZIE A. CARLTON,	MARIAN EGBERT,
DIANA S. HOARD,	

And Sixty other ladies present at the afternoon lectures.

As further testimonials to the interest and influence I have felt and exerted on the *Science of Marriage*, I append the following. The first is a postscript from a letter of L. M. Ticknor, Esq., clipped from his letter written me from Illinois, where I had given lectures upon these subjects fifteen years before. Another extract from this let-

ter is published in this work, chapter 11. The second is from a young man of fine promise and excellent parentage. He was greatly enamored and enslaved by a young lady, who was by temperament entirely unsuited to him, and by means of my explanations and advice to him, he had an honorable understanding and settlement with her, and I advised him to marry his present wife. They are an *admirable match*; but I leave his letter to tell the rest. These are but specimens of hundreds of other cases like them.

From L. M. Ticknor:—

“ I started to tell you about Joseph Wathan, mine host. He tells me that he came late to one of your lectures, when you were at this place, after his wife, a tall, comely lady, was upon the seat to be *paired* off, and you looked the house over, and finally your eye fell on him away back by the *door*, and you got him forward and seated him by his own wife. He had been out of town. You had never seen him, and it took the house by storm. *They are good mates* sure.”

The following from C. C. Pearl:—

NORWALK, O., Jan. 28, 1879.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—As I have not heard from you since last summer, I think it the thing to write you a letter. Are your headquarters still at Kipton, or where are you now? How does the world use you, and is your health better than it was when I was with you?

As to ourselves, we have bought a place about five minutes walk from the Court House, and I am still “*Binding Books*,” as you will see by the heading of this letter. My trade is not

as extensive as I wish, but for all that can make a living even at such times as these. I think no man knows the true pleasure there is in life, until he has a place that he can call home, a *true* and *loving* wife, and as we have got a child of our own, we may talk of happiness. The fact is, Doctor, I often think of what you told me one time, and that was this: "A true woman is what a man needs to make him more of a man." In my case, I have got my ideal of a perfect wife: a good financier, industrious, saving, neat, loving and sympathetic, and what more could a man want. We always try to look at the bright side of life, and try our best to banish clouds and ill-temper from our home; and I think I owe a great deal of my happiness to your "Private Lectures" to me while I was in Kipton with you. I would like to see you very much and hope you will come and see me whenever you can, and Mrs. A. also. Please give my best respects to her, and tell her that she is included in the invitation to visit us. We have a fine little girl one month old to-morrow, and we think she is about — Well, I must close, as it is most mail time.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Truly, etc., C. C. PEARL.

I have sometimes thought that a superior unseen influence governed and directed my early footsteps through all those channels of conflict and, worldly disappointments, preparatory to our after work. Thus, you observe, I do not believe that the best interests of individuals should be sacrificed to conventionalities. If wrong, we should follow out the dictates of nature and reason with the endeavor to get right; learn and profit by our mistakes, and not hold others in bondage to gratify a sordid selfishness.

Knowledge begets wisdom, and the blending of wisdom and benevolence generates charity, the world becomes more and more advanced, the people more liberal, and to-day intelligence is beginning to assert itself in the place of indiscretion in marriages and wrongly peopling the world with inharmonious human beings. The people begin to think and to consult science, both mental and temperamental, together with circumstantial and educational adaptation, rather than impulse and selfishness.

Yes, I would divorce even more wives for theirs and my own sake, rather than live in jealousy, discord and evil. And too, if I was possessed with absolute authority as a lawmaker, I would render divorces as accessible and easily to be obtained as are the marriages. I would make either party eligible to apply and dissolve the bond without disgrace, so soon as the evil became greater than the blessing or usefulness of the association. Then real love and true appreciation would become the bond, instead of chattel ownership, and, thereby slavery. Then the parties would seek to hold and to bind through courteous and affectionate treatment and not by force. But if not suitably united, the sooner separated the better, for themselves, for society, and for the state.

Mary Taylor, your mother, was born at North East, near Erie, Pennsylvania, of American par-

ents, but of their history I know nothing. Her mother died at her birth, and her father, John Taylor, whom I saw a few times only, was a kind, good man. He was long a widower, living with his children (three daughters) and kept them generally together in his home, Jane, his eldest daughter being the housekeeper. He died some time about 1853, at 65 years of age.

You will observe a queer coincident in the fact that the mothers of both wives from whom I was separated, died in giving them birth, and whether their both having been entirely bereft of an own mother's care and training was a certain cause of their peculiar dispositions and unreliability, so far as my experience with them was concerned, may be to others a thing of conjecture, but to me it is apparent. At any rate, I give it as a consideration of the very first importance that in choosing a wife, her mother should be known as a woman not only of high moral character, but also a frugal, practical housekeeper and disciplinarian, as well as intelligent and affectionate. And this was pre-eminently the case with the mother of my present wife, also of her father, both of whom taught her high, moral precepts and utilitarian, self-reliant, industrious habits ; while she is herself endowed with a well balanced, highly toned brain, supported with excellent physiological or vital body. She is gifted with the natural talents as an orator,

together with quick perception and excellent practical ability. In consideration of these contrasts in my experience, and with the further thought that you may be yourselves interested in a further narration of her character and parentage, who has so faithfully stood by me in caring for you, notwithstanding it has no bearing on the blood of our generations, I will indulge the temptation to give you a little further detail of her particular talents and ability, together with that of her parentage, as also for the sake of its bearing on that all-important subject, Hereditary Descent, which underlies all human character and animal conditions, and which has rightly become of very great interest to me, as it should to every human being. She was born in Norfolk county, England. Her parents were well and suitably associated by temperaments. Her father is rather tall, of dark complexion, dark hair and gray eyes, and the bilious or motive temperament predominant, while her mother is of vital temperaments, with florid complexion, and blue or gray eyes. They are both still living at the city of Norwich, England, in hale, good health, at very advanced ages. They have neither of them ever been sick or ailing to any extent at all during their long, eventful lives. She therefore inherits great constitutional health and longevity.

Her temperaments are sanguine-mental, with

prominent vital development of the thoracic and abdominal regions of the body, giving good digestive powers and circulation of the blood in support of her well developed and active brain. The leading phrenological developments of her mentality are perception, order, comparison, language, hope, combativeness, amativeness, benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness, approbateness, firmness and spirituality, and I might add acquisitiveness, but her benevolence controls that; she will strive hard for gain, but bestow it nearly all upon others. Her selfish and domestic organs are not large, while her inhabitiveness and philoprogenitiveness are really *small*, though her friendship, benevolence and veneration does much to modify, or rather to subserve their offices and make good their loss of influence. She will be very kind to a child or helpless animal through her benevolence and friendship, and is at all times a ready friend to the aged through her veneration and benevolence, yet she is no hand to fondle and pet children or animals. Her excellent vitality stimulates and sustains her otherwise natural and superior oratorical ability. She is a good housekeeper and general workman, and with her *inborn*, indomitable energy and spirit of industry, will work without complaint or flinching at whatever she finds to be a duty at her hands. Her motto is, "Do

with your might what your hands find to do, and trust the morrow." I have never known her to put off, waver or shrink from any duty in all of my knowledge of her, and the only thing I ever knew her to show the least selfish disposition in, is that of literary productions, as a book, a poem, or the like. She has, and indeed is now, living an industrious and useful life. She says that ever since she has found out that she has ability to be of some usefulness in the world, she has been determined that laziness or slothfulness should never prevent her from doing all she could to that end.

Her father, in her infancy, was in the habit of repeating to her and to his other children, little nursery stories and rhymes, containing excellent morals, and thereby impressed, in many instances, upon their plastic minds, sentiments with living principles that have ripened with their years into great usefulness to them and borne excellent fruit. She often repeats them to this day, with deep, reverential affection for, and memory of, her good father, although the deep, dark Atlantic Ocean has separated her from him for over twenty-five years. The following is one of them :

" 'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
You've waked me too soon, I must slumber again ;
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

I passed by his garden and saw the wild brier,
 The thorns and the thistles grow broader and higher;
 I made him a visit, still hoping to find,
 He would take better care of improving his mind.

But he told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking,
 Scarce ever read any, and never loved thinking;
 Said I then to myself, what a lesson for me,
 Is that man's condition of what I might be.

But thanks to my friends, for the care of my breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to *love* working and reading."

She is, as before stated, by inheritance, public-spirited and industrious to the last degree; as also resolute and fearless in any cause she conceives to be just and right. She is quick to feel, and to act, in behalf of the oppressed, the needy or down-trodden. She deeply and truly sympathized with the slaves of the South and labored successfully to inspire enlistments for the war, for which she has the *thanks* and ample testimonials of officers, whose companys and regiments her zeal and burning oratory helped to fill; while she has unlocked the fountains of the soul and caused the hot tears to flow from the eyes of her hearers who have attended her lectures throughout the land, by her recitals of

"Man's inhumanity to man,
 That makes countless millions mourn"

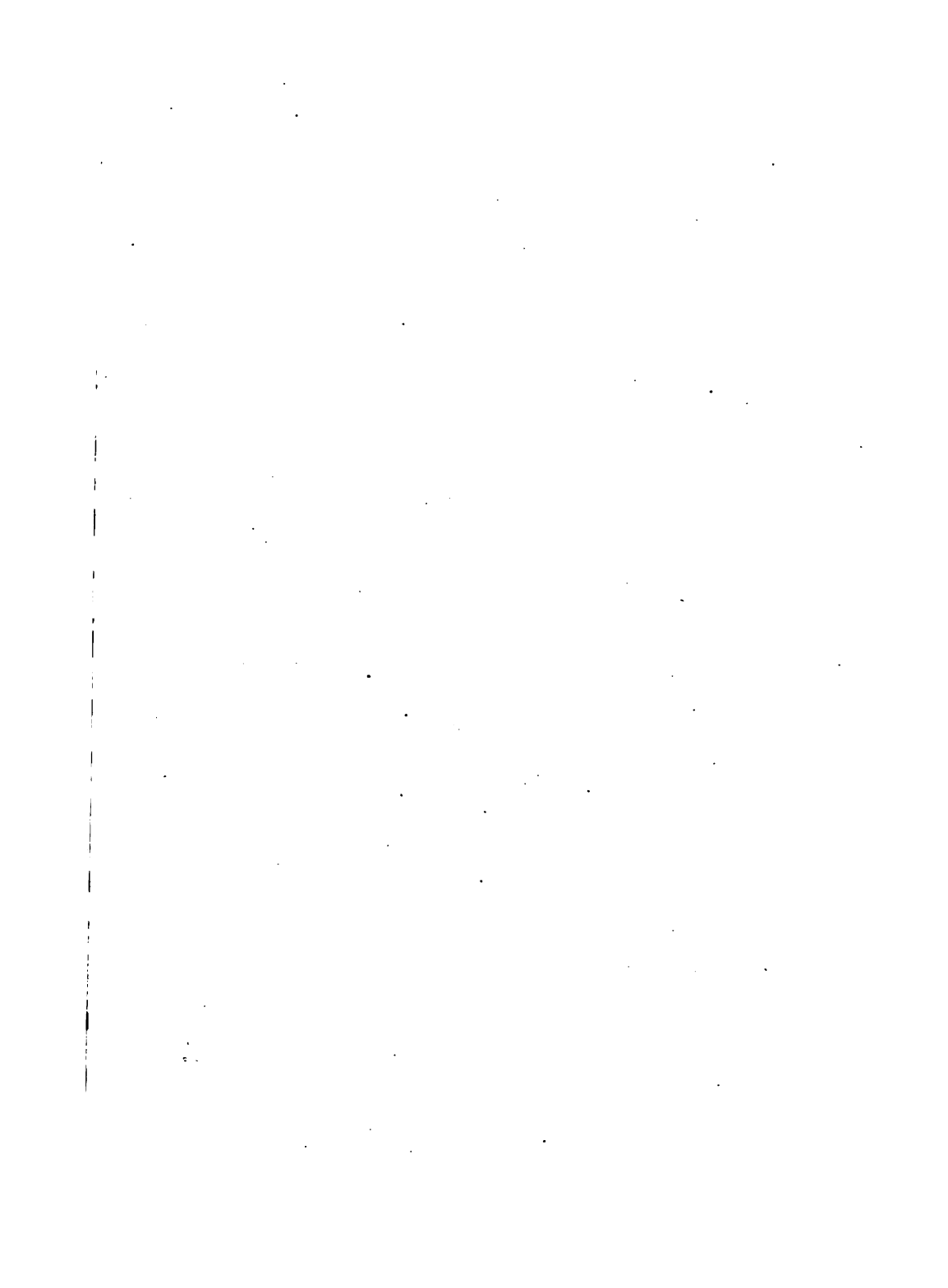
in this world of ours; because of the neglect of humanity; indifference, and substitution of blind zeal, and idolatrous worship of the imagination;

subterfuges of priestcraft that cannot be substantiated in fact, while man as a living, suffering identity is left to sorrow.

Her motto has long been—

“ For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.”

Her mother is rather an uncommon woman. She has lived a long, useful life, and has been known and prized for her great pride of character, fortitude, integrity and practical industry. She kept all of the accounts and managed the finances of her husband's somewhat large business, attending well to her household duties for fifty years, besides being the mother of *twenty-three* children, and so training them and prompting their education, that each and all who survived to maturity, both male and female, became self-reliant and well skilled in the practical industries of life. And it follows, you perceive, that her being well born of healthy, able, well toned, and well mated parents, and having been also well disciplined in her childhood, is the sequel of her reliability as a wife and friend. Thus, the old adage, “ If at first you don't succeed, try, try again,” seems to hold good in matrimonial experiments as well as other laudable undertakings in life.





Sincerely yours
Annie Turner Andrews.

The following are a few more late opinions of her public labors:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, VILLAGE OF LIMAVILLE, }
STARK COUNTY, O., April 8th, 1879. }

To whom it may concern:—

Mrs. Dr. Andrews, who is a lady of intelligence and acknowledged ability, has given a course of lectures in this place, which have been accepted and indorsed by the people at large. She is laboring in a good cause—the elevation of humanity—and no one is better qualified or better fitted for this sphere than Mrs. Andrews.

We cheerfully recommend her to the public.

E. M. PAXSON, *Mayor*,

J. P. ZAISER, *Postmaster*,

W. H. BELTZ, *Principal Public Schools*.

MARLBOROUGH, O., April 21, 1879.

During the past week I have attended several of Mrs. Dr. Andrews' lectures, and my daughters the full course. I consider her instructions invaluable to every community. Parents, guardians, children or wards, ladies and gentlemen, young and old, should not fail to embrace the opportunity to hear those lectures. Her unbounded charity seeks out the indigent, and the small admission fee makes it possible for all to attend.

A lady of fine culture and ripe experience; her instructions and advice to the young will develop the highest type of manhood and womanhood, and make all more healthful and happy.

J. C. HARPER, M. D.

OSNABURG, O., July 3, 1879.

To whom it may concern:—

Mrs. Dr. Andrews has just completed a course of lectures in our village. From our acquaintance with her we find her

to be a cultured and refined lady. As a lecturer and delineator of human character, she is a success. We heartily commend her to your consideration. H. W. FALK, M. D.

MALVERN, CARROLL COUNTY, O., July 29, 1879.

BRO. GLEDHILL—

Dear Sir :—The bearer, Mrs. Dr. Andrews, has been lecturing in our town during the past week, to the good satisfaction of all who heard her. Her lectures are freighted with thought, clothed with beauty and much needed truth.

H. APPLETON,
M. E. Minister.

Mrs. Dr. Andrews lectured in Waynesburg, Ohio, with much acceptability. The attendance steadily increased throughout the course.

The lectures were able and instructive; of high, moral tone and pure language, brimful of sterling truth and gems of thought.

REV. T. P. SWANEY,
WM. H. EVEANS,
F. MACKAMAN,

T. C. SNYDER,
L. SCOTT,
G. W. BURSON,

Banker and Merchants.

DELL ROY, O., August 8, 1879.

Mrs. Andrews' course of lectures in our town were interesting and highly instructive. Young and old were alike pleased and rewarded, not only with many new ideas, but also with much sound and wholesome advice. Her lecture on Temperance, as well as her other lectures, was a complete success. Mrs. Andrews is a lady of intelligence, refinement and great literary attainments, and is well worthy the patronage of any community.

S. B. LECHNER, M. D.

NEW CUMBERLAND, O., August 5th, 1879.

Mrs. Dr. Andrews' lectures have given good satisfaction here. She came well recommended, and *has fully* sustained her reputation. Regarding her lectures *as highly* instructive and calculated to do good, we take pleasure in recommending her.

E. C. COLLINS,

R. CARNABAND,

H. F. LEASON,

REV. J. A. HUNTER, M. E. Church.

W. MILTENBERGER, M. D.

M. M. MONGHINAN, M. D.

CHARLES W. WEBSTER,

The people of New Cumberland and vicinity unite in praise of Mrs. Andrews' lectures. She appears to be master of her subjects. She is a well-informed, politic, accomplished lady, and a good speaker. A few critics, who at first disputed the correctness of the science of Phrenology, Physiology, etc., were among the many attentive and appreciative auditors at several of her last lectures here. She proves her theories and makes them practical. She surely understands Anthropology; the most practical, and yet the most difficult science. Her theme is highly commendable, and she deals ably with this much-neglected science. "Know (then) thyself, presume not God to scan, the proper study of mankind is man."

August 21st, 1879.

(Hon.) M. D. SKEILS.

I think our present marriage system defective, and that it will be greatly modified as the people develop to higher planes of light, knowledge and true charity, through a better understanding of the natural conditions, diversities of human character and of human rights. Divorces should not, nor *will not* be considered a disgrace, neither should

the married be compelled to commit an outrage against propriety in order to obtain one.

But I wish to add, that parties to a marriage before and after its consummation, should be very careful, and endeavor to estimate the association in its best light, ponder well the real benefits to accrue from it, and never estimate the sacred relationship too lightly, for each may hold a prize beyond their ability to estimate, until after it has been lost and forever too late to retrieve. Neither would I have them *look back*, after a separation has taken place, but seek an antidote in the affections of another. And yet I wish most fervently to impress my belief, that if two are suitably and happily married, to foster the union with the most sacred and affectionate endeavor, for I truly believe that one soul union, without a severance of that magnetic and electric condition, and undistorted, if sufficient to properly wed and sustain the health, hopes and aspirations of the two, will eventuate in the most happiness and best satisfy life. And more, I would charge that the parties to a marriage and separation, should never hold the other up to ridicule, to seek to traduce, to think, or cause others to think meanly of them. For once they were found worthy of a most sacred affection and intimate association with the very party in question, and for self-respect, if for no higher reason ; for surely they cannot have become so entirely bereft

of those personal elements of goodness that once won that love and admiration. If hopeless non-compatibility is found to exist, parties should separate, and each go in pursuit of happiness, and the subservance of their highest mission in life according to the best of their understanding and to the very best of their ability, with the good will and free from the anathemas of the other.

I deem a desire for offspring by one or both of the parties sufficient ground for divorce, providing the marriage is not thus fruitful ; for in another union, that highest of all desires may be happily realized, and in the same way, other elements of non-compatibility may often be fully and completely harmonized. Or if one of the parties to a marriage desires children, and the other does not, I deem it a sufficient cause for separation. Or if one of the parties eliminates magnetism from the other, so that one is strong and the other party weak and emaciated by reason of it, I think an understanding should be had between the parties. They should not be "unevenly yoked," and one suffer and prematurely die because of the other. If one of the parties is jealous of the other, it indicates where the conditions and situations are equal, that the one neglected has not sufficient conjugal power to hold and maintain the affections of the other, and in case of habitual jealousy there should be a just and equitable understanding, and

if no other remedy, then divorce; for it causes suffering that should not long exist. Each party to a marriage should seek the unalloyed happiness of the other, and if they cannot so live, should frankly and kindly explain and separate.

“ But true marriage rests upon a higher law,
And should be held as too sacred
To be dealt in by attorneyship.”

A marriage in order to be true and durable, must be cemented with an untainted soul love, and founded further upon a mutual appreciation of each other's lives and motives, and also like temporal interests, as well as by temperament and disposition, and after that the wife must, and does in nature, assume the position of conservator. It belongs to her to cling to her husband through every vicissitude, and to perpetuate the marriage so long as he is just and loving, and so long as she loves him. To *win* a man's affections, says one writer, is comparatively an easy matter. To retain them, ennoble and beautify his deeds and life, is woman's, and is the great art, and true secret of domestic fidelity. Her position in nature is different from his. The whole social fabric rests upon her virtue, or spirit of chastity and integrity. This principle is fixed as fast in the innate laws of nature as it is in the bias of society. A man's central idea of life is his *honor*, while that of woman is *love*. He wants honor and she wants a

home, something to love, and something to do. Love with man is an episode, but with woman it is her life. Man lives in the brain, she in the heart. A woman's love is more powerful than her honor. If her husband has her perfect love and he err, her love will surmount her wounded honor. She will fly to his embrace and reclaim him, but not so with man. Let the wife clearly make a false step, let her in a weak moment forget her obligation and give herself to another, and there is no atonement. She may come back to him in the deepest contrition, and a heart full of love, but he says no. He may, from his wisdom and benevolence, generate a charity that can truly say, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," yet, he is *dishonored*. His affections may have been deep and strong for her, but his honor is more. He may grieve over the Eden they enjoyed, but he cannot receive her back; their Eden is gone—she has partaken of forbidden fruit. If he receives her he partakes of her shame—sinks to her plane of dishonor—so he thinks and so he feels. The live coal from off the altar of their hearts has turned to ashes; the spirit is gone, and only the dead letter remains. The pure gold has been extracted and left to him only the dross. The *steel* has become *iron*, and sank deep into his heart. Not but that woman is as *good* as he. Not that she has not as great a right in this world to

enjoy the fullness of all its benefits, but the shadowy hand that ever remains just beyond our finite grasp, has so ordained, so affixed the natures of the sexes in their relationships and associations.

This is the orthodoxy of my marriage idea. I think the woman may marry with another, in new spirit and in truth, but a dishonored marriage and broken faith had best be dissolved.

One thought more to conclude this part of my subject, and also this chapter. Please let me do justice to woman. She is more acutely sensitive and affectionate than man. She is the *slave* of conventionalities, and the *sufferer* in our present marriage system. Let her sensitive soul have its right to *rebel* against the false associations. Let her have the *right to demand* release from all false, tyrannical and slavish conditions of marriage without reproach and free from dishonor. For be it known, she is the better judge; is most truly sensible of the true and false relationships. Many individuals, both men and women, are constituted by nature, by their inherent births, *natural leaders*. Two of this spirit cannot live harmonious, happy lives, if married together. Woman's incentives are to "look up to a man," but how can she look up to a man who is by nature her inferior? The best marriages are those wherein *man* is the accepted and naturally constituted *leader*. But I have known many happy marriages where the

reverse was the fact. Where the wife was the intellectual, as well as the affectional guide, the husband being the willing, yea, glad! and happy subservient actor, while she wielded the queenly scepter. Then let the young become learned in human character and conditions.

Both of my divorced wives occupied different planes from myself. I do not say that they were *lower*, or that they were *higher*, they were *different*. The mother of my children was a *natural leader*, and *so was*, and *so am* I. Her leadership was on a different *plane* from mine. Her associations were of a different character from those that attracted me.


"In the Father's house are many mansions," many associations or diversities of thought and feeling. And so of our lives right here on the earth, but our spiritual perception or discernment, is not always sufficiently acute to determine the sphere, or "mansion" to which an individual really belongs, or to recognize an exact affiliation.

The young lady who became my second wife, occupied in nature a *half degree* different plane from myself. Her and I could have become *wed* in a very near union in time, were it not for our preconceived, inwrought, different experiences, and her (then) lack of the knowledge of what pertained to the duties of a wife. She was more wed to the duties of the school-room, while her tastes and

aspirations, (as before stated) were very different from mine. She had other objects and desires to satisfy, rather than to settle down contentedly to a married life. She had never felt the want of a home, and was not yet ready to give up the pleasure haunts of a single life. And that is another matter the young should consider. They should make a study of time and conditions, and not rush into marriage without first fully weighing the probable sacrifices, as well as the gains that may accrue, together with the duties, responsibilities, and their own complete readiness to enter heart and hand upon the new and lasting premises.

CHAPTER XIV.

My own family record, and birth of children's children—My two brothers and self one son each, to represent the generation—Eva Lorena Smades—Thomas Franklin Andrews—H. S. Andrews, his violin, his daughter Jennie and her mother—Clark Andrews—His general character, system and business ability—His son Friend, and what characteristics he inherited from his father.

 NOW give my own FAMILY RECORD, so far as it concerns you, your immediate posterity and their generations :

MARRIED.

Thomas S. Andrews and Mary Taylor, at Buffalo, New York, September 25th, 1848.

BORN.

Althea A. Andrews, at Buffalo, N. Y., July 6th, 1849.

Edward Clark Andrews, at Detroit, Mich., August 6th, 1851.

MARRIED.

At Horton, Jackson County, Mich., July 18th, 1869, Jacob Smades, Jr.,* and Althea A. Andrews.

BORN.

At Horton, Mich., September 11th, 1871, Eva† Lorena Smades

MARRIED.

At Sandstone, Jackson County, Mich., September 6th, 1876, Edward C. Andrews and Katie I. Forward.‡

BORN.

At Spring Arbor, Jackson County, Mich., January 31st, 1878, Thomas Franklin Andrews.

*Jacob Smades, Jr., was born at Hope, Canada, March 14, 1847.

†Evangeline.

‡Katie I. Forward was born at Motville, Onondaga County, N. Y., October 28th, 1854.

was well born, with good physical constitution, well-balanced temperaments, and bright, intellectual endowments, and I may justly add, that she has been noted from her early infancy, as a pre-eminently smart, intelligent child. Her father's temperaments and your own, were by nature compatible, and she is therefore fortunate in that respect; and I learn from "Mother" that you have spared no pains on your part to carefully regard, and faithfully adhere to the correct principles of physiology and of nature, so far as you understood, and was able to carry them out for the real benefit and best possible well-being of your sacred charge. Her father is an ingenious, industrious man, while you are self-denying and conscientious in all of the acts of your life, and I therefore hope much for you and yours. I will add, in conclusion of this treatise of my own generation, that your own temperaments are like *mine*, while your brother Edward's are more from his mother, although he takes very much mental character from myself.

Of the fathers of the three sons before specified, I will say that your uncle, H. S. Andrews, the eldest, was an active, lively boy, and has been a healthy, stirring, business man. Starting as a blacksmith's apprentice, with no pecuniary aid from friends whatever, he has, with his own genius and industry, raised and educated his children handsomely, and risen from the shop to an easy

competence for his declining years. He has, all through his life, enjoyed greatly the companionship of his violin, and to this day his skill with that instrument, together with the accompaniment of the piano, under the deft hands of his beautiful daughter Jennie, discourse music that is a feast indeed. His wife, Augustia, the mother of Willie and his sisters, as before stated, is a woman of intelligence and superior moral tone and character. And I can confidently indulge the hope that the name will suffer no disparagement in any sense through their posterity.

The subjoined, from Miss Jennie, written on board the good ship "Britannic," at sea, is from the Fenton, (Mich.) *Independent*, and includes the Editor's prefatory remarks.

"The following extract from a letter, by Miss Jennie Andrews, to her parents here, will be read with interest by her many friends in Fenton :

"OFF SANDY HOOK, Saturday Eve, May 17, '79.

"*My Dear Father and Mother :—*

"We sailed from New York at 2:30 this afternoon. We were out about three hours, when a dense fog arose, and in one hour more we were obliged to stop, and here we are, anchored for the night at Sandy Hook. The Captain hopes to leave at four in the morning. The "Britannic" is a splendid steamship, and has a great many passengers, this trip.

"We are sitting in the saloon, which seats four hundred and seventy, and it was full at supper-time; it is furnished beautifully. Most everyone on board has some lovely flowers, and they are all in this room this evening. Mrs. More counted

seventy baskets filled with lovely flowers, besides many other designs.

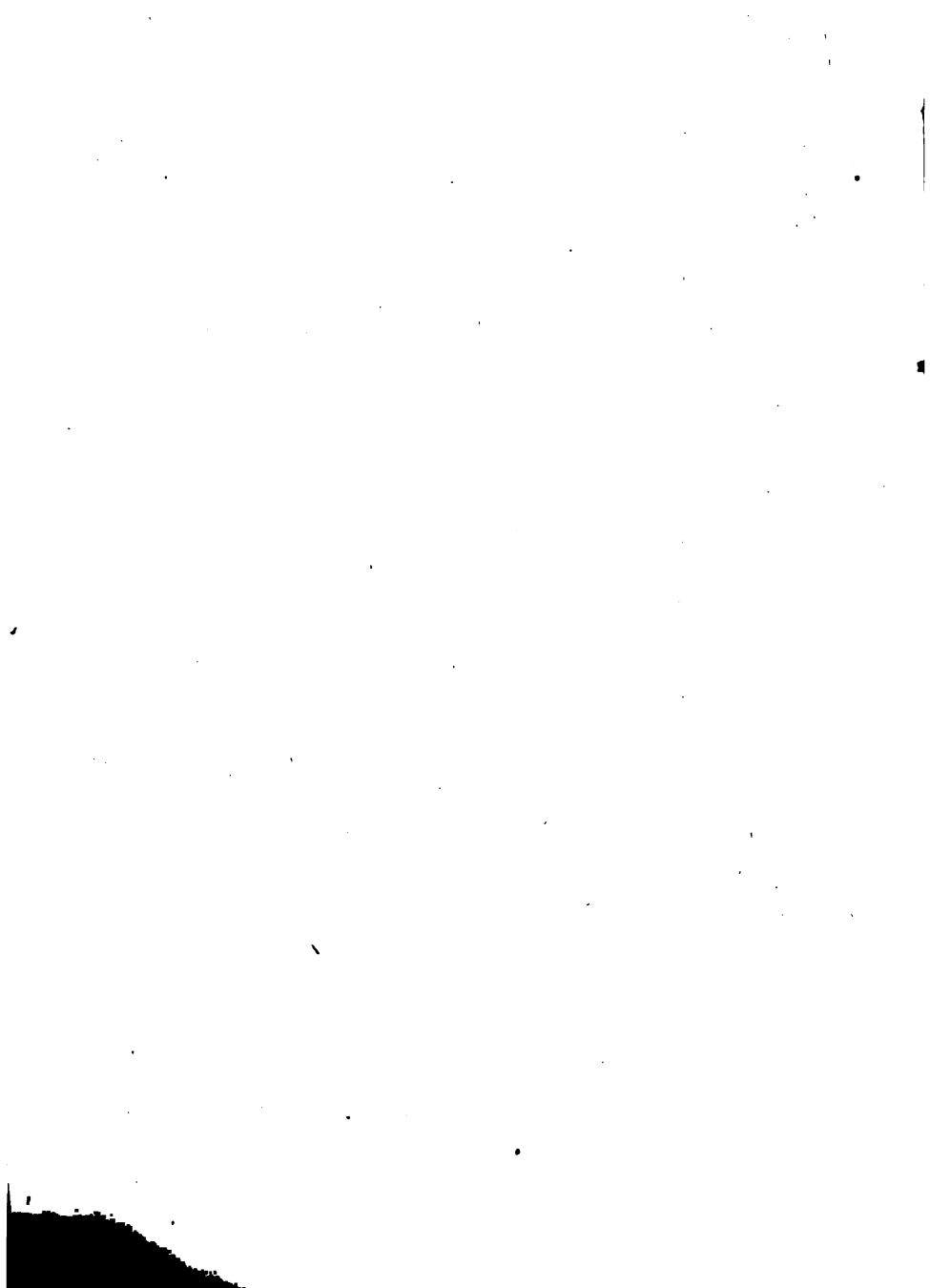
"Mr. Vanderbilt, the great railroad man, with his family, cross the ocean with us. On leaving New York, this afternoon, he was presented with a beautiful little locomotive. The engine and passenger car perfect, all made of flowers.

"It is not rough enough yet to make us sick. Will write you from Liverpool. With much love, I bid you good night

"From your daughter, JENNIE."

Your uncle Clark Andrews, father of Friend B. Andrews, you well remember, though he has been a few years deceased. But I will place on record, for the benefit of our posterity, the fact that he was a boy and man of the strictest integrity, and a careful, liberal and excellent business man, honored and respected by a host of friends wherever known. He was unassuming and unpretentious in the extreme; yet resolute in duty and generous to a fault, one of the best of companions, best of fathers and truest of friends. He commenced his boyhood as a common laborer, but became a man of capital and influence, and dying suddenly without a will, left a competence for his wife and son, and all his business matters so completely in order, that there was no administering of the estate required. He left indeed a place of mourning behind him for all who knew him, while those who knew him best loved him most. His son, Friend B. Andrews, has many of the characteristics of his lamented father, principal of which are his benevolence and *stolid integrity*.

PART II.



PREFACE

TO THE

MEMOIRS IN MY OWN LIFE'S CAREER

INCLUDING

MY EARLY IMPRESSIONS—THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AT BIRMINGHAM,
AND MY BRIGHT, PROSPECTIVE SCHOLARSHIP (?)—HOW I LOVED (?)
THE SCHOOL-ROOM, AND HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF—"MY
LITTLE WEBSTER!"—I GO TO PONTIAC TO LIVE—MY BOY-
HOOD STRUGGLES WITH NECESSITY, AND MY SELF-RELI-
ANCE—PONTIAC AND OAKLAND COUNTY—CHARAC-
TERISTICS AND INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF MY
BROTHERS, H. S. AND CLARK ANDREWS—A
SKETCH OF THE INDIANS, AND A PRETTY
INDIAN GIRL—MY GIVEN NAMES, AND
HOW I CAME BY THEM—MY BOYHOOD
FRIENDS—I LEAVE PONTIAC, AND
BECOME A CABIN-BOY—ELEVEN
SEASONS ON THE WATER—
TWENTY YEARS A LEC-
TURER AND ONE YEAR
AN EDITOR.

MY PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER

As described by Prof. O. S. Fowler.

HEREDITARY INFLUENCES

AND THE

INROADS OF FIFTY YEARS.

"There's a feeling within us that loves to revert
To the merry old times that are gone."



AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE contemplation of this subject, when taken into the mind in its entirety, is suggestive of a vessel launched upon an unknown sea, which takes its departure in the early morning of its completion, with its mechanism untried, and to a great extent unmanageable, yet buoyant and vigorous with new life, it *swings off* from the parent shore, and with apparent consciousness of its new-born strength and elasticity, it goes forth with *daring* to buffet the billows of fate in subservience of the mission for which it was brought into being, according to the power of its own constitution, and the mandates of time and fortune, each wave carrying it further and further upon the bosom of new and deeper waters, as it is wafted on by gentle breezes, or perchance angrily rocked by the billows, until it finally mingles its ashes with the soil of distant shores, or mayhap returns worn with use and burdened by time, to yield its form to com-

mingle with its native elements, it having done its work and wrought a use which can *never* be erased from the tablet upon which is registered the accomplishments of *each* and *every* object of time.

CHAPTER I.

My brother Edward—Scenes and early impressions in lowly life 'mid the "deep-tangled wild woods" of Michigan—The sugar camp—My first knowledge of "O'd Hickory," and my father's early discovery that I lacked the heroic mettle to make a Jackson man—The wild animals and birds of Michigan—The father and son felling the majestic trees—The brush heap, the log heap, the ash heap, the coal-pit, and final arrival at Birmingham—A retrospective glance—Watching the coal pit—The baying of the greyhound—Our first inspection of stone coal—"How wondrous are the changes, Jim"—"Wilson's patent stove."

"When time, which steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."

PAST, and perhaps least of all, is a glimpse at my own wayfaring so far upon life's journey and if I employ more space for its recital than I have for that of others, it is simply because I chance to know more of my own humble pilgrimage than I do of others.

I was the youngest of the three brothers, but have one younger deceased. My brother Edward died long ago (in 1846) at twelve years of age,

and therefore realized but very little of the vicissitudes common to this world; the sunshine and shadows, or mayhap dark lowering clouds of misfortune. I was born April 15th, 1829, just one month and eleven days after Gen. Jackson (Old Hickory) was first inaugurated President of the United States, and my earliest recollections are of scenes in lowly life, amid the great forests of Michigan, while the first knowledge that I now remember to have obtained that there was a man in the world with such a tough cognomen as *Hickory Jackson*, was impressed upon my mind by an incident that occurred in my father's sugar camp, amid the majestic maples, upon the occasion of having burned one of my hands, while dipping into a kettle of hot sugar with a spoon, and the fact that my sense of feeling was at that time equally as susceptible to pain as my memory to impressions, I was likely pretty demonstrative with my lungs in the way of screaming and crying. But to whatever extent I gave vent to that disposition, it is certain that I was the cause of considerable unquiet, for I distinctly recollect that my father chided me with the suggestion that if I made so much *fuss* about the effect of a little burn, I would *never make a Jackson man*.

The droves of wild deer and their beautiful dun-colored and speckled fawns, the flocks of wild turkies, the howl of the wolf, the tracks of the

bear, the fox, the coon, the woodchuck, and great numbers of rabbits ; the chatter of the multitudes of black and grey squirrels, upon and amidst the forest trees ; the hoot of the owl, the quate of wild pigeons, the "talk" of streaming flocks of wild geese overhead, the cackle of the grouse, the drum of the partridge, the whistle of the quail and songs and screams of forest birds were all grand, familiar sights and sounds to me, in those my days of plastic mind and brilliant imaginations ; while with my little axe, I kept tolerable time with the click of my father's more weighty one, I "hack-ing" down the small trees, and he the great ones. Yes, at that day—

" Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheering words;
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the songs of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to mount—
And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared to count."

And yet—

" For want of neighbors, we were sometimes blue and sad,
For wolves, and bears and wild-cats, was the nearest ones we had;
But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with all our might,
Until we was fairly out of the wood, and things was goin' right."

After felling the trees, piling and burning the brush, hauling together the logs and burning them in the great "log-heaps," from which our faces and arms would be covered with crock ; gathering the ashes in heaps and covering them for the call of

the "ashler," who would haul them off and utilize them in making "black salts," and for which my father would realize from four to six cents per bushel; splitting the rails to enclose the land, and in winter burning the coal-pits from the choice wood saved out for that purpose, and finally, after subduing the land from the state of nature, fencing and breaking it up, he would raise one or two crops of corn, pumpkins, wheat, buckwheat, potatoes and turnips, a few hogs, and a calf or two perhaps, when, his time and contract being completed, and his exchequer perhaps a trifle replenished, he would remove and tackle another forest. But finally the scene changed, and one day we found ourselves at the bright, business-like little village of Birmingham, Oakland County, Mich., in a large house, and with a long table well filled with boarders.

At the time recorded in the foregoing, stone coal was a commodity hardly known in the West. Blacksmiths then used charcoal, and I have watched my father's coal-pits many a night while they were burning, being occasionally aroused the while, may be by the quick passing of a fleet deer, and the baying of the greyhound on his trail; or amused by the rabbits skipping about upon the crust of the deep, cold snow on moonlight nights, who would stop, sit up on their haunches and look at us. We had greater snowfalls in those early

days in Michigan, before the timber was cut away, than now. It would come early and fall to a great depth, and sometimes remain until very late. I have seen snow banks after the first day of May. I must here tell you about the first *stone coal* I ever saw. It was at Redford, and on the occasion of my brother Seymour's first visit home after his departure to learn the blacksmith's trade at Birmingham. R. T. Merrill had in connection with his great blacksmith shop, that contained four or five forges, also an iron foundry, where was manufactured plows, stoves, etc., and in which was a large furnace, where, I suppose, stone coal had been introduced. At any rate, my brother brought a piece as large as a walnut home, which was a great curiosity to us all, and after it had been closely scanned and handled, picked at and even tried with the teeth, it was concluded by the authorities of the household that it should be tested in the *stove*, to see if it really would *burn*, but presuming that it would explode and perhaps burst the stove with its force, it was deemed best to proceed very cautiously, consequently it was thrown in, the doors closed, and all stood back. It was ludicrous to see us watching for the explosion, but what was the conclusion, I have forgotten. I remember they carefully examined the stove next morning, before the fire was built, to try and satisfy themselves of the result.

" How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
 Since forty years ago,
 When gals wore woollen dresses, Jim,
 And boys wore pants of tow;
 When shoes were made of calfskin,
 And socks of home-spun wool;
 And children did a half day's work
 Before the hours of school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim,
 Upon the spinning-wheel,
 And practiced late and early, Jim,
 On spindle, swift, and reel;
 The boys would ride 'bareback' to mill,
 A dozen miles or so,
 And hurried off before 'twas day—
 Some forty years ago.


Then people rode to meetin', Jim,
 In sleds instead of sleighs,
 And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
 As buggies, now-a-days;
 And oxen answered well for teams—
 Though now they be too slow;
 For people lived not half so fast,
 Some forty years ago.

O well do I remember, Jim,
 That 'Wils n's patent stove,"
 That father bought and paid for, Jim,
 In cloth our gals did wove;
 And how the neighbors wondered,
 When they got the thing to go;
 They said 'twould *bust* and kill us all,
 Some forty years ago."

CHAPTER II.

At Birmingham—The old chequered barn—My first circus—
The great canvas—The brass band—The wonderful elephant—The spotted ponies and the spotted clown—The patriot rebellion—The spirited martial music and pompous tread of the soldier—The enthusiastic Whig's "Old Tip's the boy to swing the flail"—General training—Fourth of July—My brother (H. S. Andrews) graduates as a blacksmith—His adventures—He becomes a poet.

"Long, long be my thoughts with such memories fill'd!
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear."

T Birmingham was *my* exit out of the *woods*.
I was but a babe in arms when we left Detroit,
and I had never seen so large a place in my recollections. The old *chequered barn*, which stood well in the street and belonged to one of the taverns of the place, was a most grand, imposing affair in my estimation at that time. It was painted outside complete in squares of bright red and white, two feet across, perhaps, and in the style of a chequer-board, and my verdant, childish wonder

magnified them to enormous proportions. And indeed it was a curiosity, besides being considered quite attractive and pretty. All of the men, women and children of that day and locality, who are living, would, I believe, quickly respond to the mention of the "Old Chequered Barn. But it is *gone* now, as are nearly all the old landmarks, and *nearly every one* of the familiar faces of forty years ago. It was there I attended my first circus, saw the monster canvas spread (they were comparatively small though in those days), first heard music discoursed by a brass band, beheld that wonder, my first elephant; saw the monkey ride; also the drunken Indian and drunken sailor, and was delighted with the beautiful spotted trick ponies, and nearly killed myself with laughter at the wonderful, spotted clown. My sister Althea, my brother Clark and myself, having gathered wild strawberries from the meadows to obtain money for the admission. And it was at this place that I beheld the first soldiers in my life; they were marching to join the patriot rebellion and to conquer Canada. Captain John Parshall, my uncle, was their commander. The martial music that accompanied them was the first drum and fife that ever quickened and delighted my sense of hearing; and also at Birmingham, as earlier mentioned in these pages, I heard the enthusiastic Whigs sing:

" Oh, what has caused this great commotion, motion, motion, our country through?

" It is the ball a rolling on, for Tippecanoe and Tyler too, Tippecanoe and Tyler too!

"And with him we will beat little Van, Van, Van is a used-up man,
And with him we will beat little Van "

And again :—

" Old Tip's the boy to swing the flail, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,

" And make the loco's all turn pale, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

[The Democrats were then called loco-focos.]

And my! didn't "*us boys*" have grand times on general training days, with our cards of gingerbread, and our ginger beer? And too, on the Fourth of July, up at three o'clock in the morning to see *the men* bring out the great, old chunk of a *four-pounder* iron cannon that my brother Seymour helped cast and make at *their* foundry, before my father moved to the place. And wasn't the "roar" of that cannon a caution? and weren't we patriotic and happy in those fleeting days of sunshine and shadows?

I recollect that while I was yet a small lad at Birmingham with my parents, my brother completed his apprenticeship and graduated from R. T. Merrill's shop at that place as a full-fledged blacksmith,—that trade which was said to have been proven at the building of Solomon's Temple to be the most useful and important mechanical art of all others, as all the other workmen were dependent upon the blacksmith to keep their tools

in order; but be that as it may, he, my brother, served out faithfully his apprenticeship, and was considered a deft workman. But not contented to settle down to his business, he made a journey to the East—to New York—to see the styles there, and to work and endeavor to perfect himself in his much prized mechanical trade, and I recollect that he learned to do brass and silver plating while absent, and that being something new then, was quite a feather in his cap, for when on his return to Michigan with the *secret* and opened up a blacksmith shop on his own hook at Birmingham, and advertised that he would brass or silver plate his carriage ironing, it brought him nice work at good prices; and besides, he taught the art to others, all of which proved quite remunerative to him. But while he was at the East, I recollect my parents used to receive letters from him and read them aloud to us, and I know it would seem to me then that he was a wonderful distance away when his letters came from Syracuse, N. Y., or from Newark, New Jersey, etc. Child as I was I would feel very bad, and wonder if he could get back again—if we really would ever see him any more—and I remember how delighted we all were when he did return after a year or two, and how grand and neat he was dressed, and the silver money he had in his pockets, etc. And in those days, before there were any railroads in this coun-

try, and the only modes of travel were stages, navigation by the lakes in sail vessels or slow, cumbersome steamers, and the Erie Canal not completed, the journey was quite a brave undertaking for a boy or a very young man, and the fact that he successfully accomplished it and thereby improved his mind and pocket, was quite an important matter. I recollect the first letter my parents received from him after he left on his eastern cruise, was written at Buffalo, N. Y., the day he landed there from the steamer. It seems he had been courting the muses, and was in a poetic vein of mind when he wrote, and thus improvised a sentiment suited to the occasion, which he indited in his letter, and which caused me to feel very proud to think my brother was a *poet*, as well as a blacksmith, and a great traveler. It will be seen, by referring to the family record already given, that he was born at Buffalo, and likely inspired by the contact of his native atmosphere. At any rate, here is his sentiment, and *it's not so bad!*

“ Last night I was on water,
To-day I'm on earth;
And if I mistake not,
’Tis the place of my birth.”

CHAPTER III.

My brother Clark—His reticence and early love for the horse, not unlike Gen. Grant—His resolution and provident disposition—When a small boy he saved my parents and himself from disaster through his resolute action—He endured the cold better than me, and called me a “frozen chicken”—He and I in the cranberry business—“Lo, the poor Indian.”

MY brother Clark, the while, was generally at home, and he was something like General Grant in the way of *reticence*, and also from the fact that from his very early boyhood he was passionately fond of horses, or as some would term it, a *natural horseman*, and being three years older than myself was entrusted with my father's team, and in that way his time was much occupied. My father was a great pedestrian, consequently, when they were both at work with the team, it was common for him to start on ahead on foot and leave Clark to hitch up and come with the team, and at all times Clark was the driver. He was always a reserved but resolute boy, and was also known from his childhood for his thoughtful, provident discretion. I recollect that when we were yet at Redford, before moving to Birmingham, and while he was a small boy, my father, mother

and himself were journeying from Detroit to Redford with an ox team, they all being in the wagon—my father was riding because of a lame ankle, from which he was quite helpless—the oxen becoming frightened (and the worst team in the world to manage when frightened), were about to dash the wagon down a precipice by the side of the road, when Clark sprang from the wagon in an instant, got between the cattle and the bad place, and probably saved all their lives. At Birmingham he and I had to do the chores together, cut and carry in the wood, fetch the cows, fodder, etc., etc. He was always very resolute if he had a task to perform, even in the coldest weather of winter. While I would complain of cold hands and feet and would often be obliged to go into the house to get warm, he would remain out and keep at work. He had more of the sanguine temperament than myself, and could stand the cold better. But he did not likely know or take that into account, for I remember he used to regularly call me “frozen chicken.” When we would have to start out to perform some task on a cold day, he would say to me, “Come on, ‘frozen chicken,’ let’s be at it.”

At that early day, there were in Michigan thousands of acres of what was known as “wild lands.” That is, lands lying in the state of nature, and either still belonging to Government, or owned by

speculators. At any rate, at Royal Oak, five miles south east from Birmingham, were immense cranberry marshes abounding with cranberries, and free to every one for the gathering, from which Clark and I used to derive quite a revenue every autumn. We would gather a number of barrels each Fall, for which we received a dollar-and-a-half a bushel, and they attracted a ready sale to the merchants who purchased them for the Eastern markets. By this means, so long as we remained with our parents at Birmingham, we purchased much of our clothing, besides having money for some other uses.

The cranberry season reminds me of the Indians who used to repair to the marshes in large numbers every Fall, to gather berries.

At that day there were many Indians in Michigan. The Pot-ta-wata-mies, Chippewas, Ottawas, etc., and it was not much more uncommon to see them than to see white people. Sometimes very large parties of them would appear together, and at other times only a few, and we used to mingle with them quite freely at their camping places. They are much inclined to traffic, their stock in trade consisting of baskets, bows and arrows, moccasins and bead work, as also another commodity they used to carry for sale, which attracted the children immensely, and that was maple sugar. Their mode of making the sugar is

different from ours, and to me it tasted much better. They never cake it as the whites do, but they *cook* it more; simmer it down and stir it until it is as fine and dry as flour, which in some way gives it a different taste from ours. This dry sugar they put up in caskets or cases made from the inner bark of the birch tree, and called by them *mococks*. These mococks were made in various sizes, to hold from half a pound to fifty pounds of sugar, and the small ones were often beautifully worked with colored porcupine quills, as were also their fancy moccasins and other fancy articles. They would trade as quick, or may be quicker, for cold victuals, than for money, which caused "us children" to become great teasers of our mother for victuals to trade with the Indians when they would make their appearance, all laden with those commodities. I have traded many a piece of bread and cold meat with them for bows and arrows, and mococks of sugar. The Indians scarce ever wash themselves, and are in every way a filthy people, which caused "grown up" people to be very wary of eating the sugar. But what did "we children" care if they had cooked dogs in the sap while boiling it down, so long as it tasted so sweet and good to us?

The usual mode of salutation between the whites and Indians, is as follows: The white man says, "Busu Nitche!" which signifies, "How-d'ye do

Indian," and the Indian responds, "Busu Chamocoman!" which is, "How-d'ye do white man."

Indians are always accompanied by a great throng of ponies and dogs. The ponies are very tame and docile, but the dogs are almost invariably half wolf, and both shy and savage. It is a curiosity indeed, to see the way the squaws (Indian women) carry their papooses (babes). They are wrapped in cloths and bound with cords to a board a few feet in length. The hands of the child are wrapped and bound inside of the bandages; the back of the infant to the board, and the face is the only part uncovered. The squaw will march all day with that board and child upon her back, the face of the child looking backward, or they will sometimes hook the board onto the saddle or girth of a pony, and so march all day, and I never observed one of the papooses cry. They cannot stir hands nor feet, but will laugh and manifest great pleasure and glee with their bright, sparkling eyes, and smutty, tawny countenances. The mother, when she comes into camp, takes the child and board from her back, or from a pony, and sits it up beside of a tree, or any safe, convenient brace, while she goes about her work. I have often played with and amused the papooses while they were sitting beside a tree in that manner, the while the Indian women may be preparing a meal, the men and a great pack of lank, half-starved

dogs lounging about upon the ground, and the ponies browsing about in the bushes, but they never wander far away from a camp.

Those Indians are now far removed from their then pleasant hunting grounds. I saw some Potawatamies on the shores of Lake Superior in the year 1854, and I saw Indians in Kansas later, but I think those were Delawares and Shawnees.

A majority of all the States, Territories, cities and towns of the United States are called after Indian names, as for example, my own native State of Michigan; as also, Pontiac, Saginaw, Mackinaw, Ontonogan, Sheboygan, Chicago, Milwaukee, Muskatene, etc., etc. Some of the names are very pretty and significant of meaning: as the cascade or falls in Minnesota, called by the Indians, Minnehaha, signifying "laughing water," or, Tallula, "running water," while Conneaut, signifies a stream that contains many fish. The beautiful flourishing town of Conneaut, Ohio, is called after the stream on whose banks it is situated, while the stream at its outlet into Lake Erie, used to furnish the Indians "many fish." Also, the village of Wakarusha, Indiana, is called after the little stream that passes through it, and the legend of the name recounts that an Indian maiden ventured to force her pony through it when at high tide from a freshet, she sitting astride of the pony, found the water deeper than she expected, and exclaimed,

"Wakarush!" signifying "water to the hips." As also the town of Ontonogan, Lake Superior, is said to signify "lost my basin," and so on.

Romances concerning the Indians are nearly always like the highly-painted pictures of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith. We have the picture of the beautiful Indian girl upon her knees over the body of the victim to her father's cruelty, and with her own form staying the club of the Indians, and by her entreaties he was spared and they were afterward married, whereas, in fact, there was no such thing. At the time that Captain John Smith, who was at the head of the Jamestown Colony, was forcing the conquest of corn from Powhattan, the father of Pocahontas, and was taken prisoner by him, Pocahontas was only about eight or ten years of age, so small that her presence was not noticed at the council of the chiefs, where no squaw is allowed to be present. She ran over to near where Smith was under guard, and sent word to him that her father and the council had decided to put him to death. He was not very securely guarded, and that night he made his escape, and there was no scene like that of the brilliant painting, which is purely imaginative. Pocahontas was afterward decoyed on board of a ship in the James River, which put to sea and held her as a prisoner, subject to ransom by her father, but the matter was cancelled by Sir Walter

Raleigh's marrying her and taking her to England. She was never the wife of Captain John Smith, but when both were in England, Smith called upon her when he was in very straitened circumstances, and she was greatly surprised and mortified, because when he was at the head of the Jamestown Colony in America, she thought him a king, but now she finds him only a beggarly subject. And another error regarding the Indians is their *numbers*. It has always been supposed they were *very* numerous in this country, because of their migratory habits. But it has been lately ascertained there never were so many as supposed, their changing about so often, the same parties being seen in different places, made them appear to be very numerous. Also it was supposed they were fast dwindling away, because of whole tribes seeming to disappear. But it has been ascertained that these tribes were simply merged into other tribes, giving up the old name. As, for instance, the Iroquois Indians, who were once numerous, and disappeared altogether, were always a branch of the Comanches, and they have simply merged back and become Comanches, giving up the name of *Iroquois*. And it has been further ascertained that instead of diminishing in numbers, they are again actually increasing. At the time Columbus landed upon this continent it was supposed that a mighty throng inhabited the country, but it has

been ascertained that *then* there were about *thirty millions*, and now, there are *twenty millions*.

There are abundant legends and romantic stories concerning them, and I have seen a vast number of overdrawn pictures of beautiful Indian maidens, but so far as my personal knowledge of them extends, they are a homely, ill-looking, secretive, hypocritical, unreliable people, and as for the *beauty* of the Indian maidens, it is nearly all romance without scarcely any reality in truth. Indian girls and women usually have masculine forms, wide faces, high cheek bones and coarse, repulsive features. Their mode of living naturally precludes them from becoming beautiful, as they live mostly in the open air like the men, and in miserable, uncomfortable, smoky wigwams, do all the drudgery, and sleep upon the ground.

I do not recollect of ever having seen but one that was even pretty, saying nothing of *beauty*; that is, one of clear Indian blood, though I have seen pretty half-breed Indian women peddling bead-work at Niagara Falls, and at other places. The half-breeds are half French and half Indian blood, but the girl I refer to was clear Indian, and I saw her at Su-St.-Marys, Lake Superior.

The little ancient town, or French and Indian trading post, called the Su-St.-Marys, occupies the portage between the Su-St.-Marys River and Lake Superior, and while lying at our landing in the

river at that place, when I belonged to the steamer St. Clair, in 1847, I chanced to be up early one morning, before any of our other officers and crew were stirring, and going aft on deck, leaned leisurely over the quarter guard. And, while peering into the fog and mist that was settled over the surface of the river, I heard a gentle splashing in the water, and immediately saw an Indian bark canoe almost noiselessly approaching, though nearly obscured by the fog. Soon I discovered that it was gently paddled by its sole occupant, a *pretty* Indian girl. She was young and fresh-looking, and I was taken with her at sight. She wore a bright, red shawl, wrapped closely and neatly about her shoulders, and her bronzed cheeks were also tinged with *red*, from the exercise in the morning air, the capillary circulation being fully aroused. Her eyes were large, dark-colored and expressive, and her pouting, cherry-red lips but partly concealed a set of teeth as beautiful as pearls. She approached quite near our steamer before she saw me, but looking up and discovering me peering directly down upon her, she seemed for a moment dashed, and nearly lost control of her paddles, but soon collecting herself she returned my gaze which I had steadily fixed upon her. We thus seemingly having formed a mute and mutual admiration society, kept our eyes fixed upon each other, until by means of the current of


the river, together with her now slow, but graceful movement of the paddles, the frail vessel and the charming Indian maiden was soon shrouded forever from my view midst the fog of the mystic river.

And thus rowed an Indian girl,
Bright Alferaries;
Where sweeps the waters
Of the Su-St.-Marys.

Fleet years have borne away
The form of Alferaries;
Still sweeps the river on,
The gentle Su-St.-Marys.

CHAPTER IV.

My given names—How I came by them—Their formal bestowal by a "rich man"—My first living away from my father's home—My send off—My brother Seymour gives me encouragement and slips a silver quarter into my hand—My arrival at Detroit—I become a "cart driver"—My "rich" benefactors(?)—My love and reverence for the Sheldons and "rich" people generally(?)—I leave Detroit for my old familiar haunts—I become a Nimrod—My love for knowledge, but natural hatred of masters and restraint—Individualism vs. Conventionalities.

 S I go forward writing these memoirs, the recording of one circumstance brings to mind another in nearly every instance, and while writing about the wild lands of Michigan, and the vacating of lands by the Indians, as narrated in the foregoing chapter, it brought to my mind the fact that at an early day in the history of that State, T. C. Sheldon, Thomas C. Sheldon, or more commonly, "Old Tom Sheldon," was the government land officer in the West, and by that means, how *I* came to be named after "*a very rich man.*"

The land office was located at Kalamazoo, while his home was at Detroit. He was an important and very wealthy man ; was large, portly, polished

and fine looking. He owned a grand residence on the corner of Fort and Wayne streets, and although he was himself much of the time at Kalamazoo, his wife remained at Detroit and kept the home, where he would repair quite often, although at that day there were no railroads in the State, and he was obliged to drive the long distance in his carriage. It chanced at one time when he was on his return to Detroit, and while my father and mother lived at the Desnoyer place, where I was born, and where they kept an inn, he hauled up and alighted to let his dust-covered and jaded horses breathe, and himself, may be, *tip* a glass or two of wine—not an uncommon thing at that day—he chanced to see me lying in a cradle, and going forward to its side said, “I declare, that is a pretty baby;” wished to know if it was a boy, and upon being informed that it was, declared that if he might be permitted to furnish its name, he would some day do something handsome for it. They gave their consent. Then, said he, “It’s name is *Thomas Sheldon Andrews*.”

My first living away from my father’s home was at his house. It was arranged while we were at Birmingham that I should be sent to his home at Detroit to live, receive my schooling, and in short, while he did “something handsome by me.” I well recollect how bad I felt to leave my home, but I was got ready, and good council given me; was

instructed what to say on my arrival, and charged to be faithful and so deport myself that I might win the love and esteem of my benefactors(?) When I was put on board of the stage for Detroit, I remember that my brother Seymour, who had but recently returned from the East, was the last to take my hand, bid me good-bye, gave me some kind words of encouragement and slipped a silver quarter in my hand. It was the largest piece of money I had then ever owned, and I prized it greatly, I assure you. I arrived at Detroit safely; Mr. Sheldon was at home. I was sent into the garret to sleep with the help. Next day, he says to me, "Come, Tommy, go down town with me, I want to buy you some clothes." We went, and he purchased a poor suit, made of rustic cloth, and a heavy, ill-becoming tarpaulin hat, and told me how faithful he expected me to be to pay for all the nice things he had bought for me, and then sent me to the stable to be initiated by the hired man into work in the garden and stables as a common servant. Mr. Sheldon soon went to Kalamazoo, when Mrs. Sheldon became my sole manager—her and the hired man—who were two of the meanest persons I ever knew. I was designated by Mrs. Sheldon, among other work, as driver of a French pony and cart, in which I usually "drove the ladies out" every afternoon; they spreading in robes for the occasion, and all

sitting in the bottom of the cart save myself, whose place was upon a board across the cart. At other times I hauled sand and other truck about the place. It was a very distasteful business for me, and yet the "yard man" was very jealous of me, as it had taken that coveted job from him; he was stronger and older than I, and often abused me shamefully, yet I was obliged to associate with him continually.

Mrs. Sheldon was a fleshy, good-looking, high-toned woman of the old stock of early French settlers. Her maiden name was Pickett, or by the French pronunciation, Pekette, and a sister of Charles Pekette, a former wealthy jeweler of that city. She was severe, and almost brutal in her treatment of me. I tried my best to *stick*, as my mother had advised, and I did for three months, until Mr. Sheldon's first return home. He then gave me two or three dollars in money and I went home to Birmingham.

That was the last I ever saw of my benefactors (?) and I have only held them in my memory to despise and loathe them ever since, and although very wealthy and living in great style, their grand parlors spread with velvet carpets, yet I think Mrs. Sheldon was the *stingiest* and most penurious woman I ever knew. I have seen her go into the barn yard and pick up old, castaway clothes of the stable men, cut the buttons off and save them.

The contempt I formed for the Sheldons, has caused me to look upon the wealthy classes throughout the world as scheming sycophants, whose native goodness nearly becomes absorbed by their selfish love of gain, and I now believe that the soul of one generous, noble, whole-souled man, is of more value than a score of unprincipled, scheming, conceited, self-important, soul-blighting, blood-sucking men, whose confidence is in their money rather than their manhood.

“Fond man ! though all the honors of your line
 Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
 In proud display, yet take this truth from me—
Virtue and manhood alone, is true nobility.”

On my return home to Birmingham from Detroit, I remained there for a year or two, passing the time with the usual routine of chores, various sports, and at times attending the district school. Through all of my boyhood days I had a passion for hunting and fishing, and here during my transient school days, which schooling was prompted wholly by my good mother, I became more of a *Nimrod* with my gun and fishing tackle than a bright and promising scholar. During my school hours I was restless, uneasy and unconcentrated ; thinking much more of my liberty than of my letters, and I but speak the truth when I tell you that although I have always loved and coveted knowledge, yet I never did, nor ever could love the

school-room or a church. All the literary knowledge I have acquired, has been through my own natural and unprompted incentives for research, or an immediate necessity for its practical application. I naturally, by inheritance, *hate* restraint and the domination of masters or directors, and I have therefore always been careful to refrain from domineering over others ; while for myself, I have all through my life planned my business matters so that I might escape being subject to individuals or institutions. I do not lay this down as a rule for those who are differently constituted, but I have lived, in this respect, a very natural and peaceable life, free from restraint and dictation, and have been governed almost wholly by my own innate sense of justice. I have never had a warrant or summons served on me ; have never defended any case at law, nor have I myself ever prosecuted any human being. I have never belonged to any church, nor ever held myself subject to conventionalities, forms or ceremonies. I have in my life joined two different orders or associations ; one was the Odd Fellows, for which I paid forty dollars for my degrees, and from which I suppose I have become a non-member from non-attendance for the last *twenty-four* years. There are some excellent lessons inculcated in the lodge, but there was too much homage that partakes of man-worship required to suit me ; besides, so soon

as the lessons and maxims are learned, it becomes simply a thing of form and ceremony, with no new lessons or further modes of progression and advancement in knowledge, yet I would much prefer it for the young than the church, for what lessons are obtained from the lodge are impressive and useful, while the church has become as a "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal;" a thing of idolatrous superstition and bigotry. The other order that I joined, was of itself ephemeral, and I only attended one night for initiation; it was the *Order of Know-Nothings*. I have, among my papers, a form of petition to the Ancient and Honorable Order of Free Masons, containing names of gentlemen of high standing who recommended me, and I presume I have been as nearly urged by several good Masons, once or twice in my life, to join, as men of that Order ever step in that direction, but in one case it was after I had determined to *never* join any society again, and yet, although I have always honored that Order higher in my mind and feelings than *any other*, yet I was once complimented by a *Worshipful Master* of a lodge, when I explained to him my fervent resolution to forever stand *free* upon my own individual manhood and *risk all* consequences as an out and out *non-conformist*.

"Oh! give me liberty!
For were even Paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls,"

CHAPTER V.

My experience in and views of games of chance—What is lost and what may be gained by them—Fast horses and a fast boy—"Jim Crow," and "Smoker"—"It is not all gold that glitters."

I HAVE never indulged in games of chance, have never learned to play cards, and the only games I have any knowledge of, are chess and checkers; either of which I play but very indifferently. I consider all games a *thief of time*, although I must admit to having derived some little benefit from the important game of chess, which has also been confirmed in a less impressive measure with checkers, which is, that it becomes us to look well over the situation each time before venturing to make a move, that we may discover, if possible, its results in all of its bearings, what we may gain by the move, or what advantage may be lost or gained to our adversary by it. This has a tendency to make us thoughtful and careful, and saves us from making careless and reckless moves, which brought to bear upon our general movements in life may have its influence to make us more circumspect and thoughtful and less careless and rash.

I very much dislike the selfish feature of the

game, but there is abundant opportunity to exercise a liberal spirit by being lenient and not avaricious to take advantage of our opponent's mistakes or less ability as a player, and particularly by never vaunting over our vanquished adversary, if so fortunate as to often win the game over him, but rather to offer excuses for him by showing that at other times he has played better, and that on this occasion he was somewhat careless, and that he might perhaps have won had he given better attention to the game, and the like. Yet, as human nature is selfish, the desire to win and to beat is natural, and in all human dealings, each must look out in a large sense for self. That self-preservation is the very closest ally to all organized animal life, and that even a worm will turn and bite is a fact, yet we should learn to not necessarily oppress or tread upon those that are weaker, but to be just, honest and equitable under all circumstances.

But the most valuable lesson to be derived from the game is, that success will sometimes come out of almost complete despair; that by some weakness on the part of our adversary, or an apt, quick perception and thought of our own, at the last moment, when almost completely overwhelmed, and when on the verge of being vanquished, by a happy turn we are extricated and achieve a success. This teaches us to be hopeful, trusting,

energetic and persevering in all of our laudable undertakings in life, never giving over to discouragements, though they border on despair. As it also teaches us that we must bear in patience, and put up with occasional defeats, and that we may rally and be again successful through the knowledge gained from the cause of those defeats.

I have never attended but two horse races in my life. One of them, the first one, was enacted near Birmingham, in my boyhood days, and the other at the Hamtramck course, Detroit, at a subsequent day. At each I learned something of value to me, but at the first one I obtained two lessons which have always been of such advantage that I deem them worth relating to you in full. The race at Detroit was terminated by the *fleetest* animal, who was far *ahead*, breaking a leg, the more tardy one thereby coming up and reaching the post ahead, was declared the winner. This taught me that the whole scheme was *dishonest* and that there was no fairness in it, therefore unsafe and unprofitable. But of the *two* valuable lessons learned at the Birmingham race, the first was regarding *character* in the *horse*, which afterward proved of some value to me in learning to comprehend character in man, or more properly, to judge of human character. The horses to the contest were named respectively, "Jim Crow" and "Smoker." "Jim Crow" was a beautiful, gay-

looking, polished, restless and uneasy stallion, owned by Mr. Caleb Terry, of Pontiac, while "Smoker" was to me an ill-looking, long-bodied, trim-built, unattractive, sleepy-looking horse, the property of Mr. John Hamilton, of Birmingham, and for all that my observation and experience had done for me at that day in the way of impressing upon or bestowing my intellect with wisdom and judgment regarding the peculiarities, diversities and different ability of different horses all well condensed and concentrated, I would have wagered *two to one* that *Jim Crow* would have been the winning horse. But after they had got fairly under way, I was soon made to comprehend that it is "not all gold that glitters;" as I have since learned of humanity, as well as the commodities with which man effects to dazzle and make gain; that we more often find the poorest and most immoral grades of human character most bespangled and dazzling. While pure gold, like the qualities which indicate rare talents and genuine humanity, or superior mettle in animals, is often clothed about and deeply veiled from the superficial observation beneath an unassuming and maybe unattractive exterior, as in the case of "Smoker," who it was soon discovered was not only far the most fleet, but a horse of very superior mettle. It is blood, brain and features that tell, and not outward polish, while it is a noble

life that makes a good man, and not hypocritical pretension and time-serving.

The other beneficial and lasting lesson that I gained at that horse race, came about in this manner: The wager by each party who owned and bet on their horses, was fifty dollars, which together, of course, aggregated the sum of one hundred dollars, and consisted of part money and part watches. When the parties to the race, with their horses, together with the crowd of men that usually attend such feats, had arrived upon the ground where the race was to be contested, there was, as yet, no stakeholder fixed upon, and the stakes not yet put up, consequently the parties pitched about among the men present to find a willing, if not a competent, stakeholder. I saw many refuse who were solicited to become stakeholders, and I thought it rather queer, for I deemed it quite an honor, and I presume that my expressing some wonder at seeing so many refuse, caused the parties to approach me, boy as I was, and agreed that I should receive the fifty dollars from each, and hold until after the decision of the judges. I then thought it a big thing to be chosen to such a responsible office, whereas now, I of course realize that it was simply because I abounded with a far greater amount of superficial smartness than practical judgment. For, although "Smoker" was far the fleetest horse, and could, no

doubt, have won a race over "Jim Crow" at any time, even at odds, yet the judges failed to agree, because of a wrangle and disputation about the starting of the horses. Then the interested parties to the race came at me; the "Jim Crow" party calling out and clamoring, "don't you give up them stakes!" while the opposite party was just as vociferous that I *should* immediately give them up to them. The crowd pressed upon me and got me completely bewildered. Finally some one whispered to me to *run*, which I immediately did as fast as possible, and succeeded in getting away and to my home, not having been far pursued. I retained the money and watches for some days in my possession, which gave me much solicitude. Each party, the while, kept sending to me to give them up, or else not to give them up, threatening to have me arrested for holding on to them, etc. Finally, after taking counsel from men of judgment who were free from personal interest in the affair, I went and gave to each party the property I had received from each, and thereby got rid of a very miserable affair, and heard no more of it. What did I learn by it, do you ask? It is plain enough. I learned what the experience or sagacity of those men who refused to become the stakeholder, had taught them, and that was to never mix myself up in other people's affairs, which I always remembered and from which I have derived real benefit.

" A Grecian youth of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care,
 Had formed for virtues nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill,
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
 And as he passed the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, he sped along,
 The idiot wonder they expressed,
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show
 His master what his art could do,
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Achademus sacred shade.
 The trembling grove confess'd its fright;
 The wood-nymph started at the sight;
 The muses dropped the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire.

Howe'er the youth with forward air,
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car,
 The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring;
 And gathering crowds, with eager eyes
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal returned,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burned;
 And now along th' indented plain,
 The self-same track he marks again;
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seized the circling crowd;
 The youth with emulation glow'd;
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
 And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
 With pain the triumphs of the field:
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And, flushed with hope, had caught his eye,
 " Alas! unhappy youth," he cried,
 " Expect no praise from me," (and sighed).

“ With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squandered there,
With vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd at less expense,
Would teach thee honor, virtue, sense;
And raised thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men and guide the State.”

CHAPTER VI.

I leave Birmingham for Pontiac—Self-reliant since eleven years of age—Harrison's inauguration—Premature discharge of a cannon—A sad sight—Pontiac my home for five years—Private families and hotel life—"That boy has got a good mother!"—I continue to hunt, fish, and also to attend school from a sense of duty—Daniel Webster holds longer to the fishing-rod than me, but his hired man helps me to get even with him on "scholarship."

"Our early days!—How often back
We turn on life's bewildering track
To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
The sunlight of our early days!"

FROM Birmingham, I next went in the autumn of 1840, when I was eleven years of age, to live with the family of William Foster, at Pontiac, the county seat of Oakland county, and the smartest village in all that region. Mr. Foster had been in the mercantile business at Birmingham, but had moved to Pontiac. I remained with them through that Winter and went to school, and from that day until this, I have been dependent upon my own mind and energies for a maintenance. That Fall, namely 1840, Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, the Whig candidate, was elected by a great majority, President of the United States.

On the 4th of March, the following Spring, he was inaugurated at Washington, and the occasion was celebrated at Pontiac by the display of flags and the firing of cannon, and while I, in company with some of my boy associates were standing on the bluffs that overlook the village from the East, just beyond Howard's mill-pond, and near one of the wheels of the cart that supported Pontiac's "great" nine-pounder cannon, and while Almeron Lockwood and Aaron Seily were pressing down the cartridge, both having hold of the ramrod, a fearful premature discharge of the gun took place, and as the smoke cleared away, I beheld a pitiable sight; the two men were seen rolling a few feet down the hill. They were terribly mangled, but strange to say, after a long time, both men *recovered* in a crippled condition.

After leaving the Foster's I was with Dr. M. L. Bagg, of that village, then with Judge Whipple, and finally at the National Hotel, kept by E. S. Williams, and last at the Hodges House, which is still a prominent hotel in that now much enlarged and important town. In that village, soon after my first arrival, homesick among strangers, dependent upon my own hands for a subsistence, I remember a remark that I overheard one lady make to another about me, because of my deportment, my provident management, neatness and the style of my handiwork, which I think worth telling

to you. Said the lady: "That boy has got a *good mother*," I told my mother of it sometime afterward, and she seemed *real glad* that her patient toils for her children amidst deep trials, gave in that small incident, unfained promise that a return might in some measure accrue to them.

I continued to make my home at Pontiac until the Summer of 1846, which was something more than five years, and I continued to attend school Winters, for a time, *from a sense of duty*, and also continued to play *Nimrod*, to a certain extent. I knew where all the best fishing and hunting grounds were in that vicinity; where I could find pigeon and partridge on land, as also the black bass and pickerel in the waters, but unlike Daniel Webster, my fishing and hunting days did not go with me through life. I left them off almost wholly when I left those familiar haunts, having had very little opportunity to renew those healthy, enticing sports, and now my recollections are more of a *busy life*, than of idle pleasures. -


Having cited you to the fact that Daniel Webster was in his day somewhat attached to his gun and fishing rod, as well as myself, calls to memory another comparison with the same individual, which I may also be permitted to make mention of, without perhaps infringing upon egotistical propriety. A gentleman who taught our school one winter at Birmingham, when I was a

small lad, was in the habit of calling me his little Webster. When sometimes at his command I would go upon the floor to read, he would kindly push the hair back with his hand from my forehead, and say, "This is my little Webster; now let us see how smart you will read." At that time I had not the least knowledge that this nation possessed a great statesman by that name, but since I have come to know about him, and then upon taking a retrospective view of my bright (?) prospective educational disposition at that day, and recollecting the estimate put upon Webster by my generous teacher in the comparison, I have not the least wonder that the people of New England went half crazy with the wish to make him President of the United States. And, from reading very recently an item about him, I have come to think that even yet, I need not despair of my chance of being recognized in the world. It seems from the article, that upon one occasion Daniel Webster wrote a letter for a hired man of his; the man being in no way whatever an adept in the art of penmanship, was compelled to employ an amanuensis. When Mr. Webster had got the letter about completed, as he thought, he read it over to his man and said to him: "John, will that do, or do you think of anything more you would like me to say?" John thought that would do, but after a moment's reflection, put his hand up,

scratched his head a bit, and said : " Mr. Webster,
if yees plaze sur, yees may jist ax them to excuse
the scholarship of the letter."

CHAPTER VII.

Early reminiscences of Pontiac—A street scene—"Good-bye, I'm going to leave you now!"—An earlier yet glance in the way of a short historic sketch of Oakland county, and Pontiac, its county seat—Gov. Cass as Territorial Governor—He is absolute; his word is law—A new entrance upon the scene—Enters "Old Bob" McCracken, who sings the song of Pontiac that concludes the chapter.

 REMINISCENCE of Pontiac that came under my own observation, is queer indeed to reflect upon at this day of railroads and telegraphs.

We have all heard of individuals who, to escape from debts, or from being arrested for crime, clearing-out, absconding, quitting the country, or in short, "*running away*." *I saw*, with my own eyes, Col. Buck, who was a noted man in Oakland county in those days, *run away*! He was Sheriff of the county at the time, or else had just been deposed from that office. At any rate, he had in some way become greatly involved and was under heavy bonds to appear at court. He was also, I think, subject to further arrests, warrants being then in the hands of officers for his apprehension.

He had for some time been thoroughly concealed from their grasp. He was a large, richly-dressed and commanding-looking man.

One day, all of a sudden, he rode into the streets of Pontiac, mounted upon a fast horse. I chanced to be upon the street and saw him ride up and down Main street, hat in hand, calling the attention of the citizens with a loud voice, "Hear ye! Hear ye!" etc. When he had gained the attention of the people, he made a short speech to them; defied them to take him, wheeled his horse three times around, bid them all good-bye, and started his fleet charger under *full run* up the grade, out of the village towards Detroit. It was winter and good sleighing. Men immediately started with several teams of horses and sleighs after him, and a number mounted horses as soon as possible, and also went in swift pursuit. But he outran them all and arrived at Detroit, a distance of twenty-four miles, and safely crossed the ferry into Canada.

As my early life and first recollections are so closely identified with Oakland county, Michigan,—Franklin, Southfield, Birmingham and Pontiac being all situated in that county—I feel a desire to give you a very short sketch of its early history.

On the second of December, 1795, General Anthony Wayne, on behalf of the United States,

formed a treaty with the sachems, warriors and chiefs of the Wyandotte, Delaware, Shawnee, Ottawa, Chippewa, Pot-ta-wata-mie, Miami, Eel-River, Weas, Kickapoo, Piank-a-shaw and Kas-kas-kia tribes of Indians. That treaty, generally known as "The Treaty of Greenville," conceded to them the Post at Detroit and a strip of land included between the River Rosine (now known as the Raisin) on the south, and Lake St. Clair on the north, and a line, the general course of which was to be six miles from the west end of Lake Erie and the Detroit River.

On the seventeenth of November, 1807, Gen. Wm. Hull, then Governor of the Territory of Michigan, on the part of the United States, held a treaty at Detroit with the sachems, chiefs and warriors of the Ottawa, Chippewa, Wyandotte and Pot-ta-wata-mie nations of Indians, at which treaty there was ceded to the United States, the land included in the following boundaries, beginning at the mouth of the Miami River at the lake (now known as the Maumee River), thence up the middle thereof to the mouth of the Great Au Glaize River, thence due north until it intersects a parallel of latitude, to be drawn from the outlet of Lake Huron, which forms the St. Clair River, etc. It is presumed that by this treaty, the land included in the county of Oakland, was ceded to the United States.

The first official act relating to the county of Oakland, was promulgated by General Cass, then Governor of the Territory, issued January 12th, 1819, and reads as follows :

“Whereas a petition has been presented to me by a number of citizens of the Territory, etc., I do, by virtue of these presents, and in conformity with the provision of the ordinance of Congress of July 13th, 1787, lay out, etc., etc., into a new county, to be called the County of Oakland, and do hereby appoint John L. Leib, Chas. Larned, Philip LaCuer, John Whipple and Thomas Rowland, Esquires, commissioners, for the purpose of examining the said county and reporting to me the most eligible site for the seat of justice of said county, to take effect from and after the 13th of December, 1822.” ,

On the 12th of February, 1819, the report was sent in that Pontiac had been decided upon as the place most eligible. On the 15th of December, 1819, a road was laid out and established from the city of Detroit to the village of Pontiac, and on the 28th day of March, 1820, Governor Lewis Cass, by proclamation, declared the seat of justice established at Pontiac.

The Huron River now runs through Pontiac, but when the village was first laid out it wound around outside of the village on three sides, namely, the west, south and east. Just southwest of the village boundary, and west of the river and the Detroit and Saginaw road (where the Depot now stands), was the great Indian camping

ground, where all the Indians used to stop on their way to and from Detroit. The point was well known to the Indians, and by them called SEÆPEE. Royal Oak is just half way between Detroit and Pontiac. While the highway was being built from Detroit to Pontiac by the U. S. Troops, an Indian trail was followed as a guide, that extended straight in line with Woodward Avenue, due west twelve miles, where a great oak tree was *marked* as a guide, and thence northwesterly to the main street of Pontiac. The oak tree was large, conspicuous, and it came to be called the Royal Oak; and from the tree the name was applied to the county, and thence the township and village.

When I first went to Pontiac to live in the Fall of 1840, there was an uncouth but talented family residing in the village by the name of McCracken. Robert McCracken, the old gentleman, was a broom and basket maker, and his son John, a refined, pale-faced young man, worked as a compositor in the office of the *Oakland Gazette*, the editor and proprietor of which was Mr. William Thompson, who married Elizabeth Sherwood, if my memory serves me. [The paper is still published, but is now called the *Pontiac Gazette*.]

Robert McCracken, or "Old Bob" McCracken, as he was very often called, and which he sometimes called himself, *in verse*, was a poetic genius, and I here give you one of his effusions as a remi-

niscence of the style in which he wrote that village up in those days :

PONTIAC.

I am an old man, I am something in years—
I have traveled the country far and near,
For wealth and for wisdom I always did lack—
But I'll make a few verses for Pontiac.

It's a place of great business—a grist and saw-mill,
Two blacksmith's shops and a whiskey still,
A factory, too, to make cloth for your back—
And this is the Village of Pontiac.

The miller is Buckland, a very good man,
If you don't take a bag you'll lose your bran—
But the weight of your flour you seldom do lack,
And this is the custom at Pontiac.

Two taverns, a merchant, and hatter likewise—
And who can a village like this despise?
They have got two doctors, a transcient quack—
These are the physicians of Pontiac.

And as for their squires, upon my soul.
There's Gideon O. and Sidney Dole,
They'll issue a warrant to slap on your back—
A h—ll of a place is Pontiac.

And there's the man that lives over the bridge,
Nearly half way to the top of the ridge,
He'll run with a summons the night ne'er so black,
He's an officer's bum of Pontiac.

And there is the hatter I'm sure he's no fool,
He'll make you a hat of coarsest of wool,
Tuck in a few hairs he shaved from a rat
And sell it for beaver in Pontiac.

There's Stitch, with his needle, he sets on his board,
He says he works cheaper than he can afford—
“ But for silk and for trimmings you always do lack,”
And this is the tailor of Pontiac.

" The carpenter says he will build you a house,
So close and so snug it won't harbor a mouse,"
But when the work's done you will find a great crack,
And these are the joiners of Pontiac.

They won't work for less than ten shillings a day,
A quart or three pints of whisky, we'll say,
And for all the great wages, at business they're slack,
And shirk half their time, in Pontiac.


And there's Old McCracken, can make a good broom,
For weaving of baskets his knee is his loom,
You'll see him come down with a load on his back,
He supplies the people of Pontiac.

And there's the stag merchant he lives at his ease,
He'll promise you anything, just what you please,
But give him the advantage, he'll take the shirt from your
back,
He's the greatest rascal in all Pontiac.

CHAPTER VIII.

A change!—I become a cabin boy—"There is a tide in the affairs of men!" and boys too!—I leave Pontiac for new scenes—My lot is cast upon the waters—Melancholy reflections—Where are my youthful playmates now?—The steamboat "Constellation"—Opposition—Lively scenes—Out of sight of land—The wind freshens—Oh! "My Michigan!"—I live it down and get to like it!—I "nail the colors to the mast" and stick!—Homeward bound—Head winds and heavy swearing—Safe at Detroit—My first season upon the water is ended—A sad winter—My noble little brother leaves this sordid world.

"Like an eagle caged I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore;
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar!"

HILE living at Pontiac, there were among my friends and acquaintances several boys and young men who "followed the lakes" during the season of navigation, as employes on steamboats, but who passed their winters at that place with their parents, or by reason of finding employment at the hotels, or maybe at other occupations. It was considered to be a *big thing* at that time to be a *lake boy*, and through the intercession of one of the young men with whom I was

quite intimate, I procured a situation as cabin-boy in the steamboat "Constellation," Captain Wm. Brown, and in the year 1846, when I was seventeen years of age, my lot was cast upon the waters. But—

" Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot.
And days—*long gone?*"

During the five years of my vigorous, impulsive boyhood passed at Pontiac, I had become acquainted with nearly all of the people in the region ; had formed many warm friendships, and now as I peer across the lapse of time and endeavor to penetrate the mists that have gradually settled down over the scenes of my joyous youth, I reach out in memory with the query, where, now are those playmates, companions and acquaintances of yore? Alonzo Sherwood, George Beach, Ira and George Hodges ; as also the great number of my other familiar associates of those days—where are they? The four named, bright and promising boys, I know to have long since left the scenes of this world. Alonzo Sherwood, the best of them all, like his brother William and sisters, of whom there were a number, all, or nearly all, went to early graves, because of the non-compatibility of temperaments in the marriage of their father and mother, who were each possessed of a predominance of the ensaphalic and

lymphatic temperaments. Whereas had each married with persons who had the motive, or sanguine temperaments predominant, their children might have lived to old age.

But I saw them fade from the earth. Some began to droop before maturity, and others soon after. Their teeth blackened and decayed while the sands of their limited days dwindled away; the brilliant spark, unsustained by vital stamina, twinkled and died. Or maybe more probable, the urns perished only, and let the bright spirits mount to mansions on high. But be that as it may, I can truly say that a more refined, intellectual, high-minded family I have seldom seen.

But where are all of the other merry, wide-awake, happy boys and girls with whom I ran, rode, climbed, frolicked and enjoyed so much the hurried days of my boyhood? I await the reply. Aye, it comes! It is an echo only, and its answer is—WHERE?

Banishing these reflections and bidding adieu to Pontiac, I return to the contemplation of my new situation upon the deep blue waters of Lake Erie.

The good steamboat "Constellation" was owned by Stephen Clark of Buffalo, and his son Erastus was the chief or responsible engineer. She had a low-pressure, cross-head engine, and a full-length upper cabin with state-rooms, which accommo-

dated a large number of passengers, and she plied as a regular freight and passenger packet between Buffalo and Detroit. She was, of course, slow and cumbersome. We would be two days between Detroit and Cleveland, and four or five running the whole distance from Detroit to Buffalo. At that day the carrying trade between the East and West was completely monopolized by the lakes, as there were no railroads. It was then common for the vessel and steamboat owners to meet during each winter and form an association, or to combine on prices for both freight and passengers, to govern the whole trade for the coming season. But it was not an easy matter to suit all. Each steamboat was appointed to a certain route, and given certain days for sailing, but some owners would become dissatisfied; may be with the route, or days assigned to them; by finding their way-bills to fall far short of other steamers on other routes or other days, or sometimes from getting behind or off of time, so that other steamboats would take their day, and they thereby being obliged to lay over for their regular time, would lose much by it, and for some of those reasons there would occasionally one break from the association regulations and come out opposition to the combination.

During the season of navigation in 1844, the same year of the great presidential canvass be-

tween Henry Clay and James K. Polk, which was in every way a lively season, the steamboat "Julia Palmer," Captain T. J. Titus, made it lively upon the lakes by running opposition, and in the Fall of that year, made herself famous by safely riding out the greatest gale ever known to lake men to this day, while the steamboat "Robert Fulton," Captain F. S. Atwood, the combination steamer that came out of Buffalo on the same evening, against her, was driven ashore below Barcelona, and completely wrecked, though only one life was lost and that an infant.

When a steamboat "hailed off," as it was termed, and determined to choose a route and prices to suit the owners, and thus take her chances as an opposition boat, the association would designate a steamer to sail at the same hour, and the combination backing her would help pay her expenses, so that she could carry passengers and freight at less prices than the opposition, with the intention to "starve her out," and bring her to terms. Each steamer would employ runners, each have their colors flying on sailing days, a brass band playing on deck, and a great excitement generally. The steamer "Constellation" was in the roll of the "Julia Palmer" during the season of 1846, my first season upon her, and upon the lakes, which gave me an uncommon opportunity to see life and excitement. We carried Palmer's (then)

famous brass band of Buffalo, for playing as we entered in and passed out of ports, and at all other appropriate times ; while other steamers did not often carry bands, but only employed them to play for the day, and go ashore when the steamer was about ready to sail. We also employed excellent cotillion music for dancing in the cabin. We carried immense crowds of passengers, which gave our steward, Mr. Oliver Bruce,* the cabin-boys, cooks, etc., an extraordinary amount of work, yet good wages, good pay, and the excitement kept us up bravely.

My first commencement upon the steamer, and my first trip in her, was a wonderful experience to me, I having just merged from a country village, and never having seen but little of the world. The boys were real fraternal, and treated me kindly, and I being bright and quick, soon became accustomed to the work and ways of the vessel, so as to make myself useful. On swinging out from the dock just at evening, the band playing lively music upon the hurricane deck, the quarter decks and

*I recently saw Mr. Bruce on 'Change at the Chamber of Commerce, Chicago. He has long been a resident of that city, and long a member of that famous board of commercial dealers. But when he was steward of the Constellation, Chicago was but a hamlet of a few buildings only, and his home was then at Lancaster, a few miles from Buffalo, N. Y. He was a fine-looking young man, with dark hair and red cheeks. But now, his locks are besprinkled with the frosts of the *thirty-three* winters that have since been added to his life.

cabins filled with passengers, the crowd upon the docks cheering, and the passengers responding with cheers; ladies were waving handkerchiefs, friends bidding each other good-bye the while—the combination boat lying near by with band also playing and crowds about and on board of her, made it lively indeed. During our passage down the Detroit river and entrance upon the expansive lake, I was eager to be on deck and see all of the sights, and on that first evening, our work being all out of the way (save the spreading of mattresses and making extra beds upon the floor of the cabins throughout), I was up late, was much on deck and enjoyed the prospect grandly. But the next day, when I looked in every direction and could only see the blue horizon meeting down to the blue waters, I began to grow homesick. And when the wind freshened and I became “deathly seasick,” I resolved that if I could only get that trip over, and my feet once more upon the *terra firma* of “My Michigan,” I would forever resign my ambition for the fame that sometimes accrues to those who “go down to do business in vessels upon the waters.”

I did not quit our good craft, however, on our return to Detroit, as I had so profoundly promised myself I would do. On the contrary, I had begun to form acquaintances and also to form attachments for the new situation, and all things

considered, I liked it, and I stuck to her and helped to lay her up late in the fall, at Buffalo, and returned to Detroit on the last trip up of Oliver Newberry's good steamboat "Illinois," the (then) famous Capt. Blake, Master. Capt. Blake was known far and wide for his great seamanship, also for his rough manners and great profanity. We encountered very heavy weather, head winds, and rode out a big storm on our way up, and I became fully convinced that the stories were not exaggerated, for I could hear his loud voice above the roar of the elements, as he gave directions to the sailors with profane accents. But we finally reached the Detroit River in safety, and passing up the eighteen miles of river navigation from the head-waters of Lake Erie, to the "City of the Straits," was soon moored at Mr. Newberry's docks, and this ended my first season upon the water.

The winter of 1846-7 I passed partly at the Wales' Hotel, Detroit, (which occupied the grounds where the Biddle House now stands), and partly with my parents at Birmingham. On the twenty-second of December of that winter, I witnessed the affecting scene of the first death I had ever realized in my father's family, in the decease of my dear little brother Edward. When at Detroit, some one of the family wrote me that he was very sick of typhus fever, and desired that I

would bring some lemons, as I was about to go out home, which I did. On my arrival, the poor little boy was being literally consumed with the fever, and from his burning thirst, he so relished the lemonade that was made from them, he would grasp the glass and seem to never drink enough. The last words that I remember to ever have heard him utter, was prompted by the noble little fellow's benevolence. While drinking of the lemonade (which suited his appetite so well, and which seemed to temporarily refresh him) he stopped, took the glass from his mouth, and said he wanted "Tommy to have some," because I had brought them to him. *Noble boy!* his sympathies would have been sorely tried had he remained longer in this sordid world.

CHAPTER IX.

Memories of my mother and brother Clark—Tempests and temptations—A mother's thoughts and tears at parting—She is at rest—My brother's enterprises and places of residence—He and I at Pontiac, and our leave—Interesting Reminiscences.

THE foregoing chapter depicted a change in my life. From the village of Pontiac I went forth a boy of seventeen summers, to buffet the tempests, not alone of the waters, but of every temptation that besets the path of ignorant impulsive youth. My *Mother* was not by me to advise or to chide, but was that summer at South Otselic, N. Y., with my sister Althea, and her husband, I. P. Smith. But well do I recollect that on other occasions afterward, when I would take my leave of her for the tempestuous waters, a tear would trickle upon her cheek, and she would say to me, "This is not because you have to go to your calling, but because of the thought that I may never see you again."

"Farewell, farewell, is never heard,
When the tear's in a mother's eye;
Adieu! adieu! she speaks it not,
But, my boy, good-bye! good-bye!!

Although my position was then somewhat hazardous, as well as the fact that I have passed through many vicissitudes since, my dear mother has preceded me now twenty-three years to the grave.

*In cælo quies.**

When I lived at Pontiac, my brother Clark also lived in that village a good part of the time, and his home was with A. J. Bass, for a while, and afterward with A. B. Mathews, merchant, but he left Pontiac before me. He and Robert Scott, a talented young man, went together to Cleveland, Ohio. From there they went to Oberlin and attended school a short time, but left because of their prejudices against the negroes, who, they thought, were forced forward into too great familiarity with the white students.

My brother Clark returned to Cleveland, and traveled for a while with *Artemus Ward* (Charles Browne), of the *Plain Dealer* office, (who was then a novice in the show business), with his trained canary birds, etc., but he soon left Browne, returned to Cleveland and engaged with Shadrick, a grocer.

He, your uncle Clark, was in those days one of the finest jig dancers in the country, but he was so unassuming that very few knew of it. He was also a natural musician and could play a tune on almost any instrument. He was called by an au-

*There is rest in heaven.

dience upon the stage at a theatrical performance in Cleveland one night, and after much urging, he slipped out, disguised himself, appeared before them and far surpassed the performance of the professional dancer [who had performed previous to him] thereby receiving great applause from the assemblage.*

I now return to an occurrence that took place when I belonged to the steamboat "Constellation," as related in the last chapter. One morning, when our steamer was lying at the foot of Main street, Buffalo, and while busy about my work, I was attracted by the artistic movements of a form upon the deck of a sail vessel that was lying upon the opposite side of the river (Buffalo Creek). It was my brother Clark, practicing his favorite steps. He had quit Shadrick, the grocer, and had shipped in the brig "Caledonia," as *cook*, but getting seasick on his trip down from Cleveland, he quit her in Buffalo and went directly to Niagara Falls, N. Y., where he engaged his services as guide and doorkeeper at Barnett's Museum, on the Canada side of the river. After serving there awhile, and making a fast friend of Mr. Barnett, as well as forming many other friendships on that side of the river, he returned to the American side, and gradually worked into the livery and carriage

*At that day *jig-dancing* was nearly or quite as much in vogue as pedestrianism and base ball is at the present time.

business, until he owned or controlled all, or nearly all, of the public carriages at the Falls. He also established a museum, on a limited scale, on the American side, with few but extremely rare curiosities. This he did not attend to himself, but placed it in the hands of a salaried clerk, while he superintended his other interests. He also purchased an interest in the steamer "Maid-of-the-Mist," and was for awhile her captain. He purchased a fine residence at the Falls and there made his home for fifteen or twenty years, until he moved to Fenton, Genessee county, Michigan. There he erected himself another fine residence, and also the beautiful brick square known as the *Andrews' Block*, on the main street of that enterprising village. He owned a farm near by, and was at one time proprietor of the brick flouring mill there. He continued to make his residence at Fentonville until he died, February 17th, 1874.

*Requiescat in pace.**

*May he rest in peace.

CHAPTER X.

The cabin boy—The steamboat "St. Clair"—Heavy seas and a precarious voyage—"The Nile"—"The Baltic"—Fraternity of lake men and boys—A romantic episode—I join the steamer "Cleveland"—My desire for knowledge and promotion—I quit the "Cleveland" and join the steamboat "Constitution"—Ho for Toledo—Clay banks and bluffs—A newspaper that survives!

WHEN we laid the "Constellation" up, in the Fall of 1846, we were all promised "berths" again for the next Spring, providing if and if. The *ifs* did not prevail, the combination bought her off, and she *never* again made her appearance upon any route as a passenger steamer, and while that year was my first upon the lakes, it proved to be the "Constellation's," last. But, as I had now fully determined to look to the lakes for employment in the future, as the Spring of 1847 began to approach, it became me to be looking about. Consequently I repaired early to Detroit, and thought myself fortunate by almost immediately procuring a situation on a small steamer called the "St. Clair," Capt. Perry Palmer, master; John Dumas, first mate (he was an Americanized Frenchman, and the French pronuncia-

tion of the name is Du-mar); Peter Gadbaugh, second mate (he was also French, and the name is pronounced Gadway by them); Mr. Wales, clerk. I had charge of the cabins, with two or three boys under me, and Mr. Wales and I were to do the stewarding. The "St. Clair" was to run the season between Mackinaw and Sault-Ste-Marie, that little, old French and Indian half-breed town, occupying (as before stated) the neck of land, three quarters of a mile across, between the headwaters of the river of that name and Lake Superior. The name Sault-Ste-Marie is, of course, French, and its proper pronounciation is Su-St.-Marys. The "St. Clair" was an old vessel, and formerly called the "Rhodisland," but had been recently over-hauled, painted anew and furnished very neatly, but I found afterward that she was considered non-seaworthy, and perhaps that was one reason why I so easily procured a good situation in her; others knowing more about her, may be did not care to venture. In crossing Lake Huron on our way up from Detroit to Mackinaw, off Saginaw Bay, where are the greatest expanse of waters and sweep for the winds, we encountered very heavy weather, and I readily perceived that our captain and the sailors proper, were all concerned for her safety. She would settle down between seas that ran much higher than her hurricane decks, creak and labor in them fearfully,

but we weathered it and reached Mackinaw in safety. I made a few trips in her, on her new, romantic route of beautiful scenery, but there was little travel and a very limited amount of freight at that day for that route. I did not like our French officers, and soon quit her, and took passage in the steamboat "Nile" on her down trip from Chicago to Buffalo (another of Mr. Oliver Newberry's fine steamers), Capt. L. A. Pierce, (now of Cleveland), master, and M. Jacobs, steward. The "Nile" also encountered a tremendous storm in crossing Lake Huron, but unlike the "St. Clair," she was a large, staunch and beautiful vessel, and carried us safely over free of apprehension. I did not stop off at Detroit, but went through to Buffalo, thinking I might stand a better chance to obtain a situation there, as the "Nile," having no vacancy, Mr. Jacobs could not give me employment in her, yet he treated me very nicely, and would not allow me to pay any fare, and I will add further, that I have taken many passages over the lakes in steamboats upon which I was not employed, but never yet in my life was allowed to pay one cent of fare. The lake men and boys were very courteous, kind and fraternal to each other in those days, and it had a tendency to make the seafaring life upon the lakes enticing, amid all its trials and dangers. I afterward became real well known, and received very

many gallant courtesies at the hands of my seafaring friends. I also came to have positions and opportunities to render like favors to others.

After my arrival at Buffalo in the steamer "Nile," and remaining there several days without finding an available situation, I returned to Detroit by the beautiful new steamer "Baltic," Capt. A. T. Kingman, and was, of course, passed free by Mr. Wormley, the gentlemanly steward, who many years afterward kept the railroad dining halls at Marshall, Michigan. I must here relate a little episode. On my passage up, I became acquainted with a very refined young man known by the appellation of "Baltic Pete," or Peter. He was the inside steward of the "Baltic," (head waiter)—that is, he had charge of the tables and cabin boys, about twenty in number. I liked him very much, and we became quite intimate. Among other topics of conversation between us, he had much to tell me of a young lady for whom he had formed a very great attachment. He spoke to me of her quite often which showed that he was thoughtful of her indeed. I never met him but a few times after, but learned that he was obliged to leave the "Baltic" the same season, before she laid up, because of his delicate state of health. He seemed to be in a decline when I became acquainted with him. I frequently asked after him of those who had opportunity to know, and I learned that he

went to his father's home somewhere East, and there almost immediately died. What he had told me of his attachment for the young lady, soon passed from my mind, and at the time of the conversation I did not even learn her name. A year or two after that, however, I myself, by the merest chance, met with a young lady, between whom and myself an honorable affection and deep attachment on my part grew up, and after one year from our first meeting, we were married. I one day chanced to have a thought pass through my mind of my deceased friend, and casually mentioned him to her, whereupon she seemed quite affected. She had often told me of a deceased lover of hers, but never with name, or any particulars that attracted my attention, but as romantic as the recital may appear to you, my children, she was one and the same, and she became *your mother*.

On my arrival at Detroit in the "Baltic," I went to Birmingham and paid a short visit to my parents, but soon returned to Detroit, where I obtained a situation as "berth-maker," in the steamboat "Cleveland," Capt. Shepard, which steamer plied between Buffalo and Detroit. The berth-makers have charge of the state-rooms and keep the sleeping-berths made up and in order for the passengers, and the position was considered quite remunerative, as the boys often receive perquisites from the passengers, besides they some-


times find little things of value left in the beds by the passengers, and sometimes a purse full of money, which they carry to the Clerk's office and leave (if honest enough to do), and when the passenger returns, *out of breath* with anxiety, in quest of his lost money, the Clerk tells him there has been one found and sends for the boy to come and be present. He then asks the passenger to describe the pocket-book, and to tell the exact amount of money it contained. The Clerk then proceeds to count the money before them both, and if it comes out right, he demands that the passenger should give the boy something for his honesty. I chanced to have a friend on the "Cleveland," who procured the situation for me, but I did not like that kind of a "job," consequently only held it for a few trips until I could suit myself better. It was not difficult to obtain a situation in those days, and I was aspiring and continually on the look-out for better positions. I was very observing and quick to learn to do the different kinds of work on steamers, and was determined from the first to reach the position of steward of a steamer, as soon as I could work my way to it. It is a responsible office, or it was those days, and was therefore monopolized by relatives of owners, or else through favor and good backing. I was too young to expect very much then, but was fast making acquaintances and friends. Many, or most

of the lake boys would hold on to the more menial situations season after season, for the sake of the situation and to save up wages, but my greatest object was to *learn*, make friends among the officers of steamers, and seek preferment to higher and better positions. I also desired to run a few trips on different routes, giving me a chance to see the different ports and places, extend my knowledge of different steamers, and also make the more acquaintances, therefore, after making three trips on the "Cleveland," one day while in Buffalo, I chanced to meet with an opportunity to obtain something that suited me better, which was the situation as second steward or head waiter on the steamboat "Constitution," Captain I. T. Pheatt, William Flemming, steward, running between Buffalo and Toledo.

I had heard a great deal about Toledo, and expected to see a town of some importance, but I did not succeed in seeing very much, save a clay bank of very thick mud, and a very few buildings scattered far and wide over the broken and bluffy grounds where the beautiful, thriving city of Toledo now is. But I must not forget to state that even at that early day, viz.: 1847, the now staunch old veteran newspaper, the TOLEDO BLADE, was already established, and the building in which it was then published was pointed out to me. It was a brick building, only partly completed, if I recollect right, and stood quite near the river.

CHAPTER XI.

The steamboat Constitution continued—Her owner has a romantic daughter—His spicy son-in-law our financial clerk—He is a good fellow, and the champion jig-dancer of the world, having won the belt from Jack Diamond, the then champion, in a contest at New Orleans—Capt. I. T. Pheatt—His views of the situation—The officers and crew become all of a sudden up-town boarders—Sold out—Monroe vs. Toledo—Again on board—A winter at the Lovejoy House, Buffalo, and on which occasion I form an interesting acquaintance that will interest you, my children—An early movement and a perilous situation—All safe and again on native soil.

 HE Constitution was then owned by Captain John Vail, of Buffalo, who, by reason of being the possessor of a plethoric purse, may be, as well as a very beautiful daughter, and also, by reason of that daughter's falling desperately in love with the then celebrated champion jig dancer, commonly known as Dick Slighter, and by reason of her eloping with and marrying him, Captain Vail had the satisfaction of knowing, if satisfaction it was to him, that the said Mr. Richard Slighter was his son-in-law, while we of the steamboat "Constitution" were well advised, that after a year or two of estrangement and denunciation on the

part of the father, by reason of the marriage, there had been a reconciliation of the parties, and that Mr. Richard Slighter was at that time the clerk of our good steamer. And further, that insomuch as our worthy Captain Pheatt was a man of steady mien, and also had an interest in the earnings of the boat, he was not only annoyed by the fact that Mr. Slighter was, against his protestations, placed in the responsible situation by Captain Vail, he (Dick) having control and handling of all monies received and paid out. Besides, the fact that notwithstanding his responsible situation, he could not, or would not, keep his feet still, so we not only had jig-dancing quite often on board, but a good time generally.

One day when we were lying in Buffalo, Mr. Flemming, the steward, came and told me to put things in shape for a *lay-up*, as some misunderstanding between Captain Vail and Captain Pheatt was being arranged, and in the meantime our good ship would haul up the creek and lie by, and, he added, "That may be when we came out again, we would have a different captain." This grieved me a little, as Captain Pheatt and I had become real good friends.

The steward's instructions were obeyed on my part; the work was soon accomplished, and all of the officers and crew were sent up town to board at the Lovejoy Hotel, until either paid off or re-in-

stated on board. After two or three days, Mr. Slighter appeared at the hotel with a package of money and the steamer's books, paid up our board, and also paid us all off, with the statement that the "Constitution" had been sold. Captain Pheatt soon after called at the hotel and asked for me. Presenting myself, he informed me with a more cheerful appearance than he had worn for some time, that the "Constitution" had been sold to a company of men at Monroe, Michigan, and as he had a little interest in her, he felt very glad of the sale, and said he had called to tell me that when he obtained the mastership of another craft, I could depend upon him for a better situation than I had had in the "Constitution." I thanked him truly, but by reason of a good recommend by Mr. Flemming, who was an excellent man, and now long deceased, I was immediately reinstated to my old position in the "Constitution," now commanded by Captain Haffe, of Monroe, and formerly of the Atlantic Ocean; also a new steward from Monroe, and nearly a new crew throughout. I remained in her until she went into winter quarters at Monroe, Michigan.

Captain Pheatt was a Toledo man; his family and home were there, and he took a great interest in the building up of the town. At that time there was a great strife between Monroe and Toledo for the prestige (same as there was between New

Buffalo and Chicago). Monroe was larger than Toledo and seemed to have the advantage. I presume this strife had its influence in the purchase of the "Constitution" by a Monroe Company, and getting rid of Captain Pheatt, for thereafter, our route was *Buffalo* and *Monroe*, touching at Toledo.

At the time we were sent to the Lovejoy House, at Buffalo, to board, on the occasion of the "Constitution" laying up and being sold, I became acquainted with Mr. Robert Gray, who was at the time, steward of the hotel. He was a young man of superior address and prepossessing appearance, and had been recently married to a sister of the landlady. He and I took quite a notion to each other. The house was greatly crowded while we were boarding there—it being a great business house anyway—and I rendered Mr. Gray some assistance, which caused both him and Mr. Browning, the proprietor, to promise me a situation in the hotel for the winter, if I would return after the "Constitution" was laid up, which I did.

When we had got our "good ship" into safe winter quarters at Monroe, I went to Detroit, and also made a short visit to my father's home at Birmingham, but was obliged to hurry back to Detroit, as the steamboat "Great Western," Captain A. Walker, was advertised to leave very soon for Buffalo, and she the last boat of the season. I

went to Buffalo in her, arriving there a short time before Christmas. I put in the winter at the Lovejoy House, according to agreement.

And right here, I must avail myself of the opportunity to advise you, my children, that I formed that winter, a very interesting acquaintance with a Miss Mary Taylor, who afterward became no less a personage than my wife and your own mother. It happened in this wise: Mrs. Browning, wife of Mr. Potter Browning, the proprietor of the hotel, though a smart, intellectual lady, was nearly a cripple, and Miss T. had been for some years, her trusted assistant-housekeeper.

Toward the Spring of that year, 1848, I received a letter from Monroe, informing me that I could have my situation again in the "Constitution," and it was desired that I would repair to Detroit at the very first opportunity, as she would go there to fit out. But I, of course, could not go until the first movement of a steamboat, as there was no other mode of travel, save by the long, tedious stage routes. But, as anticipated, the steamboat "Great Western" was at a very early day advertised, equipped and loaded with freight and passengers for Detroit and intermediate ports. I availed myself of the opportunity and took passage in her. We left the dock at Buffalo while crowds were cheering and applauding the daring effort. But we had not proceeded more than ten or fifteen

miles outside before we found ourselves encased in a field of ice as far as the eye could reach, and where we were held fast for twelve long days and nights; with one hundred and seventy-five passengers on board, besides the officers and crew.

The ice was treacherous, piled up edge-ways, and there was no such thing as reaching the shore, while night after night we could see the beautiful city of Buffalo in the distance, brilliantly lighted up, and we in continual peril.

The people of the city, although greatly concerned for us, had no means of rescue, as the ice had pressed in behind us and choked up both the harbor and the mouth of the Niagara river, and while the people throughout the city would repair to the housetops with glasses, day after day and watch our situation with dire solicitude, Miss Taylor and my other friends at the Lovejoy House, would ascend to the lofty cupola of that hotel, day and night, with heartfelt anxiety and affectionate concern for the one of all the others in whom they were most deeply interested, and which that brave, but now sorely jeopardised vessel sheltered from the piercing winds and deep, cold waters of Lake Erie.

We were for several days on short allowance, our provisions and fuel having nearly given out. Toward the last we were not allowed wood for the stoves, to keep us comfortably warm, and were

only sheltered from the cold, icy blasts of sweeping wind, by the thin bulkheads of the cabin, while the hulk of the vessel below, was being pressed, cut, and dangerously lacerated by the pressure of ice, driven by the gale of wind that was almost continually sweeping down the lake. The wood now left was carefully husbanded for cooking, and to finally make fires under the boilers, when there was a hope that we might work out ; although fires had been kindled, and an effort made on almost every day until the fuel run short. On the twelfth day, the steamboat " United States " was seen gradually working her way toward us from off Dunkirk or Silver Creek, and I assure you we hailed her final success in reaching us, with thankful hearts, as did also the people of Buffalo who were watching her movements. I have forgotten the names of the captain and other officers of the " United States " who jeopardized themselves for us. But *noble men they were!* I shall never forget the joyous feelings that came over us, when the noble steamer worked close alongside, and the men began to heave wood over from her upon our steamer's main deck. We had an inexperienced steward by the name of Burns, who had not laid in sufficient stores for a trip at the season when navigation was so uncertain, and on the day we were delivered from the situation, the " Great Western's " larder was reduced to less


than one barrel of corned beef and a few crackers

Both steamers immediately worked through to Dunkirk by means of the channel cut by the "United States" while coming to our relief. The wheels of our steamer were too much clogged with ice, and we too short of fuel to have been able to work our own way through without assistance.

At Dunkirk we laid in supplies of all kinds, and went forward to Detroit without further detention, as the ice was all driven down the lake by westerly winds, and above there was no impediment to navigation.

CHAPTER XII.

"Once more on deck I stand," of the home-like steamer "Constitution," but soon to leave her forever—Promotion—High Hopes—Steamer "Rochester" ahoy!—But I soon step down and out—Ho! for Chicago—A floating palace—The "Hendric Hudson," the finest steamer on the lakes—My first mint julep—It tasted tip-top—Fast asleep but not deserted—The steamboat "Oregon"—The gallant steamer "Superior" and the remarkable digestive powers of the sweet bonnie lasses of Maumee City, Ohio—A witty colored singer—I afterward saw him lying dead—I leave the "Superior"—Live at Sandusky City, O., a short time—A neat ride to Buffalo—Married and go on a visit—Political campaign of Taylor and Cass—My vote was challenged, but I finally got one in for "Old Rough and Ready"—The steamer "Lexington"—The ending of a restless, changeable season.

 JOINED the "Constitution" at Detroit, but again under new officers; Captain Strong, of Monroe, was now her master, and Thurlow, his brother, a fine young man, was our Steward. I was destined to not stay long in her, however, for after a few trips, one day in Buffalo, Captain I. T. Pheatt came to me and gave me a very extensive string of keys, which opened all the doors of the steamer "Rochester," and told me he wished me to go up the Creek and fit out

her steward's department, as he was going to bring her out as an opposition boat.

Now, this pleased me hugely, as she was a larger class of steamer than the "Constitution," and a steward's position was what I had continually set my aspirations upon. I left the "Constitution" rather too abruptly to ever expect to get my situation back again were I to need it, but had no thought of such a probability. I hired a crew, and in one week from that time the "Rochester" was neatly fitted out, hauled down to her dock, and when amidst life and bustle, being crowded with passengers and nearly ready to get under way, word came that she was bought off by the combination. A combination steamer hauled alongside, took off our passengers and freight, and we with heavy hearts hauled up the Creek again and *laid* her up. Now, I was "on my oars" for certain, as was the lake term for being out of a situation, but I soon shipped in the cabin of the new, magnificent steamer, "Hendrick Hudson," Captain D. Howe, Mr. Ross, steward. She was destined for the Buffalo and Chicago route. I made the trip in her on her first voyage. We landed safely at Chicago with a large load of passengers, after riding out a tremendous storm on Lake Michigan, which tried her timbers fearfully. At that time Chicago was not larger than Jackson, Michigan, is now. The main part of the

city was on the north side of the river, and the Lake House, which was the principal hotel, was also on the north side. The grounds of the city were low and marshy, and the only sidewalks were made of loose boards, and the water would splash up from under them when walked upon.

The "Hendrick Hudson" remained at Chicago three days, and the last day, we having our work all nicely done, a young man by the name of Hawes, a shipmate of mine, and myself, drew some money at the office (about all that was owing to us, I think), dressed ourselves neatly and went up town for a cruise. After walking about for a while, looking at what could be seen of the city, the weather being hot, we were thirsty, and went in where there was a nice bar to get something to drink. I thought of having a lemonade, but Haws proposed that we would take *mint juleps*—they are made of several kinds of strong liquor mixed and shaken up with mint, sugar, and ice-water. I refused at first, but he insisted, and I concluded to try one. I liked it first rate; he had paid for them, and as my thirst was not yet assuaged, I called for two more, which we drank with a relish. I felt *neat* for awhile, and then *sleepy*, and sometime after dark I awakened and found myself lying on a bunk in the saloon. But although our steamer had been for sometime gone, my friend finding that he could not arouse me, let the

steamer go and stuck by me. We went to a hotel, stayed all night, and next day both got situations in the steamboat "Oregon," Captain Cotton, which had arrived during the night on her regular trip from Buffalo. I left her on our arrival at Buffalo, however, as I was not suited with any position I could have in her. My chum and I went on board of the "Hendrick Hudson" and got our clothes that were left on board at Chicago. I then shipped on board the steamboat "Superior," Captain D. Wilkinson. She also belonged to the Buffalo and Chicago route, but was owned solely by the Captain, whose residence was at Maumee City, Ohio, which is situated upon the south bank of the Maumee River, a few miles above Toledo, Ohio, and on the stern of the "Superior" was lettered "SUPERIOR, OF MAUMEE CITY, OHIO." Now, when I was a boy, I used to hear a song, a part of the first verse of which I still retain in my memory, and it is as follows:

Tune—"Captain Kidd."

"Potatoes they grow small, in Maumee, in Maumee,
The gals eat them tops and all, in Maumee."

But I assure you the "Superior" was not a "small potato" steamer, but of goodly dimensions, and also a very deservedly popular passenger packet.

Captain David Wilkinson had been long on the lakes, and also long a citizen of Maumee. He was

well known and had many friends both on shore and on the waters. It was a custom with the old Captain to give a free pleasure excursion the rounds of the lakes once every year, to his patrons and friends by special invitation, and it was by reason of this annual excursion, the steward requiring extra help in the cabins, and I being "on my oars," that I shipped with him for the trip. It looked cheerful indeed to see the beautiful ladies and gallant gents come on board in crowds at the ports along shore, dressed gaily and accompanied with a profusion of boquets of beautiful flowers, etc., while inspiring music was being discoursed by the band on deck, and all was cheerful, happy and gay, as a marriage belle. And at Maumee the very look of the buxom Buckeye girls from that town convinced me at once that if the "gals" of that famous little city did really devour *potatoes* without stopping to pull them from the vines, they most assuredly suffered nothing from their *digestion*, for their sweet and charming appearance was a reminder of the subtle and sensitive *bee* who is capable of extracting

"Honey from the thistle,
As well as from the rose."

This steamer, like nearly all of the lake steamboats, had a barber shop, and carried a tonsorial artist, who was of the colored persuasion, and whose name was Price. He was not only a bar-

ber, but also an original poetic genius. He possessed a natural talent peculiar to himself, of making verses impromptu, on the lyric order, suited to the familiar tunes of the day. He would come into the cabin by invitation of the passengers, and amid a throng *aptly* sing of the individuals about him in a loud, pleasant voice, provoking at times peals of laughter and applause. If a young gent was particularly attentive to some special young lady, he would twig it and sing it so neatly that all would know who was meant and all join in the merriment. He would stand unmoved and sing fifty or more apt verses at a time. I recollect he commenced one of his songs upon one of these occasions, as follows :

Tune—"Mary Blane."

" The Superior is as fine a boat as ever I did see,
 She has a fine pleasure party from the City of Maumee,
 Then farewell, then farewell,
 All farewell at home, etc.

There's a part of my story I like to forgot,
 Some are from Cleveland, and some from Conneaut."

This is all I can now recollect, and it is retained from simply hearing him sing it off-hand once. He brought in *all* the *parties*, from every place, and concluded with a recital of a pair of "loving turtle doves" he had noticed taking a carriage ride together at one of the ports where the steamer held over a few hours for the people to go on shore and see the place. I saw the same colored

man, Price, lying among the *drowned* of the steamer "G. P. Griffith," some years after, which steamer was burned just below Cleveland, and nearly all the passengers and crew were drowned while endeavoring to reach the shore. They were lain along in rows, and looked calm, as if asleep. This, you will say, was rather an unsteady year with me, when I advise you of the fact that on our return from Chicago I left the "Superior" and went to Sandusky City, Ohio, to fill what I considered a more promising position, that was offered me at the American Hotel in that city, which I did. I remained there *awhile*, but receiving an occasional letter from Miss Mary Taylor, at the Lovejoy House, Buffalo, and not liking a shore life while the steamers were "on the wing," I quit the American, bought me a neat suit of clothes, and one day stepped on board of the steamboat "Buffalo," Captain T. J. Titus (formerly of the "Julia Palmer"), James Brewster, steward, stepped off again at Buffalo, and was soon thereafter married, and in company with my young bride went to pay a visit to her father and sisters near Erie, Pa. Returned to Buffalo and took her to Erastus Crooker's Pearl Street House, to board.

This was the fall of 1848, and the year of the presidential canvass for Taylor and Cass. I was *married*, but was *not* twenty-one years of age, and

thus by right, *not* a voter. But I was not aware at that time that it was a misdemeanor or crime in the eyes of the law to *offer* to vote, providing one did *not* "swear it in." The election was held soon after our return from Erie, and I stepped up to the polls in my own proper ward, and offered to vote, when Sheriff Burton, a friend of mine who was on the challenging committee exclaimed, "I challenge that vote!" I stepped back and said "If you are so mean as to challenge me, I will not vote." He then recalled it. Said he, "Hold on, don't be a fool, I withdraw the challenge," I then handed to the proper officer the *first vote of my life*. It was a *straight Whig ticket throughout*, headed by ("Old Rough and Ready") General Zachary Taylor for President, and Millard Filmore for Vice President. I had quite a growth of black beard upon my face, and in all ways showed rather precocious or premature development, and looked to be quite a number of years older than I really was.

I soon after shipped in the steamer "Lexington," Capt. R. Randall, Don Wilcox, steward. Remained in and helped to lay her up at Buffalo for the winter. That season ended my unsteadiness, or rather, my unnecessary changeableness.

CHAPTER XIII.

A winter of leisure at Buffalo—The spring of 1849 opens up bright and promising—Heigh-ho! California the Eldorado!—I become steward of the steamer "London"—Wild gold excitement—Distance no disparagement—Another wild rumor that the Asiatic cholera was coming and no knowledge to stay it—It came!—Anxious footsteps between our steamer's landing and my home—A wee one—Our home at Detroit—Presto, change!—And now Detroit and Cleveland—The "Empire State"—The "Southerner"—The swift steamer "Arrow," the pride of the lakes!—Birth of my son—I purchase a home—The steamer "Albany"—A new role—Eagle river—My old friend Robert Gray—A live business—This chapter occupies five years, and is the central chapter of my life—My two children born—A sorrowful ending of the chapter.

HOUR mother and I boarded all winter with the excellent family of Mr. Crooker, on Pearl street, Buffalo. In the meantime, during the winter, I procured for myself, against many other applicants, the situation as steward of the fine, fast passenger steamer "London," Captain Frank Baubee. She was a Canada vessel, running between Buffalo and Detroit, touching at the Canada ports, and not at the American, only at each end of the route.

The Spring opened up bright and promising.

The almost startling intelligence had been received during the winter, that gold had been discovered in Sutton's Mill race at Sacramento, California, our newly acquired territory from Mexico, in prolific quantities, which seemed to infatuate nearly our whole people. California then seemed as far away as China does to-day. But distance, as usual, only loaned enchantment. The contagion passed over the people like flames amid seasoned prairie grass in autumn. Expeditions were fitting out upon every hand, with eager anticipation of realizing a golden harvest in the far-off Eldorado.

This was a mighty journey to be undertaken across a desert of two or three thousand miles, infected with roving bands of savage Indians, but nothing seemed to daunt those who were seized with the frenzy for gold. Most of the expeditions were undertaken by small companies of men banding together and making the journey overland with emigrant wagons drawn by oxen and cows, horses and mules. But I recollect two men made the journey successfully on foot and hauled a hand-cart containing their bed, provisions and tools for working when they arrived there. Commodore Vanderbilt soon established a line of steamers to ply regularly between New York and San Francisco, around Cape Horn, but this was a long, expensive and hazardous journey, and comparatively few had money to go by water. But in

the meantime, a brave undertaking was inaugurated at Cleveland, Ohio, in the way of fitting out an old Lake Erie barque, called the *Eureka*, into a sort of ship-rigged *craft* to undertake the journey in. She was to pass through the Welland Canal, Canada, down the St. Lawrence and thence to sea, which was fully and successfully carried out. She was equipped at Cleveland, and passengered by resolute, adventurous young men from Cleveland and vicinity, many of them, I believe, were to pay for their passage, if successful, after their arrival in California. Among the number was a young man by the name of John P. Jones, who is at the time I write, a popular United States Senator from the new State of Nevada, and a principal owner in a silver mine there, which has made him one of the wealthiest men in our nation.

In 1849, negro minstrelsy was a new and popular amusement. Slavery was then rife in the South, and the negro refrains were caught up, or upon the basis of them, very crude, but pleasing ballads were written. The Christy Minstrels were popular concerters, and their songs and sayings became as household words with the young of all classes. Among others of their songs was one that depicted the separation of a colored lover and his "Susanna." He had been sold, and about to take his leave for Alabama, he sings :

"Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me,
I'se gwine to Alabama with my banjo on my knee."

from which I improvised a parody for the *Eureka*, and those who ventured in her on her hazardous voyage. I handed it to the editor of a newspaper, who published it, and it went quite a round of the press, and I was told that the boys who went out in her, clipped it from the papers and sang it in concert on board during her voyage with great glee. The very jargonic extravagance of its composition and easy metre for the then familiar tune "Susanna," gave it its *zest*. It is as follows :—

" We hail from Cleveland city, with our wash-bowls on our knee,
We're going to California the placers for to see;
It rained all night the day we left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun so hot we're froze to death,
Dear brothers don't you cry.

CHORUS.—Oh! California, that's the place you see;
We're going to Sacramento with our wash-bowls on our knee.

We'll jump aboard the Eureka barque,
And travel on the sea—
We'll never even think of home,
Oh! no, that cannot be;
The Eureka is as staunch a craft,
As ever hailed from inland sea;
And if it storms both night and day,
We're bound to keep her free.

CHORUS.—Oh! California, etc.

When we get to San Francisco,
Then we'll look all round;
And when we see the gold lumps there
We'll pick them off the ground;

We'll sweep the mountains clean, my boys,
 We'll drain the rivers dry;
 A pocket full of rocks bring home,
 So Cleveland boys, good-bye.

CHORUS.—Oh! California, that's the land you see;
 We're going to Sacramento with our wash-bowls on our
 knee.

Another quite important circumstance that couples my memory with that year, and also with the "Eureka," I must further relate as in point with this part of my narration. As before stated, I was, during this season, employed as steward of the steamboat "London," a Canada passenger packet, which regularly touched at the Lake Erie ports of the Canada shore. Although the overhauling, refitting and getting the "Eureka" ready for her long voyage had been commenced in the Spring and her sailing announced, yet she was not ready for a start until September. One day, while the "London" was lying wind-bound at the mouth of the Grand River, Canada, where the Welland Canal intercepts Lake Erie, the equinoctial storm and its accompaniment of high winds having made it prudent for us to hold on there a day or two, it chanced one afternoon that I was walking to and fro in the after cabin of our steamer, keeping step with her rolling motion, while the doleful whistling and moaning of the wind, together with the continuous creaking sound of the wheel-chains and her chafing against the dock, rendered the spell

drear and gloomy. The passengers the while were drooping about, some in the cabins and others in the saloon below. At the after end of the upper cabin were fitted around compact with the bulk-heads, sofas, upon which both ladies and gentlemen were reclining, some asleep and others poring over a novel, book or newspaper.

It so chanced that as I walked forward and aft, I was attracted by an unusual appearing vessel riding the heavy seas outside, and plunging about fearfully, as she was running across seas, and heading by tack directly for Grand River. She was ship-rigged and made an unusual appearance, so much so that I continued my walk the longer, to watch her movements and to see if she would undertake to make our port, it being a somewhat hazardous undertaking, considering the prevailing high wind and seas. But she came, and as she approached nearer and nearer, I became the more interested in her movements. But I felt alarmed for her, as I observed the sailors aloft, working almost with desperation among the rigging, there seeming to be something wrong, the sails having become unmanageable, and would not let go as they should, but she obeyed the helm nicely and came into the river like a bird. But after she was fairly into the river, and within a quarter of a mile of our steamer, her headway was not checked, as all of the canvas was still

spread, and very soon I became deeply *alarmed*, for I saw that her sails were not only unmanageable, but that she had ceased to obey the helm after quitting the deep waters of the lake, and that she was heading directly for us, with a mighty sweep. I thereupon rallied the passengers who were lounging upon the divans at the end of the cabin and called out to them to run for their lives. They obeyed and ran, I behind them, urging them forward, and just as we had all got fifteen or twenty feet from the spot, the "Eureka's" jib-boom—for it was her—came crashing in at the stern of our steamboat, just clearing the main deck cabins and crushing the afterpart of the upper cabin into fragments. The sofas, where the passengers had a moment before lain, and from whence I had aroused them, were broken into small pieces, and fortunately we had not one person injured. This "fetched the 'Eureka' up," after parting our lines and staving our steamer badly. It caused great excitement for the hour, but after the captain of the famous "Eureka" had paid for the damages, she was hauled into the canal, and we, after sufficient repairs to insure our safety—the storm having exhausted its fury—got under way and pursued our course.

During the Spring of that year, the tidings that the Asiatic cholera was approaching our shores from Europe, was spread abroad, which by the

heat of summer reached us with its deadly fangs. Science had no command over it then as now, and it was considered the direst scourge that could be apprehended. Yes, it came, and carried thousands to the grave. On each trip of the "London," when we landed at Buffalo, hearses were driven down to take away our dead, health officers would come on board with sober visages, the streets of the city seemed almost deserted, and the black badges of mourning affixed to the doors of nearly every alternate building, as I would hurriedly pass up from our landing, impressively reminded me of what I might very possibly meet on my arrival at our abode, for at that dread hour, my daughter, your eyes had only seen the bewildering light of this world a very few days. I soon removed my wife and wee one to Detroit. The cholera was not so bad there, and soon thereafter, they went from Detroit to Birmingham and remained with my parents until we laid the "London" up for the winter at Detroit. In the meantime, a chicanery trick was carried through to Americanize the steamer "London." The maritime laws of nations require that a foreign vessel must come direct from a port of their own nationality, and carry the flag of their country, and thus, if the "London" left Buffalo or Cleveland for Detroit, she was obliged to land at a Canada port and take out fresh clearance papers

for her American destination ; that is, vessels are obliged to sail direct from one country to the other, and to the port signified by their papers, consequently the "London" could not ply directly between Buffalo and Detroit, or between Cleveland and Detroit, etc., and she, carrying the British colors, prejudiced some against patronizing her, consequently she was *seized* at Detroit for some pretended violation of the revenue or navigation laws, was put on the ways, an American *plank*, put in her hulk (hull), and thus made into an American vessel. This was all done because she had been purchased by Col. Sheldon* McKnight, of Detroit. We were then put upon the route between Cleveland and Detroit as an experiment, to see if that route could be made to pay, and thus I was the first steward that ever ran across upon that since popular route.

That winter we lived at Detroit, and kept house. Next spring the "London" was overhauled, refitted and came out very late in the season with a new crew throughout, and also upon a new route, namely : between Cleveland and the Su-St.-Mary's, in conjunction with Col. McKnight's steamers on Lake Superior.

*Col. *Sheldon* McKnight, was a relative of T. C. Sheldon, of Detroit, (Thomas Sheldon) and he got the *Sheldon* of his name from the identical same source that I got mine. And may be that in so much as Col. McKnight was a man of considerable wealth; Mr. Thomas Sheldon may have done something "*handsome*" by him.

That spring, to-wit: 1850, I made one trip in the steamer "Empire State," Captain Hazard, between Buffalo and Chicago. She was the largest steamboat then afloat upon the lakes, and I went the trip to take charge of the cabins for Bartley Logan, the steward, who was a friend of mine. But to get on a route where I could be oftener home at Detroit, I changed to the steamer "Southerner," Captain John Edmonds. We made one trip from Detroit to Buffalo. Captain Edmonds was taken with the cholera at Buffalo and died. We brought his body up and landed it at Monroe, Mich., his home, after which, Captain Arthur Edwards, her managing owner, put her regularly upon the route between Detroit and Cleveland, and Captain L. A. Pierce, of Cleveland, became her master, with Melvin Lathrop, of Trenton, Mich., sailing master. I continued in her the season, and the next spring, viz.: 1851, was transferred, through the kind influence of Captain Arthur Edwards in my behalf, to the swift and popular packet "Arrow," Captain S. F. Atwood, in the same employ, *i. e.*, the "Southerner" and "Arrow" belonged to the same company, although Mr. John Owen, of Detroit, and Captain Atwood were the controlling owners of the "Arrow." I remained her steward two seasons, was prosperous and enjoyed life real well. Captain Atwood was a portly, cheerful, good-natured, polished and practical man, making all cheerful and comfortable

on board. He and I became fast friends, and he did me many kindnesses for which I shall never cease to recollect him with gratitude. I could write pages in depicting the good times enjoyed in the "Arrow," but I have already far exceeded my intended space in this work, but will say that the "Arrow" was, as her name indicates, *fast*.* We were almost masters of the lakes in speed, and it was both a pride and a pleasure to belong to her. I recollect one little circumstance that occurred the season I belonged to the "Southerner," and the year before I was in the "Arrow," which I may relate. The "Southerner" was not near so fleet as the "Arrow," and it occurred one evening when I was on the forward deck talking with Captain Pierce, a passenger came up to the Captain in a somewhat excited or interested manner and informed him that the "Arrow was after us." "O well," said Captain Pierce, in response, "Just keep cool and say nothing, and we will be after her pretty soon."

I was in the "Southerner" the season of 1850, and in the "Arrow" the two seasons of 1851 and '52, and during my first season in the "Arrow," you, my son, was born at Detroit,

In the meantime I had purchased a residence at Birmingham, where we moved in the Fall of 1851, and where we became settled for the time.

*Henry Gaylord was her engineer, and Charles Parshall (my cousin) was his assistant.

The season of 1853, I left the "Arrow" for the stewardship of Colonel Sheldon McKnight's fine steamer "Albany," Captain H. J. Jones, plying between Cleveland and the Su-St.-Mary's, Lake Superior. This had now become a popular route. The copper mines of Lake Superior were attracting capital from the Eastern States and Europe; besides, the cool northern breezes, the speckled trout and various other objects were causing the wealthy classes to seek that healthy region as a summer resort. I had now become well known on the lakes as an acceptable caterer. I always carried music, spread my tables with delicacies, made the cabins profuse with boquets, and used all the skill and suavity of manner I could command to please and make our steamer popular with the gay class of passengers we carried, and I was often noticed by the *press* of the lake cities, which gave me some notoriety. In the meantime, John Senter & Co., a wealthy firm of Eagle River, Lake Superior, finding such great pressure of people to the cliff and North American mines, had built a beautiful hotel at the landing, and hearing of my fame as a steward, and some of the firm passing up and down with us in the "Albany," after proper inquiry, made me an offer to go to Eagle River, furnish and open up their hotel, which I accepted. I purchased near four thousand dollars worth of new furniture, for most of which I gave my notes to


Mr. Geo. B. Pease, of Detroit, endorsed by Jno. Senter & Co., of Eagle River. I took my furniture and help, together with my family, in the steamer "Albany," my own freights being more than she could stow away at one time. Mr. Robert Gray, formerly of the Lovejoy House, Buffalo, who had since lost his wife, and had also since been clerk of the Denison House, Cincinnati, and having again married, this time with the accomplished and beautiful Miss Eliza Saulsbery, of Cardington, Ohio, and being out of business, went with me as clerk and assistant-superintendent. His wife also came and lived with us for a time. We did a large business ; our receipts often being a hundred or more dollars per day. But alas ! that long queer spell I had noted in your mother, culminated in the midst of our most promising prospects. She had employed one or two sewing girls I had noted, for some weeks, making her a superior outfit of clothes, and she, without provocation, to my knowledge,* quit my bed. Allie slept with her and Eddie with me. You were then both of very tender ages. One night my porter came running up to my room, awakened and told me that the steamboat "Sam. Ward" was in, and that Mrs. Andrews was all dressed, had ordered her trunk put on board, and he thought she was going to leave

*Save that she declared that she would *never bear any* more children, but she now has *six* more by another husband.

in the steamer. I ran to her room and found Allie sleeping alone in the bed, and as I got down stairs, your mother was going out of the front door to the steamer, her trunk having gone before. I hurried to her side and asked her "What in God's name she meant?" She gave me no answer, nor did she utter one word while I walked clear to the pier by her side, continually beseeching her to tell me. When I saw she was determined to go, I asked her to think of her children and desist from the rash act for which she would, must! deeply sorrow. I had but recently before purchased for her a watch and chain, and as she approached the landing, I took from my pocket about seventy dollars in gold, what I had by me, and handed it down to her in the yawl boat which carried the passengers out to the steamer. (There were no docks built yet, and the steamboats and vessels were obliged to come to anchor off the shore; the passengers were carried out to them in small boats and the freight by scows.) I helped her down from the pier into the yawl, that the bystanders might think her simply going on a business trip or visit. She took the money, but did *not* bid me *good-bye*. I returned to the house in blank despair and with a bleeding heart to my children, placed you together in my bed, and lying by your sides as you innocently slept, I wept until morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

A sad plight—My mother comes to my rescue—I leave Eagle River—A gloomy winter—Reconciliation—The West—A second and final separation—I return to Detroit—The steamer “Michigan”—A pleasant surprise—The steamboat “Ocean”—Firmness in the right makes for me a substantial friend—A romantic proposition—The financial panic of 1857—Good-bye to the lakes!—St. Louis—The western rivers—Steamer “D.A. January”—The “Ajax”—Good-bye to steamboating forever!!—War in Kansas—Ho! for Kansas—Exciting rumors—The people resolute—Buchanan’s Administration—Senator Douglass the lacquey for the South—Old John Brown of Ossawatome—Gen. Jim Lane—The Kansas Pro Slavery champions—Sufferings of the people—The right wins—Border stories—The old Elm tree.

 HE close of the last chapter left you, my children and myself, in a sad plight. Then you could not realize it with me, while now you can readily comprehend the trials that beset me. But all were kind, and the girls of the house helped me to care for you as best we could. I immediately sent for my mother to come eight hundred miles to us. I kept up appearances and cared for my many guests as best I could until she came. She took you both with her on her return to her home at Birmingham, and after a month or

two, I succeeded in getting a man to take the hotel off my hands, Mr. Gray* and wife having some time before gone to Ontinagan and taken a hotel at that place ; the meantime a Mr. Reynolds, of Massachusetts, had been my clerk. Late in the Fall of that year, viz.: 1855, I made the best terms I could with John Senter & Co., by which I lost all the property I had there—though I had saved some money†—and by the last steamer of the season reached Detroit, and Birmingham soon after.

After my arrival at Birmingham, I felt lost and uneasy. I took a tour to Cincinnati and wandered about awhile during the forepart of the winter, but returned to Birmingham and was at my father's bedside at his death on the 13th of January. That was a sad and doleful winter in my experience. My steps the spring following I have already related, and which you well know. I refer to the reconciliation and removal to Galena, Illinois. I returned from the West to Detroit in the fall, and

*At the time I write, Mr. Robert Gray and wife reside at Toledo, Ohio, and he does business at No. 1 Bridge street. Mr. G. was formerly a red-cheeked, dark-haired man, of good appearance and excellent address; he always possessed a superior memory of events, great practical perception and superior business talents. He is four years older than myself, and when I last saw him, which was about one year ago, I remarked to him that his hair was fast coming to indicate his name. He caught the idea at once, and remarked that he was getting to be a *blonde*, but that he still had as warm a heart for his friends as he ever had. He and I have long been friends, and he, his sisters, and your mother were friends together, before I had ever seen either.

†And still retained my house and lots at Birmingham.

the next spring was fortunate to immediately strike a good position in the steamboat "Michigan," Captain Albert Stewart, one of Oliver Newberry's staunch vessels. Mr. Barton, long her steward, had been lost overboard on Lake Michigan. I was recommended to Mr. Newberry and was immediately appointed to the position.

" Once more upon the waters, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me, as a steed—
That knows his rider."

The "Michigan's" route was between Buffalo and Green Bay, Wisconsin. I remained in her that season, but towards the Spring of the next year, 1857, I received a letter, sent to me at Birmingham, by Captain C. Blodgett, of the beautiful steamboat "Ocean," of the Detroit and Cleveland line, owned by Messrs. Ward and Gardner, desiring that I would meet him at the Michigan Exchange, Detroit, on a given day, which I did. The captain said I was a stranger to him, but that I had been so highly recommended that he had been directed to engage my services as steward of the "Ocean" for the coming season, if an agreement could be made to that effect. This was a pleasant surprise to me, for I much preferred both the "Ocean" and her route, to that of the "Michigan," but when he asked me what salary I would require, and I named the amount that I had received from the Michigan, stating that I would expect the same. He said it was more than

Ward's steamers had ever paid a steward on that route, but from the recommend he had of me, he would take the risk to engage me at my price. I engaged my steward's crew of choice help, consisting of cooks, cabin-boys, cabin maid and barber, taking pains to have good cotillon music. I fitted the steamer out neat and we were soon upon our trips. I found an agreeable companion in our worthy clerk, Mr. Wm. Gilbert, of Conneaut, Ohio. I also liked Captain Blodgett much, and indeed all the officers and crew were a number one set of men, and I enjoyed my time in her real well. It was soon seen from my attention to the comfort of our officers and crew, together with my agreeable attentions paid to the passengers, that I was growing in favor with both my shipmates and the passengers upon that route. Captain Gardner, who was a brother-in-law of Captain E. B. Ward, the millionaire, and they the owners of the "Ocean," had often passed up and down with us, but I had kept the even tenor of my way and had said but little to him. One morning when he was on board with us, and we were passing up the Detroit River, he came to me and pointed out one of my cabin men and said that a passenger had complained to him about the man, and he, Captain Gardner, wished me to discharge him. The young man's name was Riley—John Riley. I called him to me; told him what Captain

Gardner had demanded of me respecting him, and asked him about the matter of the complaint. He said that while passing along in the cabin, a lady (?) had put her head out of the door of her state-room and called to him in an important manner, "Waiter. Say, waiter, bring me a towel!" (He was my head musician.) He told me that he simply passed along, gave her no reply, and in no other way insulted her, but that he, being himself a man of fine feelings and not a boy, felt himself insulted. I saw it in the same light, went to Mr. Gardner and advised him that I had investigated the matter; had found the young man not guilty, and that I could not therefore discharge him. He seemed surprised, but said nothing. A short time after that, however, he came to me again, and said he wished to have some conversation. We went into the steamer's after cabin and took seats upon a divan—this was some weeks after. He said he had been watching me closely; that I was a new man in their employ, but he deemed it right to tell me that he was *highly pleased* with my management. He said he found that I not only managed my expenses with economy, but he had observed that I had never discharged a man of my crew; that all went on like clock work, and he had never heard me *give an order*, but that I invariably *asked* my men to do thus and so. He further added that he also appreciated the fact that I was

not afraid to talk to my passengers and thereby made them seem at home. He then asked me my situation in life. I frankly told him just about how I was situated, what I had gone through, and concluded by telling him that the court had just awarded me a bill of *divorce*. He seemed much interested and we entered into quite a dissertation on the true and false modes of life. He wished to know my views on a married or single life after what I had learned from trying experiences, and he seemed quite taken with my views, deeming some of my ideas as rather original and worthy of study.

Captain Gardner was very wealthy, and Detroit was his place of residence. He was in person rather large and full set, possessed great practical observation, was genial, companionable and formed strong attachments for his friends. He was also very discriminating and generous to award merit to those he deemed worthy, and especially disposed to encourage young men in whom he discerned innate elements of ability and usefulness. He had two beautiful and accomplished daughters, Nellie* and Carrie, in whom he took great pride. The young ladies frequently took trips with us, and on one occasion, a very pretty young lady cousin of theirs, from Ypsilanti, Michigan, accompanied them. On our return to Detroit, a stylish carriage

*Nellie Gardner soon after married Capt. Blodgett, of the "Ocean."

and spirited span of horses were driven down to our landing to convey the young ladies to Captain Gardner's residence, and after they had driven away he called me aside and said to me, "One of my daughters is engaged to be married and the other is too young to marry, but," added he, "that young lady from Ypsilanti is my niece ; if you will court and marry her, I will give you the use of that carriage and span to make your visits to her, and the day you marry her I will make you a present of the horses and carriage and *one thousand dollars in money.*" I did not accept of the offer, nor did I ever see the young lady again.*

That year, namely 1857, a financial epoch occurred ; a panic swept over the land. Travel nearly ceased, which caused the "Ocean" and many other steamers to be hauled off and laid up. Thus in June I was again out of business. Railroads were now beginning to seriously cut off the business formerly done upon the lakes, and I having heard much about the Western rivers, concluded to try them. I went to St. Louis and very soon procured a situation in the steamer "D. A. January," plying between that city and St. Joseph, Mo. At that time the "Kansas fever" was running very high, and I was glad of this opportunity, for the

*I pen this on the 2d day of January, 1879, and about one week since, I read an account in a newspaper, of the death on the evening before its publication, of Capt. Solomon Gardner, of Detroit.

"January," on her route of about four hundred miles between St. Louis and St. Joseph, made her regular landings at Leavenworth City, Fort Leavenworth and other places on the famous Kansas border. After making two trips in her, she laid up at St. Louis for a short time, because of the financial troubles. In the meantime I made one trip in a little steamboat called the "Ajax," running between St. Louis and Cincinnati, around by Cairo, down the Mississippi and up the Ohio river, but not liking her, nor the river steamers in hardly any particular, I quit her at Cincinnati, returned to St. Louis by railroad, and that forever ended my steamboating save as a passenger.

From St. Louis I went to Weston, Mo., and to Kansas, to pre-empt a tract of land. I did not like the prospect there at that day and soon left. James Buchanan was then President of the United States, and the vampire of slavery was rampant in the land. Stephen A. Douglass, United States Senator of Illinois, at that time a very prominent man, and one of the most conspicuous leaders of the Democratic party, with ambition kindled by a prospective hope of the Presidency, had, at the behests of the slaveholders of the South, rode his hobby horse, "popular sovereignty," through Congress, which had succeeded in opening up the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska to a vast emigration from both the North and South, on an equal

footing as regarded the institution of Slavery. The object of the bill on the part of the people of the South, was their hope of making Kansas and possibly Nebraska, slave States. The "irrepressible conflict," set fully in motion by this movement, had its culmination in the slaveholders' great rebellion, the terrible war and the final destruction of the slave power in this nation. The antagonistic influences of the emigrants from the two sections, spontaneously ignited by contact upon the soil of this contrary objective territory, and the lurid flames of the cabins of the settlers, illumined the vast prairies. The names of Old John Brown, of Ossawatamie, and General Jim Lane, were the rallying cry of the Free State men, while Atchison, and Stringfellow, Calhoun, Sheriff Jones, Jack Henderson and Whitfield, of Tennessee, Buchanan's land agent at Kicapoo, Kansas, were the champions of the slave cause. But after great sufferings and privations on the part of the heroic men and dauntless women of the free north,

The right came uppermost,
And justice was finally done.

When we first landed upon the Kansas shores, murder, rapine and devastation was common throughout her borders. The Eldridge House at Lawrence, known as the FREE STATE HOTEL, had just been burned, the city partially sacked, many of the citizens carried off and held as prisoners by


the pro-slavery party from across the line in Missouri. Startling rumors were afloat, and the people appeared apprehensive but resolute. It was wonderful to listen to the stories of adventure and suffering that met us on every hand. While lying at the levee at Leavenworth City, in the steamer "January," there was pointed out to me, from her quarter deck, a large elm or cottonwood tree which stood close upon the bank of the river just below the city, having a large limb grown out not very high up from the ground and projecting over the river, from which I was gravely informed that not only one, but that many human beings had been launched into eternity at the end of a rope, and that while the darkness of night screened the prowling demoniacs and their dark deeds from observation, their victims were cut down and let fall into the deep, turbulent waters of the big, muddy Missouri River, and soon swept away to be seen no more upon the earth forever.

How true these tales, I cannot say;
I tell, what then, was told to me.

CHAPTER XV.

Circumstances our main governors—An effect of my early demeanor—My Aspirations, Professional practice—Natural adaptations and preferments.

“ 'Tis necessity
To which the gods yield, and I obey
Till I redeem it by some glorious way.”

HE pecuniary circumstances, general situation and conditions under which I was born, has had much to do with shaping my course in life; yea, very much. But mine is not an isolated case in this respect by any means, for all human beings are governed by circumstances. Man is *not* wholly a *free moral agent*, which very little reflection will lead you to comprehend. It is plain that a child born into the lap of luxury and affluence will be influenced differently from one born in penury. I have no particular reference in this mention to moral character, but the course of that individual's life must and will, necessarily, be differently governed. But to take a step back regarding the same two characters, you will find the mother differently governed in one case and the other. Not only do pecuniary circumstances have their powerful influence, but the surroundings,

and ten thousand hereditary taints and conditions like the different moods of an ocean, all have their bearings in shaping the destinies of men through, the mother. All must admit that an *unwelcome* child in the world, one that is admitted to the light under protest, is differently influenced in its natural character and bearings from one who is *welcomed*. With this infant, the bow of promise is already upon the horizon; the genial warmth and bright sunshine of gladness illumines its way, while the unwelcome is surrounded with grim and dingy forebodings, and instead of the bow of promise, dark lowering clouds greet its hopeless vision. The happy mother blesses her child in her own being with love and happiness, while the very best gift from the mother of the unfortunately born, is a sickly, affectionate pity and dread for its future. That individuals must themselves be happy in order to make others happy, is an especial fact with the mother in gestating. I do not believe that I was born under the worst of circumstances, yet the apparent difference of feeling and aspirations which have existed with the earlier children of my parents, in contrast with those of my own, have been so marked that it has caused me much reflection and investigation. It is a well-known fact in the psychol and physical laws of nature, that children begotten by parents in their younger days, when hope and impulse is rife, are differently

constituted from those born of the same parents after greater maturity and a more comprehensive experience in life. For while the first may be more hopeful and zealous of life, the latter are wont to be more reflective and philosophical, and in so much as it is an indisputable *fact* that the mind and feelings of the parents, and especially of the mother, have their influence to determine the destiny of the yet unborn infant, as well as its tendency to inherit constituted traits of the parents,* it becomes a self-evident fact that no two brothers or sisters can be alike; in so much as the conditions and surrounding influences of the parents cannot be exactly the same in any two given cases. Yet, it does not follow that the individual is not responsible. For we all know that home training, education, self-culture, and self-exertion, may, and does, do very much to modify and overcome hereditary transmissions.

Ad referendum.†

Notwithstanding the fact that for a time, while steward of lake steamers, I was agreeably situated to gratify my active and restless mind, yet from

*The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte (a woman of mind and character) sat upon a horse upon an eminence and witnessed with intense interest and anxiety—for the French army in which her husband was one of the lieutenants—a battle, while Napoleon was an identity, but yet unborn. Hence the world-renowned warrior and conqueror of nations.

†To be further considered.

my youth I felt a yearning for something professional and commanding among men. But circumstances and the pressure of necessity had most to do in shaping my early course. When a boy, I was called *professor* by the *girls*, which I did not fully appreciate and which was somewhat distasteful to me, but now I comprehend that it was my reflective moods that inspired the thought with them. I have been from my youth, studious of physiology, pathology and materia medica; and immediately after my quitting the waters, I prepared myself for the practice of medicine, which I have followed more or less to the present time, yet I cannot say that I have ever taken, or could ever take, very much delight in it. For while there are thousands of men adapted to it, and fondly esteem the practice, I feel it not to be my forte, and have been for some years gradually leaving it off, while my wife is not only well versed, but a ready and natural practitioner. I am naturally frank and outspoken, love to teach, and am, may be, too apt to confide in my patient and explain my intentions in, and expectations from, a prescription. Also, when the patient is well, I am perhaps too much inclined to teach him how to keep well and to avoid *sending for the doctor*. I have but poor ability as a cabalist, for the successful maintenance of that feature of strategy which seems to be held essential by the profession,

of concealing with wise look and studied reticence,

That which, like woman's love,
Is practiced by secret rules;
"So deep, that should it public prove,
It would be sport for fools."

*Artis est celare artem.**

But as you, my children, are well aware, my time has been mostly occupied during the last twenty years in the study and practical application of the *mental science of man*, as expounded by PHRENOL-OGY. This science I took great delight in while steamboating, giving diligent application to its study in those days, and also enjoying superior advantages at that time for studying human nature, by constantly coming in contact with all manner of men, and at that early day I used to astonish our officers and others with my delineations of character. But after all, could I have known how to choose when a boy, and have had the opportunity to carry out the bent of my most natural tastes and talents, I would have first become a practical printer and afterward sought the editorial pen, as I think in that way I could have exerted most influence and best satisfied my inclinations. I used to write squibs for the newspapers when a boy, and early had a taste and disposition to compose and write subject matter, clip from newspapers for scrap-books, review and add to articles

*The art is to conceal art.

that I saw in newspapers and other publications, and this taste has followed me through life, although I have had very little opportunity for its practical application. For the short time I owned the office of the Hudson (Michigan) Post, I was credited with the ability to make a newspaper that grew in public favor so long as I was its editor.

Could the young but know and choose occupations best suited to their tastes and natural ability, life would pass more agreeably with them, and they would be more useful to both themselves and to the world.

When I sold the office and gave up the Post, the citizens of Hudson presented me with the following testimonial, and the editorial *craft* gave me complimentary notices in all directions. I will not take up the space here, only for a brief specimen from the Detroit *Tribune*, which was at that time the most substantial and influential daily paper in the State.

[From the Hudson Post, April 6th, 1872.]

GOOD WORDS FOR THE RETIRING EDITOR.

In consideration of the retiring from the editorship of the Hudson Post of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. T. S. Andrews, late editor and proprietor of that paper, we, the undersigned, feel it both a pleasure and a duty to express at once our appreciation of the editor and the man, and our regret at his leaving. Dr. Andrews has done a good work for

the Post, and for Hudson ; and while we welcome his successor (Mr. Scarritt), we truly wish Dr. Andrews success in whatever business venture he may make. We may truly add that all that has been said of Dr. Andrews may as justly be said of his talented and respected wife—Mrs. Dr. Andrews.

E. J. Southworth, P. M.	J. K. Boies, State Senator,
C. W. Rose,	Jas. J. Hogaboam,
Wm H. Montgomery,	Lorenzo Palmer,
C. W. Stevens,	Robert Laird,
R. A. Beach,	J. M. Johnson,
Ira Swaney, Ex-Mayor.	D. B. DeVoe,
B. A. Finney,	Gregory & Gillett,
Geo. W. Fenton,	Wm. A. Whitney, Ex-Mayor
Frank H. Cobb,	Dunham & Son,
L. E. Halran,	Geo. E. Wilson,
H. Beach & Co.,	Daniel Brown,
J. S. Bedel,	H. J. Lewis,
Geo. Chapman, M. D.	C. H. Rowley,
J. J. Wood,	Dr. H. S. Fenton,
Augustus Kent, Mayor,	Dexter Baldwin,
J. M. Hill,	Rev. R. R. Richards,
H. Kellogg,	C. Harris,
H. J. Zimmerman,	C. M. Comstock,
J. H. Dodge,	Jas. E. Day,
G. A. Brown,	E. J. Webster,
J. C. Sawyer,	B. J. Tayer, M. D.,
Dr. H. Welch,	A. J. Lawrence,
Rev. Frank B. Cressy,	James Laird.

[From the Detroit Tribune.]

“The Hudson Post, as before announced, has recently changed hands—Dr. T. S. Andrews, who has been its proprietor and editor during the last year, having sold the office to Mr. James M. Scarritt, formerly of the Clyde (N. Y.) *Times*.

Dr. Andrews, the retiring editor, has made quite a mark as a newspaper man during his short career with the Post, and attracted considerable attention as a political writer, and a resolute, uncompromising Republican. He undertook the publication of the Post when it was very much depreciated, by reason of the bad management of an illiterate ignoramus who had controlled it for some time, but he (the Doctor) had succeeded in making for it a reputation as an able, spicy, weekly newspaper, and winning for himself very many warm friends in Hudson and vicinity. We trust he will not suffer his pen to remain idle, but may ere long return to the editorial profession in this, his native State, as we learn it is now his intention to do."

CHAPTER XVI.

My own character as decreed by nature—An able delineation by an able professor—Peculiarities of disposition and diversity of talents—The causes, further considered.

“ But parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult not parts, nor turn of mind;
While their own conditions decree,
What this, what the other, son shall be.”

YOU, my son, was with me when my character was delineated by that greatest of living phrenologists, Prof. O. S. Fowler. At the time he gave the description, I was wholly a stranger to him; he had no means of identifying me whatever.

I here append the complete description as taken down verbatim by the short-hand writer as uttered by the Professor, excepting the name, which was taken from a card by the scribe after the delineation was over. You will recollect, he asked my name once or twice before he commenced, which I waived giving to him until after his description of character.

MY PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER AS GIVEN BY PROF. O. S. FOWLER,
AT CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 17, 1865.

“ DR. ANDREWS:—Your nervous temperament greatly predominates, and your muscle is next. But your vitality is weak; hence your action greatly exceeds your strength. You ought

to live by your head, not muscle, but must take prime care of yourself or you will not be able to live by either; for you are worked three-quarters to death. Your lungs are sound but partially paralyzed. The error of your life is overdoing. You are a great deal too smart for your strength. What you most need is vitality; take prime care of your vital functions.

Your head is an able one; I only wish your body was adequate to its support. It is most developed in the upper region, which signifies a great predominance of the moral and good, and also sensible. You could never live a low, groveling, descending life. You ought to be a public man; should have a liberal education, and study for a profession, but adapted to a missionary field and work; ought to be a minister. You love to do good; there is your hearty desire. Are a deep thinker and have thought much on human nature, and rights and duties and whatever appertains to man's moral nature, and relative to the deity, future life, and so forth.

You are a hearty worshiper, but are rather reformatory in your religious doctrines; can never believe unless your reason is abundantly satisfied. Have a deep, sound, original, even profound, intellect. Are not brilliant or showy, but have a breadth, depth and comprehensiveness altogether unusual. Have poor memory of names, words and facts, but a great memory of faces and thoughts. If not a minister, should be a lawyer. Have rather too much conscientiousness for that business, but have all the reasoning powers requisite. Are clear-headed in argument; put your points distinctly, so as to carry conviction and take right hold of the common sense of mankind. Are happy in your illustrations.

Are gentlemanly and courteous. Are good in arguing by ridicule. You know thousands by sight whom you cannot call by name. Have glowing imagination: Are not as well adapted to speak as write; Have not words enough for the forum but have an abundance for the pen. Are effective in style, eminently classical, enamored of the beautiful and sublime. Are a

natural poet. Are rather wanting in observation and practicability. Are pre-eminently musical. Are well sexed. Are most devoted in your love of women; if not married, mother, sister, friend. Are very much admired by women. Are one of the warmest and heartiest of friends. One of the best of men; pre-eminently kind and cordial; every way calculated to enjoy domestic repose.

You must marry a woman full chested and full cheeked, round favored, features regular, forehead full in the middle and lower portions; neat in person, but especially affectionate and not a scold; and one whose influence over you is quieting and soothing; and who is much more highly vitalized than mentalized.

Have a tough constitution, but have almost used yourself up. Are wanting in patience to plod over one thing. Have great ideas, but they lack connectiveness. Have great combativeness and fight most desperately for the right and against wrong. Have no great love of money; use it too freely; would get cheated out of it in the business world, because more good and confiding than sharp. Are a natural leader, dignified, highminded; respected because self respectful. Not hopeful enough. Scrupulously just and upright. Methodical, especially with your ideas and their expression. Need a memory of items, names, and facts. Cultivate it.

Really a great man, and one of the very best of men. But a rose in the shade. Not appreciated; do not appreciate yourself. Not available and practical, and too deep; not understood or duly valued.

I have studied the above description minutely in all its parts, and would testify that I find it wonderfully correct in every particular, were it not the custom to carefully ignore everything that might seem of egotism, consequently it becomes

me to simply affirm that every weakness he has depicted is essentially correct, and yet I can truthfully say, that when a boy, my first aspirations were to some day fill a pulpit if I could only make myself worthy of such an exalted calling. I then felt that I would freely sacrifice every worldly pleasure and devote my life to the happy office of doing good. I have also all of my life sought to comprehend first principles. Was never content to take anybody's say so ; I wanted *facts*. I have demanded to know from whence bookmakers obtained their assertions. Have felt that I was not understood, and have lived much isolated when not in active business, because of the feeling that I was oppressive to those about me who were on far different planes of thought from myself, and before I could nearly get myself ready for the "*sacred desk*," I had become fully convinced that the church was a selfish usurpation, and that all bibles and creeds were of human invention, and that *outside* and not *inside* of the church was the place to best serve my fellow men and do good in the world ; that *science* alone comprehends truth, and not the assertions and usurpations of men.

The Professor's description of my natural, primitive conditions, both physical and mental, are founded upon the scientific laws of the universe, and delineated by the able and comprehensive

reader of those laws, after long practical observation of the principles by which the innate laws of nature govern organized animals and men, and through which the different manifestations result by reason of different forms and different chemical combinations. But *my* query has been, *why* these differences? Why children of the same parents are so unlike each other? Why I was unconcentrated, restless, fond of change and travel, with no desire or ability for speculation or accumulation, only to the ends of accomplishing my desires and projects for the time being, while my older brothers were natural speculators and successful business men? Why they were fond of gain, the accumulation of estate, and alert to look out for number one, while philanthropy and the weal of others has ever been uppermost with me? Why I was theoretic, unpractical, despondent, and disposed to look upon the dark side of life, while the first children of my parents were hopeful, cheerful and expectant?

These questions, of such vital importance to the human family, I am well satisfied, have their complete explanation in that great underlying theme, *Hereditary Descent*. I am fully convinced, after ample investigation, that notwithstanding the *truism* that "like begets like, each after its kind," holds good in the main, and that we take our general character and disposition from our progenitors,

direct or remote. Yet the fact has become clear to my mind, that extremes of disposition, and many of the talents, governing feelings and influences of the mind, are wrought by the peculiar circumstances that influence the mind and feelings of the same mother *unlike* with her different children, during gestation, giving one talents or extremes of disposition in one direction, and another in another.

CHAPTER XVII.

My mother's influence—Her ambition and disappointments—

All of her resolutions cut down by a husband's subtle perverted appetites, or the "worm that dieth not"—The dark shadow that was reflected across her path during her later years—Her oppressed spirit of unrest—Household furniture changed in search of relief—Children born under those conditions cannot be very welcome, or wholly escape the influence of the dark shadow—"A rose in the shade!"—Early despondency outgrown and overcome—Nepenthe found in travel, and a busy life—Early and continual desire to see the world—The desire for perpetual youth, yet glad to live fifty years in the world—The progress I have witnessed—The flint stone and the friction match—The sickle and the reaper—My summing up, or concluding reflections—Have sought right for the sake of right, with a continual sacred interest in, and affection for, my children—Closing remarks.

"Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,

• Acquainted with all feelings, save despair."

MY MOTHER was a woman with a controlling mind and great powers of feeling. I can readily detect her different moods upon her different children. I and the other later children of my parents, were born under different circumstances, and subject to different conditions from the first or earlier ones. That is, the circumstances which governed the mind and feelings,

hopes and desires of my mother at the time of our births, was changed from that governing the generating of the elder children. My mother was an ambitious and aspiring woman. She had indulged great hope and expectation and had labored shoulder to shoulder with my father during the early period of their married life. Then her mind was more or less on accumulation, making money, saving and laying up. She was then looking forward to a hopeful and promising future, but later she had changed; her expectations had been disappointed and her hope blighted, by reason of my father's drinking. For her to look back she saw no retreat, because of the children that already clung about her noble, womanly affections. While as she looked forward and struggled on, her sky would become shrouded in inky darkness because of the undying worm of appetite that was day by day coiling closer and more determinedly sapping away each and every promise however faintly it gleamed upon her shadowy and dim uncertain future. The human mind is not constituted to flourish on care, yet the fortitude of my mother was such that she would hope against hope, and devise projects of reform from a few days or weeks of sober industry that would intervene, and again become inspired with hope for a better future, that hope only to be dashed down to deeper prostration by the return of the dark

shadow which ever lay across her pathway, and which every year had painted with a deeper sable hue, and which but too often completely o'er-shadowed her whole horizon. She was thoughtful indeed, and had learned how to sorrow for others, and as these years grew upon her, it is not probable that her latest children were welcomed into the world without protest, or that they would wholly escape the influence of that oppressive shadow which was so indelibly wrought upon her sensitive mind and affections.

"A ROSE IN THE SHADE, *not practical and available; not appreciated, do not appreciate yourself!*" was the language used by the able professor in summing up my phrenological character.

Philosophic reflection and restless anxiety, together with occasional spells of despondency without apparent cause, whereby hope would become almost dethroned with blank despair, beclouded much of my early life. But I am glad to be able to advise you that I have nearly overcome those spells; that I am less subject to despondency, and that each year of my life is more enjoyable. That I am more practical, and with the benefit of the experience I have gained from trials and mistakes, (if so) I feel myself better qualified to do battle for the cause of humanity and the right. I have felt from my earliest recollections a desire for change and for travel. My early hope in going upon the

lakes was to learn, so that I might go to sea, and work my way to all of the great seaports of the world. But my social nature led me into an early marriage, whereby the accumulation of responsibilities prevented my carrying out that design. But I have passed the greater part of my life, however, 'mid the excitement of travel among crowds upon steamboats, in railroad trains, and upon the forum of the lecture-room.

My mother sought the society of intelligent persons. She was restless and fond of variety in life. She would occasionally change the position of her furniture throughout the house in search of relief for her chafed and pent-up spirit ; for her great soul that was chained down by the circumstances of her situation.

I have found solace and nepenthe for my restless nature and active, anxious mind, in a busy public life, and my travels in our own country, and have never given up the hope and intention of visiting others beyond the sea, and this writing commenced in June last, was prompted by the expectation then, of almost immediately embarking for Europe, while now, at its close, winter is upon us, and our journey is postponed until another spring.

The fifteenth day of next April makes fifty years since I was born, and notwithstanding the fact that man must ever look back upon his buoy-

ant, vital youth, as he grows in years, with regret that he cannot continue to retain it, yet I rejoice that I have already lived so long upon the earth as I have, and feel glad of every year that is added to my life, because I believe it is good for us to maintain our existence as long as possible, and not fall by the way, for whatever is in the future for us, I think that a ripe age here should be held as both beneficial and essential. I have witnessed wonderful changes and improvements within my recollection. When I, was a child, the world at large, so far as I know, had not the knowledge to form a friction match. The whole Northwest was very nearly one vast wilderness, inhabited by wild animals and prowling Indians. Diseases swept over the land and man possessed very little knowledge how to stay them. The flint stone and punk* were the common agents of obtaining fire.

Labor was performed by the hardest methods, and the ways of commerce and communication were slow and uncertain. My father then bent down with sickle in hand to cut his limited fields of grain, while I followed behind him to glean the straws that might escape his grasp. But note the change. See yon "lightning" mail train as it whirls through space, list to the clicking of the telegraph, witness the noble steamship plow

**Punk* is prepared from the decaying heart or pith of the soft maple tree, and will take fire from a spark.

through the ocean, observe the exact working of the planting machine, hark to the steady hum of the reaper, the sewing machine and the improved printing press. Watch the process of the photographer. See how bright the streets are made by the gas-lights. These and innumerable other minor improvements and benefits have accrued to man since I have lived. Yea! behold the intelligence and luxury of to-day in comparison with the times of my earliest recollections. And after all—

“ We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;—
We should not count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.”

In conclusion, I am glad to be able to inform you that I feel I have lived to some purpose, and thus far made my life measurably a useful one. I have striven to make it a benefit rather than a failure. Have taught man to “*know himself*,” to be an individual and to rely upon a truthful life rather than upon parties and creeds. That laws and commands should be obeyed because right and not right because obeyed. I have sought to do right for the sake of right, not becoming indifferent, and having done the best I could see or knew how to do at the time, however much I may have erred in judgment, through impulse or by reason of influences and circumstances beyond

my power to control. Thus far *I feel that it is well!* and that—

“I have been bless'd ;—though life at times was made
A tear, a silence and a shade,
Yet I have been bless'd.”

I also feel a deep consciousness that I have sought to be liberal and just in all of my dealings with individuals and the people at large among whom I have long labored in a public professional capacity, and in all my dealings it has been my maxim to suffer wrong rather than to *do wrong*, according to my understanding of the right, ever feeling a willingness to sacrifice rather than to grasp. That, together with a sacred interest in the real welfare of those with whom I have dealt, and through all, at all times and under all circumstances, my solicitude for you, my children, ever since you were born, has been among the things uppermost in my mind and affections.

And now, as a final conclusion, please allow me one thought more. This work has swollen to far greater proportions than I anticipated when I commenced it. It was then my intention to give only my limited tracing of our pedigree, together with a short sketch of the most important epochs in my own life. But my probing the mystic past has awakened thought and called up recollections which have fed my pen and imbued it with an

elasticity far beyond my intention. Episodes and themes germane have crept in until the manuscripts have become somewhat colossal, while to *cull* or *cut down* the subject-matter, would be to break the chain and deface it. Thus I give it to the press in its entirety, hoping that notwithstanding its crude and imperfect make-up, it may not prove to be *heavy* or altogether uninteresting and valueless to those of our blood and generations into whose hands it may fall.

With devout and hallowed memory of, and a sacred love for those of our race that have passed through the shadow of death and gone before, affectionate thoughts that go out to those that are living, a bright hope for and live interest in our generations who are to follow us, I stay my pen and give the work into your hands and their keeping.

APPENDIX.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

After due reflection upon the subject, I have concluded to publish this *Appendix* to the foregoing :


“Biography,” says Professor O. S. Fowler, in his instructive work on “Hereditary Descent,” “is more interesting and instructive than any other species of reading, because ‘the greatest study of mankind is man,’ and because it constitutes the cream of history. The natural history of animals is a pleasant and profitable study, but that of the characteristics, achievements, attainments and virtues of individuals, is as much more so as its subject—man—excels the brute. What else can teach lessons equally instructive or profitable to all.”

In my conclusion of the last chapter of this work, I gave expression to my own surprise at having prolonged the writing to so much greater extent than was my original intention, and thereby offered sort of an apology for so doing. But what shall I say now to the patient reader who has followed me through the complete work with a tired, anxious desire to find the *conclusion*, when upon turning another leaf, the eye meets this APPENDIX ? It will be observed that I have drawn upon Prof. Fowler to help my excuse this time, while, in fact, the real object of the addition, and much of the subject-matter that composes it, was originally prepared as a chapter for the book proper, and was thrown out by me, thinking it best at that time to exclude it altogether, as it embodies my religious views and

experience, which I then deemed too radical and conflicting with the old popular theologies, to be given with expectation of a genial reception by those of my blood, and others who may feel a sincere interest in reading the work. But upon more deliberate reflection, I have concluded that by right it should be given, and that my own autobiography would be incomplete without it. And further, after canvassing in my mind the religious strata of those for whom this book is more particularly prepared, I find that the views of a majority of them do not materially differ from my own. But even were this not so, still the work would be incomplete without it, and I deem the foregoing explanation ample for its being brought forward and published in this isolated department. And may be it is well, as the religious views and experiences of an individual may perhaps best be embodied as a thing apart from the more sensuous experience of the material life. In fact, inso-much as I have all my life long been an earnest searcher after *truth*, never having submerged my conscience for policy and worldly achievements, I feel it to be due to myself to give my convictions without *fear, favor or further excuse*.

CHAPTER I.

My religious experiences—"If a man die, will he live again?"—Man is dual—He has a "physical and a spiritual body"—I was born in the orthodox faith, but in time became a true searcher after spiritual truth and found it—Queer and wonderful experiences—Clairvoyance consists in the spirit of man declaring its supremacy—When the physical senses are negative the spirit is positive—After this life, then what?—The spiritual life is the real and this the embryotic, the phenomenal—After the physical body dies, we see all and know all, and to advance in love and truth is to unlearn the superficial, and to be "free indeed" in the simple but eternal mandates of nature—Man an emanation from the bosom of God (Nature)—Progression affixed to all life, and to all nature—Man in the spirit world—He must unlearn his errors and false conceptions before he can advance—Cycles of time required for human development—Perfection at last,

 WAS born in the orthodox (Methodist) faith, and when nearly crushed with the circumstances that had accrued from my *seeming* early mistakes, and when perhaps twenty-five years of age, I sought in *deep, unfeigned*, soul-felt desire for that boon held forth by the Christian church as a Savior from the sins or errors of this life. I was contrite and in deep earnest. *I laid the world aside*, with a mental and heartfelt sacrifice, and

sought that spiritual blessing the Church proclaims in exchange for false pleasures and vices of this world. I sacrificed fine dress, jewelry, and every possible device and attraction that I could conceive of that was to me a worldly temptation. I felt to go in sackcloth and ashes, and indeed did in a mental or soul sense, and was so conditioned, that the world and this life became as dross to me. I sought in spirit and in truth for the *change* and the gift of the Holy Ghost, or the Christian promise, called conversion—a *change of heart*—anything that was redemption, restitution and the true Christian gift. And behold I was rewarded, but not according to the orthodox faith. But instead, I became clairvoyant; a second sight or spiritual discernment was given me. The Bible was opened up, discovering to me its errors and exaggerations, the false zeal of its writers and the craft of its advocates. My spiritual or soul senses were quickened, and passages of Scripture were held up before my spiritual perception and interpreted beautifully, but altogether unlike the orthodox construction. A noble harmonial man stood before me, about one foot from the floor, and pointed out to me the errors of the Church, and showed me that it was a monster in its assumption. That Jesus was a harmonial man (normal), healthy and possessing great magnetisms, and that healthy, harmonial magnetisms will harmonize and heal

the inharmonious and cast off the evil conditions, but the effect of that power not being understood by the ignorant multitude, he was considered supernatural and his works miraculous. That men in that condition (clairvoyant) are sometimes possessed with prophetic vision to see the past and future of men and nations. That Jesus (Joshua) did not perform miracles, but that he done his works by means of the superior condition called clairvoyance, and through spirit control, and all by natural law, and that what is written of him is mostly exaggeration, done through zeal to promote the cause. I was shown the schemes of political men. They seemed to be wading through a morass covered with a green miasmatic scum, and years before the war I was shown that the blacks of the South would be liberated, that the Church would decay, and that a harmonial and truly enlightened dispensation would supercede it—would be gradually developed upon the earth. That there was a natural antagonism between the rich and the poor; that the poor were envious of the rich which caused great inharmony. That the coming of Christ signified that men would become like Christ, or develop the Christ principle, which signifies *love, wisdom* and *harmony*. The word *Christ* signifying a principle, and Jesus of Nazareth embodying that principle as a type. That all men will not attain to that standard in the earth

life, but that in the spirit world there are "many mansions," *i. e.*, many associations or mighty groups, each attracting those with conceptions, feelings, affections and conditions like unto themselves, but that teachings and progress does not cease there, but continues, and that change and progress is more the work of those spheres than here. I also saw that Emanuel Swedenborg, Andrew Jackson Davis and others were seers like unto Jesus, *i. e.*, clairvoyant (clear-sighted), their spiritual perceptions being developed superior to their physical nature. That much of the New Testament is an embodiment of the spiritual developments of that day, and both beautiful and of paramount usefulness when understood in its simple meaning, and not usurped by the false orthodox idea for power and profit, and that the minds and affections of the people are perverted, bent and dwarfed by the teachings until they have become hereditary, and the people blinded and astray from the spiritual light that abounds. I saw that human beings have each sufficient of the spiritual nature to develop them into harmonial philosophers; enough "leaven to leaven the whole loaf," sufficient to develop the "kingdom of heaven (harmony) that is within them," if properly fostered and not distorted by false teachings. That is, that each are endowed with sufficient goodness to beautify and harmonize the whole being if it was tenderly met

and called out, as the gardener unloads the oppressive matter that chokes the plant and gently supplies it with good earth and the necessary elements congenial to its nature and better growth, or as the spirit is developed and cultured in the spirit world. I saw that the Church was *Anti-Christ*, that it was selfish, and practiced usurpation rather than benevolence. That it condemns and casts out what is not respectable and valuable to it, rather than the practice of *charity* and *good will* to *man*, with the endeavor to beautify and bless him at all times and under all circumstances. That instead of doing *good* for the *sake of good*, it is disposed to *crush out* and slay what it cannot usurp and control. Whereas, Jesus taught us that we should "resist not evil," but to tenderly cull out and strengthen the good that is implanted within the soul of every man, and to "overcome evil with good." But instead, its whole aim and embodiment of power is to *resist evil*. But that it will not succeed, and that the Savior of man stands outside of the organized church, and that as the Church goes to decay—as it *surely will*—a higher dispensation will dawn upon the world, and men will become Saviors to each other through goodness and a higher spiritual wisdom. That woman will no longer be a slave, but equal with man. I saw that the Church worships a God of its selfish imagination, clothed about with avarice and big-

otry. That there is no God that requires formal worship, but that our duty is to those tangible human beings who are in the flesh with us, and who have deep feelings, perceptions, and who recognize all good done them in the spirit of *truth* and *good will* to *man*. That we can do nothing for a God only to live noble, truthful, charitable lives within the all-pervading sight. That "thoughts" and *acts* "reach Heaven" and not hypocritical time-serving. That Jesus patronized baptism to wean the Jews from circumcision, and gave them the "Lord's Prayer" to satisfy those about him who clamored for some form of action, but that his teachings instructed to a nobler life, ignoring formal worship. It was shown me that the human family live in idolatry, not alone in forms of worship, but that their affections are selfish and circumscribed to family and property, and that they deify their teachers and preachers rather than to enlarge their souls and affections by a more universal conception of the brotherhood of man, and that all is wrong, as each and every human being is related by nature and in truth. I saw that all souls should be opened to all, and that our loves should be universal and expanded, rather than selfish and isolated, as the latter contracts and cripples the soul, while the former expands, beautifies and ennobles. That the inhabitants upon this globe are yet—a great majority of them

—on the selfish plane ; that they drink in, usurp and betray others for self rather than giving forth a flow of goodness and becoming in a measure forgetful of self through a universal love for their fellows, which constitutes a heavenly condition, and that man will—must—attain to that condition before he can be happy. That the accumulation of wealth distorts, and yet, that the poor may be equally distorted, as it is not the material itself that demoralizes and cripples the spiritual nature of man, but that it is his innate condition, false conceptions and perverted affections, whereas,

“ By giving love, we bind it to the soul forevermore.”

I saw that man must be *strictly honest* with *himself*. That he must *not subscribe* to a belief (persuasion) in anything unless he *really, truly, faithfully*, and *sincerely* does *believe*. That in matters of the *least*, as well as of the *greatest*, he must be *sincere*. That if he cheats his fellow man, it is himself that is cheated, and that every evil thought and act is an emanation of himself and will grow and recoil upon him according to the laws of compensation, fixed in the very soul of nature, which *comprehends* the *Infinite*. When all these things were shown me, the spirit asked with a fervent look, “ Now do you believe ? ” I responded earnestly in the affirmative. He then said, “ Now you eat bread the world knows not

of." I was afterward transported (in a vision) to the middle of Lake Michigan in an old, rickety steamboat, when she there suddenly dismembered—went completely to pieces—so much so that there was not a piece sufficiently large for me to cling to. I was immediately struggling in the water, but without help. I *gave up* with the thought, "I must now die. I must sink and perish. I can never get ashore, it is *too far*. I must now experience death." At that instant I beheld a skiff swiftly nearing me, each oar manned by an angel—a *spirit*. They took me gently from the water into a new vessel and a new life.

It was thus shown me that by *losing life* we *find* it. That when this life is given up, we gain the spiritual.

I have never lost sight of those impressions, given me nearly thirty years ago, and I have ever since been *impressional*, though the affairs of this world and that of the spiritual domain are exclusive. They are two! One cannot live and cater to the physical world and retain the illumination of spiritual wisdom. Said the Nazarene—when in the spirit, or under spirit influence—"My kingdom is *not* of this world." The chicanery of the Church is a farce; they know nothing of spirit and the world to come. To "prepare" for that life requires one to overcome the worldly appetites and hypocrisy practiced by the usages of the physical life. The

spiritual life is *abstraction* here, and religious forms and ceremonies have no influence to promote it whatever; to submit or to acquiesce has no influence upon the spirit world, but when this life ceases, the *spiritual is the real life*. The veil has been *let down* between myself and the spirit world most of the time since my *wonderful* experiences, and exceeding *favor*. I saw that I must live wholly abstracted if a subject of spirit influence, and I felt that I must affiliate with one world at a time, and choosing to work with this world while here, my "magic staff" was gently taken from me, and the physical senses have since mostly beclouded my spiritual vision. But I never cease to give thanks for the *blessing* that was bestowed upon me, which has forever delivered me from the conventional usurpations of this life. I will further mention, that I was shown by spirit influence that Jesus was a *celibate*, and that Socrates, the Grecian philosopher, who long before Jesus' earth life, declared the doctrine of demons (spirits) and died of a draught of poison hemlock in support of his faith, was his, Jesus', "Father in Heaven"—his controlling spirit. That the angels (spirits) had charge of him *lest at any time he dash his foot against a stone*. It was also shown me that Thomas Paine wrote this nation into a republic and asylum for the oppressed of all nations through spirit influence, and that his memorable speech to

Washington's army: "These are times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from his duty, but he who stands it now, will deserve the thanks of men and women. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered! What we obtain too cheaply we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value," etc., was by the same influence. That the men of the revolution and those who gave us our secular government, were much controlled by the spirit world, and that all epochs that bring progress and benefits to man are so influenced, particularly so, the slaveholders rebellion and the downfall of slavery, and that Abraham Lincoln was very subject to the spirit world, and that he was "raised up" by the spirits of the fathers of our country to do the work he accomplished.

"If a man die will he live again?" Yea, he *will*, and as naturally as here. But he meets with no individualized God more than he does here, save as he progresses onward and upward by means of a higher and riper soul development. He sees and realizes more, attains a higher and more exalted idea of the divine principles of nature, and learns that all nature constitutes God, and that man being the offspring of father and mother nature, have all the attributes of God, and are therefore an embodiment from God, and all alike children of the divine father. That all nature cul-


minates in the development of man, he being the apex, the highest, last and culminating physical development. But that on other planets greater than our globe, there are higher and mightier men than here. And that all nature is progressive, and that man, through evolution, has been brought forth from nature, and the material existence is for the development of the spirit. As the butterfly comes from the reptile embryo, the pretty moth (miller) from a worm; as do every insect that mounts on wings to the enjoyment of a higher life than the groveling worm, so does man. His spirit mounts on high, but cycles of time elapsed before man stood upright upon the earth, and other cycles were added before the body of man developed a spirit.

In the spiritual spheres man in course of time becomes perfected—the clogs of earth life removed. If one has original talents, such as music and the like, which were not cultivated here, but blighted and crushed, there they are resuscitated, unfolded, and man in time assumes his meridian, his perfection. But as he advances he loses his selfish nature, and his soul flows out in its fullness in universal love to God and man. But he enters spirit life as he leaves this. Forms and ceremonies, hypocritical prayers and gifts to a sensuous church will have no influence to help him there, but will impede him. Beauty and perfection come by a

natural life, and through natural law, as the rose blooms forth from the bud. Perverted appetites and perverted affections—lusts of the flesh—will afflict him there. Some who go there are so crystallized in perversions, that they have little realization of existence, and sometimes go through a great number of years before they are evolved, redeemed from their conditions, but in the course of time, the deranged and those all otherwise distorted, become normal and happy.

CHAPTER II.

A more retrospective view—My earliest religious recollections—A great-souled, religious mother, and a father who though naturally opposed to the orthodox schemes, was yet undecided—Early Methodist meetings in Michigan—The good old minister and good old hymns—Drowsy and sleepy—How I did wish “meetin” would “let out”—The new situation at Birmingham—A Methodist sanctuary uncomfortably near by—I become a Sunday-school “subject”—Was initiated into the class of good little children that sang about harps and crowns—But was rather a heavy weight—Wily and anxious to “steal awhile away”—Bad little boys that go fishing Sundays and steal apples—Was first a Methodist and afterward a Roman Catholic Sunday-school “scholar”—A word about the first establishment of Sunday-schools, etc.—Mr. Edward Ellerby and the first spirit “raps”—“It has come at last!”—The dear old homestead at Birmingham and a noble sister—Spirit influence—The tiny “raps” at Hydeville reach the antipodes and resound from pole to pole—They will not down ’til tyranny and false religions cease upon the earth—A noble wife and an extract from one of her many excellent letters of encouragement—She also contributes a beautiful sentiment with which I conclude this chapter.

S ALREADY recounted in the preceding pages of this work, my earliest recollections are of a home bereft of many of the common comforts of life amid the forests of Michigan, and among these recollections well up and take precedence of all others, the memory of a great-souled,

pious—or better—religious mother, who sacrificed her soul's best emotions upon a theologic altar—a shrine prepared in the remote ages of antiquity as a receptacle of the noblest gifts and emotions of humanity—and a father whose nature innately rebelled against the unnatural dictates of the popular theologies, though at that day with no means for enlightening investigations as now, and not fully convinced of their errors and impositions, with a protest, half yielded to them, whilst she, my mother, never lost sight, or for a moment forgot the time appointed for a Methodist meeting “given out” to be holden at some given place and time within the sparsely settled neighborhood, and when the day came and we were through her influence assembled at the sanctuary of her most fervent hope, my last exhaustive recollections are of being occasionally aroused from a sleepy languor, when the congregation arose *en masse* to their feet to sing in concert—

“ When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.”

Or—

“ How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see,”

Or—

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath the flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”

While at other times, if sufficiently wakeful, I would watch the minister—"good old dear"—with anxious hope and solicitude that he might let go his grasp, and dismiss us with the doxology and benediction. Yes, sharply indeed did I watch for him to close the Bible, and I would often grasp eagerly at the hope from some feint he would make in that direction, by raising up its lids as if to close them, when lo, it would prove too often a *feint only*, for at the very moment he would seem to renew his vital energy and plunge forward again with a renewed zeal that seemed almost to overwhelm my restless nature with despair.

But when he did finally slap the covers of the ponderous book together with some spasmodic exclamation as to say, that was "God's own book!" and that he supremely disliked to close it, my stupor let go at once, and I became as a new being inspired of hope, that at least a whole week and mayhap six or eight, might elapse before I would again be obliged to undergo a trial of my faith and endurance in the same direction. But I can never forget how thoroughly and completely that sermon was discussed by my parents, and an occasional neighbor that would drop in during the subsequent week or two, and how I was trained by my good mother to always *recollect* the *text*. Time sped on, and after our exit from the log-house and forest of Southfield, at Birmingham, my

mother found great enjoyment by being once more accessible to the Methodist sanctuary, which church was situated uncomfortably near our dwelling. While there, I became a balky, unwilling classmate of the Sunday-school, through my mother's persevering and persistent influence, and while I was, in every sense, a heavier weight for my pious teachers there than I ever had been at the trying imprisonment of the secular district school. I was an adept at nearly always forgetting the verses I had studied over and over by compunction or sense of duty, while my mind—what there was of it—was almost completely abstracted from the lesson given me by the sanctimonious "Sabbath school teacher." And while I would mechanically read over, "In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea, saying, repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," my thoughts would in spite of my will to control them, ramble off to a favorite fish-pond, or to a haunt where I had recently discovered that a bevy of partridges were wont to congregate. And while all of the "good little children" of the school were standing in the class with me, filled with animated devotion as they spiritedly sang,

"I would like to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
And a harp within my hand."

The while, my young heart was jumping with joy at the thought that I would soon be released, and that if I could successfully manage to

"Steal awhile away, from every cumb'ring care,"

with my fishing-rod "in my hand," the good little children might have all the *harps* that were not already pre-empted by the saints that had gone before; while the idea of the *crowns* they would earn in that doleful, sanctimonious way, I did not in the least envy them, provided I could be left free to Nature and to roam.

But before we were dismissed, we were each presented with an imitation marble covered "Sunday-school book," that contained pictures of groups of good little children reading Sunday-school books and saying their prayers, the little boys always arrayed in very short-waisted jackets, and also pictures of a great snake twined around an apple tree talking to a woman, while the printed contents or subject-matter of those good little books, told how all the bad little boys who went fishing on Sunday, were sure to get drowned, and how the bad little James's who climb trees to steal apples which their mouths water for to such an extent, that, like their remote grandmother, Eve, they could not possibly withstand the temptation, always fall, and break a leg, or arm, and how they languish on a bed until their repentance comes,

when they swoon away and die, and the blessed Savior comes and takes them away to heaven. Oh, the apple! poor Eve! and poor little boys, how much all have to suffer by reason of them!

Those good little books did not—nor neither did our teachers—advise us of the fact that the first Sunday-schools were established in England by benevolent humanitarians, who did not believe in the Church, nor in the sanctimonious Sabbath, but who gave a few hours of their time on Sundays to teach the rudiments of common education, namely, reading and writing, to the children of the poor who were not able to send them to the week-day schools. Nor did they tell us that the first temperance society was formed in a bar-room; nor that the original abolitionists of this country were what the Church stigmatizes as “infidels,” and who when met by churchmen with the argument that the *Bible sanctioned slavery*, replied from the depth of their great souls, “*Then so much the worse for the Bible!*” No, they did not tell us that the Church, waited, watched and persecuted all these noble efforts until they became *popular* and then usurped them.

My “Sabbath-school” ~~tuitions~~ were not very extensive, as I only recollect of having attended but few at Birmingham, and at no other place, save when with my benefactors (?) the Sheldons, at Detroit. I was sent a few times by (my bene-

factress (?) Mrs. Sheldon, who was a Roman Catholic, to the old (stone) French Catholic Church which stood a little east from the market, and the old National Hotel, afterward the Garrison House, but at that Sunday-school, the only lessons that remain impressed upon my mind is the fact that after a little reading and ceremony by the priest, they would let the boys have a little round at boxing and other sports.

At a much earlier period than recounted in the foregoing, and when my parents kept an inn at Royal Oak, a Mr. Edward Ellerby, an English gentleman of wealth, who while journeying from Detroit through Oakland county, regularly stopped with them to partake of refreshments, rest, and to also seek shelter from the mosquitoes which greatly annoyed him. This Mr. Ellerby was an educated and enlightened religious reformer. He had at an earlier day purchased a plat of land in Illinois, consisting of *eleven eighties*, and brought at his own expense a colony of religious refugees and reformers from England, established them there, and now his business in Michigan was of the same character. He had again purchased eleven eighties in that State for the same purpose, with the hope to improve upon his Illinois plan, which had not worked entirely to his satisfaction.

The plat of land Mr. E. had purchased from the Government in Michigan, is situated where the

village of Franklin, Oakland county, now is, and that village and its mills occupy a central part of his original tract. My parents and he formed a friendship which lasted as long as they all lived, and through his influence they quit Royal Oak and moved to Franklin. They remained there, however, but a short time, when they moved to Redford. But while at Franklin the malarious conditions of the section claimed, through the typhus fever, my two eldest sisters, who, being buried there, was the cause of my parents and my brother Edward being afterward taken there by us, and buried by their sides.

This Mr. Ellerby was originally a Quaker, but became a socialist, humanitarian and philanthropist. His religious views were like those of the immortal Thomas Paine, the father of our liberties, whose motto was, "The world is my country, and to *do good* my religion," rather than worshipping the Jewish deities by forms and ceremonies through the imagination. And, after what I had been taught by my mother and by my Sunday-school teachers, his views as presented by his conversations, sounded very queer to me, and when he pronounced verbal prayer, as practised by members of the churches, mere hypocrisy and mockery, I was very near shocked. His hobby was the establishment of the "Kingdom of God" on earth, a sort of millennial good-will to man, and a social brotherhood

of interests and well-being, almost precisely the same as taught by Jesus of Nazareth, the accepted leader of the Assenians, who were celibate Socialists, as are the Shakers of to-day, and they the nearest followers of Jesus of any people extant.

Mr. Ellerby finally married, had trouble by reason of the marriage; became slack, and growing old, lost his zeal for bringing another community from England to establish them at Franklin, and I think the lands were finally absorbed by the taxes.

Mr. Ellerby died at Detroit in 1851 or '52, at the time I made my residence there, and while I belonged to the steamboat "Arrow." He was an invalid with rheumatism for some time before his death, and much of the time confined to his bed. I was mostly at leisure during the winters then, while navigation was closed, and I was in the habit of sitting by his bedside often to read to him, which he greatly appreciated, and I sometimes filled the office of amanuensis for him in writing his letters, he lying upon his back, and dictating their composition. He was fond of the news; liked much to keep himself informed of what was going on in the world, and for that reason I went to his room very often mornings, to read to him from the morning papers the rife accounts of the day, and when one morning I called with a fresh paper, and read to him among other items of news,

that at Hydesville, near Rochester, N. Y., spirits from the other world had made demonstrations of their presence, and through "raps" proclaimed a new era and a better dawning to man, he seemed to be prepared for it—did not seem to be at all taken by surprise, for when I curiously and in a prejudiced tone, queried of him, "Mr. Ellerby, did you ever hear of such an absurdity?" receiving no answer, I noticed him with his head lain back upon the pillow, his eyes rolled up, and he as if in a swoon, presented to me an almost frightful appearance, but soon rallying from the position, exclaimed, "IT HAS COME AT LAST! I have watched and labored all my life for some manifestation from on high, and now it has come."

Being myself at that time young and profoundly ignorant of the fact that the subject of spirits or spiritualism had ever been promulgated to the people of this world, I pressed my query to him—wished him to tell me if he had ever before heard of anything of the kind. Whereupon he assured me that Emanuel Swedenborg, a clairvoyant,* and a seer of an earlier age, had declared these things, and I was afterwards greatly benefited by reading Swedenborg's works upon those subjects.

*CLAIRVOYANT—"One who discerns objects not present to the senses."—*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, p. 235.

Mr. Webster is correct. Spirits are *discerned* by the spirit perception, and are *not* seen by the physical eyes, unless materialized, and that I know nothing of.

Nóť long after the circumstance, just related, one evening, while sitting with the steamer's book open before me in the cabin of the steamboat "Arrow," registering the names of passengers and assigning to them state-rooms and berths, while a cabin-boy showed them to their numbers, a group of people, ladies and gentlemen, were congregated near a corner of the cabin, sitting upon divans, and one of the ladies was addressing them in a mild, harmonious tone, and with great logic. My attention being arrested by her utterances, I soon left my register and joined them. It was a very strange affair to me, and upon my making inquiry what it all meant, a lady gently touched me upon an arm, and in a low voice informed me that the group of people there assembled, composed Andrew Jackson Davis' spiritual circle, and that the pale-faced gentleman with full beard, was Mr. Davis, who was at the head of the circle, and the lady talking, was a Mrs. Barnum, a *medium*, that she was then entranced by the spirit of Emanuel Swedenborg. I then listened with great interest as she related how the affections of the human race were perverted, that they should be more universal and flow out to all, as each and all of the human family were brothers and sisters, and that we should not be circumscribed and held in idolatry, but that soul growth in wisdom and love is man's mission upon the earth, rather than material accumulations,

and that the true light was beginning to dawn, and while men and women were just beginning to stumble upon their hands and knees before it, the great developments were yet to come. As she talked, I observed that *tears* were streaming down her cheeks as Jesus was said to weep for the conditions of humanity.

She soon came out of the *trance*, and I being near her, she reached forth, took me by the hand and said to me that I was much favored by the spirit world. That at that moment two sisters of mine were present, presenting radiant faces, and greatly desirous to communicate to me; that they had watched over me from my infancy, and she concluded her remarks by advising me through their instructions, to lay with my head higher upon pillows during my sleep; learn to be more composed and passive, and I would realize great benefits from the spirit world, as I was tenderly watched over, guarded, and assisted in my daily walks.

I obeyed, and to this day have a pair of extra large pillows; it has become, after a practice of more than twenty-seven years, a habit or second nature to lay with my head high at night, and, I may further add, that I have received great benefits from a superior wisdom to that of my own, at times, from that time forward.

"It has come at last!" and now *we* begin fully to realize what Mr. Ellerby's advanced percep-

tions were, then so readily attuned to welcome, by reason of his vanguard duties as a great-minded reformer. Those tiny *raps* have now been heard by the denizens of the world at large, and they will *never cease* until the tyrannies of the past educations are demolished, and mankind become a harmonious brotherhood upon the earth. They are *mighty*, because from the fountains of *eternal truth*. They have reached the Antipodes, and are still resounding around the world awakening the nations, and inspiring the people with a new hope and beautifying their souls with a light fresh from the fountains of life and truth. Yes, verily, we now begin to realize and to welcome the spirits of our fathers to rescue us from the selfish, conventional religions of the past ages, to the soul-enlarging and reliable promise of a natural, continued life beyond this, where there are no cities with *gold* sidewalks to gratify the avaricious, nor *hell* to satisfy the revengeful, but a realm of "many mansions," where all can enjoy life according to their conditions, and ever progress upward and onward to higher and more harmonious (heavenly) abodes of love and wisdom.

And "this is *truth*, though opposed to the philosophy of ages," as the noble Dr. Gall, of Vienna, exclaimed, when he discovered the principles of Phrenology—the fact that man's passions and evil impulses proceed from himself through the organs

of the brain, rather than from an outside *devil*, and that man must be improved through self-culture rather than through *belief* in a fabulous, mythological theology.

Soon after my reading the advent of Spiritualism to Mr. Ellerby, I was at Birmingham, and my mother had just received a letter from my sister Althea, at South Otselic, N. Y., in which she indicated that she had become convinced of the *truth* of Spiritualism, and I felt it my duty thereupon to write her a persecuting letter. I advised her that we all felt deeply chagrined to learn that she had become a convert to the spiritual *humbug*. To which she wrote me a kind and touching reply, in which she advised me that she had indeed found truth outside of the Church.

Time soon did its work by removing my dear parents from the earth life, and by chance my sister, her husband and family moved to Michigan from New York State, and became for a short time, occupants of the old homestead, the former sacred residence of my parents, where, some time after Mr. Ellerby's decease, my mother and sister Libbie declared his spirit appeared to them one night, shook the bedstead with some violence upon which they were both sleeping, and made his presence known to them both as they fully attested. They said the bedstead was raised from the floor, first one side and then the other, until they were

both awakened, and my mother fully believed ever after, that it was Mr. Ellerby, and that he appeared to them through benevolence, to assure them of the immortality of the soul, and that death is but a metamorphosis—a change—and entrance upon a higher and more real life. In fact, that there is no death at all, not even of the body, as that also becomes metamorphosed—renewed and resuscitated—appearing in bright blades of grass, as forest leaves, or blooms forth in the beautiful prairie flower or fragrant rose. But why should the spirit come to mortals at night? Because the physical senses being negative, the spirit battery can be formed, whereas, in wakefulness the spirit is repulsed, and the electric battery destroyed. Nearly all of the spiritual phenomena of the New Testament occurred in the night.

That old abode of my parents is, by right, *sacred* to me, for there it was that I soon after was made to realize that the physical demise is *not* the arbiter, but that the spirit of man survives it.

While my sister and her family were occupants of that dear old homestead—they having come on from the East partly for the purpose of assisting to care for my children, who were without a home and I soon after being with them for a time with a rheumatic attack, and being lame, depressed and sorely afflicted—while with them—the wonderful phenomenal experiences related in the last chap-

ter, were realized by me, and I well remember my sister being present and cognizant of the fact that I was under spirit influence, asked upon my return to my physical individuality, "What did you see?" I replied, "Jesus of Nazareth." She asked, "What did you learn?" I replied, "That Christ would not come as the Church thought, but that mankind would become as he; that that was what was meant by 'Christ coming in the flesh.'" "But," asked she, "might it not have been Swedenborg with whom you conversed, as you were brought under the influence while reading his works?" She then explained to me that Swedenborg in his advanced condition, would represent our idea of Jesus, he having attained to, or taken on the Christ principle, might easily be mistaken for Jesus. And so I think, and so I believe. And thus I was favored, and thus I was blessed, as previously promised by Andrew Jackson Davis' circle on board of the steamer "Arrow," while they were taking passage with us from Kelley's Island to Detroit.

When I first became an inmate of my sister's home, I was still of the orthodox faith, as already recounted. I was deeply in earnest to find *truth*, and a more divinely noble life, and while my sister not only cared for me and my children at that hour of need, and while yet bestowing her attention upon her own family, she found time to run

out often in the evenings to seek out poor suffering families, to not only give them soul-cheering words of encouragement, but also to eke out her pittance to them in the way of food and clothing.

I was truly puzzled with her ways and conversation; they were anti-orthodox. Her spirited arguments were directed against the churches and their dark, oppressive influence—they who when asked for bread give a *tract*—while her countenance became illumined in contemplation of *good works*, and the surety of a spirit world beyond, where we may continue to do and to bless those of our kind. I deeply queried and besought her to tell me how I might find this wonderful light; the change that had brought such cheerful, radiant hope to her soul.

At that time, modern Spiritualism—so-called—was in its infancy, but Andrew Jackson Davis had already spoken his great work, “Nature’s Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind,” into existence under trance; Judge Edmonds had written some upon the subject, and also a few others. She advised me to try and procure some of those works and read, which I failed to get, but finally obtained a work by Swedenborg, entitled “Heaven and Hell,” and was reading his refutation of the philosophy of the account of “Lazarus” and the rich man, given in the New Testament, and had be-

come deeply interested and absorbed in his explanation that *heaven* signified *harmony*, and *hell* the *reverse*; that the kingdom of heaven is within the soul of man, and *not* a *place*, or locality, and that the rich were liable to be even more harmonious than the poor; that the poor were envious of the rich, oppressed with cares and trials, and therefore more distorted and unhappy; consequently the doctrine that the poor will be especially blessed—will immediately enter into a state or condition of heavenly harmony upon their entrance into spiritual spheres, and that the rich will be especially inharmonious and unhappy, was illogical and not true. He also explained that the loves and affections of individuals differ, and that when people meet who are of the same affections, their inner lives blend and produce harmony, whereas when those of different natures, different loves and affections meet, they antagonize, repulse each other, and produce inharmony and unhappiness for both, and thus, that “what is one man’s heaven, is another man’s *hell*,” but that in the spiritual spheres, mighty groups attract to them those, who, upon entering the spirit world are in the same loves and affections of themselves, and that those in the higher spheres of light, knowledge, and charity, administer to the lower spheres there, as they do to the inhabitants of the earth.

It was while reading and contemplating these

passages that a flood of light broke in upon me; my inner senses, or spiritual perceptions were awakened, and a grand, noble, harmonious personage stood before me, illumined with light and knowledge, and radiating from his brain a profound wisdom, which flowed in upon my spirit, enlightening my mind, and harmonizing my whole being. I was set at my ease by him, and made to realize that the flesh is but the *husk*, that *spirit discerns spirit*, and that the physical eyes do not see them. This condition continued with me for about three years, when it was gradually removed, in compliance with my own wishes, that I might be better prepared to compete with the affairs of this life. But it has never entirely ceased, although during much of the time since, the curtain has been let down before my spiritual sight, and at times I have been in the realization of Jesus of old, that "I am nothing of myself," when left in the blank, dark night of the earthy atmosphere alone.

I further wish to say that I fully believe that spirit influence had much to do with my divorces, especially the last one—something I have never made much mention of, though I then quite fully realized it—and also that Mr. Ellerby, in spirit life, had much to do with presenting me with my present English wife and faithful companion, who has been an able helpmate through all of my

struggles and public labors for over twenty years, and who at this moment is faithfully laboring as a lecturer, to assist me, while I give my time, as well as to meet the expense of this and my other publications.

The following is an extract from a letter just received from her, urging me to publish this Appendix.

She says:—

Letters have souls. I thank you for the noble, benevolent sentiments expressed in yours, just at hand. Such words are magical. They come as an inspiration to lighten my labors with the public, and to buoy me up o'er the quicksands of time.

* * * * *

Your family history and autobiography would be incomplete in my estimation without the Appendix, giving your religious experiences, and the fact that you *believe in eternal life*; it will encourage your children and your posterity. I want all to know that your life has not been a failure. It has been no small thing to press forward as you have done against the current; embarrassed at every step by trials and expenses, and always at a disadvantage; *climb up by the very hardest* to the top of the *hill of science*, and to compete, as you are able to do, with the greatest minds of the country.

Yes, let them know all of your struggles as a *self-made man*; that you have buffeted the tempest of opposition, withstood poverty and every trial without even for one moment having yielded your principles and convictions of truth and the right. Let all know that you have considered usurpations clogging and secondary to mental freedom, an honest search after truth and an honest life, and I *thank my God* that I have been able

to stand by you and render you some assistance while your great liberal mind has wrought out works that will *live after you*, and that you have never failed to know who was your neighbor when one of the human family were in *distress*.

She here refers me to the New Testament, and asks me to read Luke, chapter 10, from verse 25 to the 38th, and adds :

I rejoice that you have at last found a *harbor of rest and contentment*, even before your decline.

She feels that I have a right to my views and that I should give a candid expression of them ; that my peculiar and really wonderful experience in the spiritual realm should be expressed as freely as the other experiences of my life ; that to strangle our convictions of truth and the right, as it appears to the individual, retards progress ; while to subscribe to what we do not believe, is hypocrisy. She expresses the fact that the progressive mind of man cannot be circumscribed, cites me to Napoleon upon the Island of St. Helena, and says —“ Though they could banish him, they could not conquer his soaring mind.” And she further refers to the fact that—

“ The great Galileo, who proclaimed that the world,
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,”

was confined in a dungeon in his feeble old age, by the Church of Rome, and made to *recant*, mechanically, by word of mouth, because of the

conflict of the rotundity and revolution of the earth with the Bible, but that as he arose from his knees, he stamped his foot and exclaimed, "*But it moves !*"

She adds in support of her remarks on the sovereignty of the human mind, the following well-timed sublime sentiment :

" Go, still the heaving ocean's roar,
Go, chain the viewless wind,
Then upward with the eagle soar
Till earth is left behind.

Pluck each bright star that shines on high,
And quench the sun's bright light;
Roll back the beauteous azure sky,
Then downward turn thy flight.

And when thou hast the ocean stilled,
When thou hast chained the wind;
When sun and stars their light are quenched,
Then turn to chain the mind."

CHAPTER III.


"These things say I of myself, and not of authority"—I would that man would become enlightened and look forward and not backward—That he would glean the kernel and not swallow the garbage with it—Men of the past blinded by mythology without the guide of philosophy and science—Priestcraft fattens upon the ignorance of the people, but their days are numbered—The carbonic ages—Time and the refining processes of nature—This earth was once barren, and will be again—This is not said of myself, but was "bolted into my mind"—Man is a progressive being—Mythology no longer needed—The fascinating story of Robinson Crusoe—He explains the mythological plan of creation, the fall of man, etc., to his man Friday, and Friday makes an inquiry of him that leaves him in a long state of meditation—A practical investigation of a gigantic myth—The "big job" Noah was made to do—A sentiment of Mr. Kersey Graves respecting God—Thomas Paine's views upon the same subject—Sentiments of Col. Ingersoll that are as beautiful and brilliant as diamonds—"O liberty of mind, we are weeds without it."

"Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw

The proud surges that sweep o'er the sands that confined them,

But presume not again to give Freeman a law,

Or think with the chains they have broken, to bind them."

HE two preceding chapters give an unvarnished recital of my peculiar experience in what is denominated religion; those experiences are indelibly affixed upon my memory and

life, as *real* and *truthful* to the *letter*. It is not expected by me that my friends will accept of my views as convictions to them, unless they have by chance been in a like manner influenced. I claim to be a *liberal*, granting to all a perfect right to their own convictions, however foreign to my own best thoughts and feelings, and I feel that I could fight with great zeal for them to have the right to *differ* with *me*, while I ask the same generous disposition from them. Notwithstanding my wonderful experiences years ago, and with flashes still apparent time and time, yet, I never give up the search after truth, and, as Paul expressed the idea, that he said certain things of *himself*, and *not* by authority (spirit influence), so do I use my mind at all times to investigate for myself—to “*prove all things*.” I have been long convinced of the error of the orthodox faith in religion, and have proved to my own satisfaction that it is simply a thing of material power and government; not a revelation, but a conventional delegated plan of subjecting the people, and holding them in ignorance and bondage by the active labors of a multitude of priests and preachers, through the cry of “*Infidelity!*” I believe that the Church is extremely selfish, and that while they preach a future, their interests are all in this world, because if they really *believed*, their souls would flow out in love and sacrifice to their fellow-man, rather than to

usurp him for the sake of gain. A monster of usurpation has no demands upon *charity*, and so long as organization for power and profit is the theme of the Church, I presume they ask no charity. My spiritual knowledge has come to me through *sacrifice*, and while I seek to convince my fellow-man, through love, of his error, in paying homage to conventional selfishness, and point him to the living fountains of a natural, spiritual existence beyond this life, I know in my own soul that it is through good will to him. But insomuch as each are on different planes, and require different proofs to convict or convince, you will each and all indulge my citing you to some of my logical grounds for skepticism regarding the prevailing theologies of the world.

As indicated by Prof. Fowler, in my phrenological delineation, I inherited with my birth a strong religious element in my nature, together with prominent conscientiousness, and a disposition for missionary work, but with a tendency to seek out logical conclusions, and not accept of unproved and unreasonable theories, on the mere say so of individuals or of books. I have, besides my peculiar clairvoyant and spiritual experiences, endeavored to seek out and prove to my satisfaction, the foundation truths of the Christian religion, deeming it, if true, the most important of anything that could possibly concern us in life, and my researches

have proved conclusively to my mind, that it is not original, and, notwithstanding the beautiful spiritual ethics of the New Testament, and the epoch of spiritual light that illumined the Jewish horizon at the time of Jesus, yet I find that the chain, of which the Christian religion is one link, reaches back into the remote ages, and that the Christian Bible and its doctrines are copied from other Bibles that were written long before there is any history of the Jews, and that its precepts are the production of heathen philosophy, and its superstitions the offspring of heathen mythology. That Bibles containing the same ideas and religions of a similar character, have abounded from time immemorial, and that there have appeared from time to time in the world's history, many crucified Saviors like unto Jesus Christ.

In the early ages of the world, before science had given to man the use of steamships, railroads, and telegraphs, together with the laws of navigation, astronomy, and the exact workings of the planetary systems, mythology ruled the nations. That is, the priests taught *myths*—told the people miraculous stories—bugbears, (as mothers sometimes do by their children, to frighten them into subjection). These stories were always of a miraculous character, and these miracles came to pass for facts. They were believed, because the people had no resort, no scientific means whereby to

refute them. As, for instance, Jehovah's talking familiarly with rulers and other Jews, the stories of the heathen gods begetting sons, Noah's flood, the story of the natural rainbow, Jonah and the whale, etc., are specimens. Those kind of myths form the great embodiment of all the Bibles of all nations, but intermingled with them are beautiful, soul-elevating spiritual morals and precepts, and as mankind are progressive, and by nature ever striving after redemption, advancement and something better, they make the mistake of swallowing all of the errors of the ancient scriptures for the sake of the morals they contain ; like eating the corn, stalks and all, for the sake of the needful kernel. Seeing and knowing as I do, this state of things, my desire is to do what I can to extricate man from the subterfuges of priestcraft, and have him trust to the inspirations of his own better nature. Study all books and Bibles for what they are worth, retaining his sacred right of reason, and thereby reject the false myths that abound in all those oriental works, while he *holds fast* to the moral and beautiful of them all.

Religious worship has become a thing of inheritance. Man is the result of all the conditions that have preceded him. In the early periods of this globe, called the Carbonic Ages, the atmosphere was too dense for man to live upon it, nor could our animals of to-day have breathed that atmos-

phere and lived. Change, progress and refinement is the order of nature. Then monster animals, scorpions and serpents inhabited the earth, and the vegetable growths were in harmony; great trees of monstrous dimensions covered the land, and the leaves of plants were yards in circumference, but ages have intervened, the air has become oxygenated and rarified; those great trees and animals have been buried by the accumulated stratas of the earth to great depths, and now form the coal-beds, and give us the oil we burn. Vegetables and animals of a finer texture have been produced, and finally *man* was *evolved*; but he, of course, was of a gross animal nature, but the ages have refined him, developed his intellect, and is now bringing him to a comprehension of philosophy and the sciences.* And, we ask, why should he not let go of the infantile teachings, swing clear of the past enslaving theologies and learn to look forward and trust the inward monitor? He is beginning to do so. Fully realizing these facts, I

*There was a time when this earth produced nothing, not even vegetation, and so it will be again. Woman has her season of bringing forth offspring, but it is only for a season, and then it ceases; and so of Mother Earth. Human reproductions will gradually diminish with time and finally cease altogether. The vitality of this earth will be exhausted in spiritual formations that will inhabit the spiritual worlds, and this earth will fall back to chaos—be dissolved and added to other bodies of matter that is surcharged with vitality and thus form an equilibrium. (This I do not say of myself “But as the Spirit gives me utterance.”)

seek in every direction after simple arguments to bring my fellow-man to see and to realize his sovereignty, and to release him from the slavery of traditional errors, and from the schemes of the theological usurpers of his reason, and his rights to a noble, independent, progressive life. But I would not have him for a moment become careless of his obligations, his inspirations, and the most noble mandates of his higher nature. But the untenable and false grounds upon which the old theologies are mostly grounded, seem to me so inconsistent, that I, notwithstanding the gravity of the subject, sometimes feel to treat their investigation with ironic levity, while the only thing that saves them from rightful investigation by the people, and thereby their downfall, is the cry of "*infidelity*" by the sixty thousand paid and privileged priests and preachers of our nation alone, and their resort to slander of the investigator, rather than an honorable defence of their doctrines.

The fascinating story of Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) upon the Island of San-An-Fernandies, relates a conversation between him and his Man Friday upon religion. Crusoe explained to his untutored savage companion, the fundamental principles of the Christian religion—instructed him all about how God planted the Garden of Eden, made a man out of clay, took a rib from him and made a woman, and how he placed temptations

before them that they with their limited powers could not withstand. How they partook of the forbidden fruit, fell, and carried the whole drift of their generations down with them. "What," asks Friday, "the *whole* of *them*. What, everybody?" "Yes!" *i. e.*, "nearly everybody."

He told "Friday" how the Devil has, ever since, gone about as a "roaring lion," tempting humanity and "seeking whom he may devour!" "Friday," in his untutored, verdant condition, was astounded, and the only reply he could rally upon, was commemorative of the true Yankee genius; the Yankee being noted for answering a question by asking one. And thus Crusoe's Man Friday rallied, and with an exalted tone (it is presumed) interrogated his famous foster-father and religious benefactor (?) something as follows: "You say God is *big!* big!! so he fills up all the universe—that is, nearly all, just leaving room for Satan and the people—at least, that he is eminently bigger than the Devil?" To which "Crusoe" responds, "Oh yes, very much greater. Bigger and more powerful." "Then," asks "Friday," in his untutored, ignorant way, "why don't God killee the Devil, and put an end to all sin?" Robinson Crusoe is, at the time I write, still supposed to be deliberating upon a reply.

From all accounts, so far as we can glean, man has always in the past, bowed down in homage to

a supposed supernatural deity. His wonder has ever superseded his reason, and as a dog runs and howls with fear in a thunderstorm, so has man prostrated himself in his limited reason, awe-stricken before an imaginative deity whom he has made responsible for the reality that compasses him about, and

“Lo! the poor Indian, his untutored mind,
Sees God in the sunshine, and hears him in the wind.”

We find ourselves here upon a globe that, by a law called gravitation, is whirled through space in a regular orbit, as one of a solar system, at a fearful rapidity. We find our existence to be a reality, and that there is no gainsaying that we are *here*, and that life is a reality—a fact—and that we are here without our choice; we did not ask to be here. But we are solemnly advised by a set of men called the clergy, no wiser than ourselves, that we are to be transferred to a *hell* or *heaven* beyond this life, in accordance with our professions. That is agreeable to the persuasions of their traffic in this world, and it becomes a profound query how those gentlemen came by their especial wisdom and authority. We find they have been long at it, so long, that their influence has become a thing of generation—inborn—and finding ourselves thus engulfed by inheritance, we readily accept of the situation. We make no question, and only seek to know, in humility, how we may best

serve the behests of our priestly arbiters. We find ourselves engulfed with necessities, pressing upon us with duties to perform to maintain an existence, so much so, that we have not the time to make proper inquiry how those men came by this knowledge of our duties and destinies. Why, how, and wherein they have become our prerequisite sponsors and prescriptionists. We read their original text-book, which says God made the world in six days, and that after he had got it perfected, *flat* and beautiful, though shrouded in darkness, he afterwards set himself about it, and made the sun, moon and stars to give it light, and to cater to its glory and pre-eminent mission.*

But at a subsequent day, we read that a theme of Nature, termed evolution, developed two or three poor, groveling men, named after their progenitors, respectively, Copernicú's, Kelper and Galileo, whose brains were perhaps a little overwrought, but were, nevertheless, in their heads,

*Thomas Paine says in his "Age of Reason :"—"The Bible-makers have undertaken to give us in the first chapter of Genesis, an account of the creation, and in doing this they have demonstrated nothing but their ignorance. They make there to have been three days and three nights, evenings and mornings, before there was a sun, when it is the presence or absence of a sun that is the cause of day and night—and what is called his rising and setting, that of morning and evening. Besides, it is a puerile and pitiful idea to suppose the Almighty to say, 'Let there be light.' It is the imperative manner of speaking that a conjurer uses, when he says to his cups and balls, 'Presto, be gone!'—and most likely had been taken from it, as Moses and his rod are a conjurer and his wand."

and who contrived among them to manufacture an instrument called a telescope, with magnifying glasses affixed, so that they were able to "draw the stars down" and examine them, and the man Kelper—*be it said in ignominy* of him (?)—discovered the laws of gravitation; that is, that instead of the world's being fixed, and the sun, moon and stars having been manufactured to order, to glorify it, that it is itself but a menial in the galaxy, and that instead of all those immense planets and systems of planets having been made for its benefit, it is only a *light weight*—but a "coal tosser"—in comparison to some of the more immense ones. Copernicus, and one or two others before Kelper, got a truthful conception of the state of affairs, but did not dare mention it so it would get abroad much. They had, however, fairly and completely determined in their own minds, that this earth was not a *fixture*, but it was left for the poor old man Galileo to proclaim, while pressed to the death by the Christian Church, that "*it moves!*" and for Sir Isaac Newton to fully confirm and systematize these great truths, which live to bless the people of the world, in spite of the early efforts of ecclesiasticism to prevent, and in place of which the Christian Church would fain feed the souls of men upon stories about gourds that grow up in a night, Jonah and the whale, and of a man, a general of an army, who commanded the sun and moon to

stand still while he slaughtered the enemies of his Jehovah. But previous to these wonderful events, they tell us that God had repented that he made man at all in the first place, and had sent a great flood to drown him and the innocent animals ; but I will let Mr. Graves tell about that.

NOAH'S ARK.

The following graphic account of the story of the Deluge, as related in the sixth and seventh chapter of Genesis, etc., is quoted from Kersey Graves' great work, entitled, " The Bible of Bibles." He says :

" The first question that naturally arises in considering this story is, why should so many millions of innocent beings—men, women, children, animals, birds, etc.—perish as a penalty for the sins of a few thousand people ?

The reason given for this wholesale destruction, was the wickedness and moral depravity of the human race. But is it true that the whole human race was in that state at that period ? According to Monetho and Herodotus, Egypt was in a state of high civilization and moral culture at that time, and according to Dr. Hulde, China was also far advanced in the arts of civilization, and in morality. Col. Dow and other writers represent India as being in a similar condition. There could, therefore, be no justice in drowning all these nations, in order to punish a few thousand rambling Jews. An enlightened moralist of the present day would decide that it was a species of injustice to destroy all the land animals, and let the fishes and aquatic animals live. It looks like partiality. But, God having discovered that he made a signal failure in the work of creation, acknowledged that it " grieved him at his

heart," and that he "repented" having undertaken it. However, he issued a proclamation, stating that "the end of all flesh is come: everything that is in the earth shall die." "I, even I, do bring a flood of water upon the earth to destroy all flesh." (Gen. vi. 17.) The language seems to imply that somebody else had undertaken, or was about to undertake the business.

But "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord," and was placed at the head of this grand scheme, being, as was assumed, although a drunkard, the most righteous man that could be found. The Lord instructed him to build an ark five hundred and fifty-five feet long, twenty wide, and fifty-five feet high—about the size of an eastern warehouse. Think of putting into this two of every species of animal, and seven of every species of clean beast, and fowls of the air—there being one hundred and fifty thousand, or, as some make it, five hundred thousand species of animal, one hundred and twelve thousand kinds of birds, and fifty thousand species of insect. And God ordered to be taken into the ark food sufficient to supply these millions of mouths. This alone would have required forty of such vessels, and the weight of the cargo required, would sink the whole British Navy. Consider for a moment what amount of food would be required for each species of animal. The four elephants (two of each species) would consume a ton of hay in two days, making more than one hundred and fifty tons in twelve months. The fourteen rhinoceroses would consume one thousand and fifty tons. And then the horses, cattle, sheep, goats, donkeys, zebras, antelopes and other mammalia, would require at least two thousand tons more; making in the aggregate, three thousand two hundred tons. This alone would have filled every inch of the vessel. The seven hundred and eighty thousand birds (one hundred and twelve thousand species) would require grain, which would make it necessary to store several thousand bushels. The three thousand flesh-eating animals, including lions (one lion could eat fifteen

pounds a day) cats, dogs, jackals, bears, wolves, hyenas, skunks, weasels, crocodiles, snakes, eagles, hawks, buzzards, etc., would require about forty wagon-loads to be slaughtered and fed to them each day; for all would require fresh meat but the buzzards. And otters, minks, gulls, spoonbills, storks, etc., would require fish for food, which must either be preserved in tanks for the purpose, or one hundred and fifty persons would have to be employed all the time in catching them, and there were only four men to do all this and perform all other labor—sufficient for five thousand hands. There were nine hundred species of fly-catchers—those that feed on flies, beetles and other insects. We are not informed whether flies were included in the registered list or not, but they would, of course, be impudent enough to take up their quarters in the vessel without invitation. About two hundred and fifty birds known as bee-catchers, would have to be supplied. The birds of paradise must have cockroaches. There are several kinds of ant-eaters. The four hundred and forty-two monkeys would require fresh fruit. Sixty-five species of animals feed on insects, and there would have been work for fifty boys in providing leaves and flowers for the animals that feed on these things. Besides food, fresh water must have been stored for all, as they could not use the salt water of the briny deep.

Naturalists estimate that there are fourteen different climates, each with animals adapted only to the temperature and natural food of their localities. How could they all endure being removed to the vicinity of Mount Ararat? And how could this immense multitude of respiring and perspiring animals live and breathe in a vessel with but one little twenty-two inch window, and that in the third story, shut most of the time to keep the rain out? How could they be kept thus for a whole year, without breeding pestilence and death? All animals require light. And then the chorus of voices in the ark, consisting of bellowing, baying, howling, screaming, hissing, neighing, snorting, roaring, chattering, buzzing, etc., suggests

that deafness would have been a blessing to the Noah family. We are told that "fifteen cubits upward did the water prevail, and the mountains were covered." Fifteen cubits (twenty-seven feet) would not cover nine-tenths of the buildings now on the earth. Ararat is seventeen thousand feet, and Everest twenty-nine thousand feet. Several scientists have shown by actual experiment that the atmosphere could not contain the fourteen-hundredth part of the water that is represented to have fallen in the time of the said flood. Who or what conducted the ark to Ararat when the waters subsided? In the Brahminical flood story, a fish is said to have performed this feat, and dragged it to Mount Hanavat. The peak of Ararat is perpetually covered with snow and ice. Many oriental nations have traditions of a flood, and some of them several floods. Xisuthrus, of Chaldea, built a ship in which he saved himself and family during a mighty flood which overflowed the world; also, Fohi, of China; Menn, of Brahmins; Satraravata, of India, and Deucalion, of Greece. Hence, it appears there were several families saved besides that of Noah's. Egypt and India have stories of two floods occurring at different periods—one ninety-five hundred years ago. All these stories are evidently older than that recorded in the Christian Bible.

Geologists and archæologists have collected a whole volume of evidence, which shows that such a deluge could never have taken place as is embodied in the traditions of several nations. The fresh water of the lakes, and the salt water of the seas and oceans would have been so mixed as never again to be separated as they are now. Egyptian monuments and sculpture can be traced to a much earlier period than that assigned for Noah's flood. Lepsius has traced the existence of several races or tribes of Negroes up to a period within forty-eight years of Noah's flood; this would seem to indicate that some of Noah's family were negroes, and must have "multiplied and replenished" very rapidly to start several races in forty-eight years.

The dynasty of Egyptian kings can be traced back several

thousand years beyond Noah's time. With regard to its being only a part of a deluge, as argued by some Bible defenders, we will say that it is only necessary to examine the language of the Bible to settle the matter. It is declared over and over again that the whole earth was covered with water, and *every living thing destroyed*. I will note here that the rainbow was for more than a thousand years looked upon both as evidence that there had been a universal deluge, and also that there would never be another. It is only at a recent period that the study of philosophy has disclosed the fact that the rainbow is caused by the reflection and refraction of the rays of light upon the falling rain, and the error (*trick*—T. S. A.) thus exploded. One thing in connection with this flood story is not clearly explained in the Bible: Methuselah's time was not out till ten months after the flood began, according to Bible chronology. Where was he during this ten months?

What bosh! I repeat that I feel to owe to my friends this explanation of my "*infidelity*." (?) Light and knowledge is the "*forbidden fruit*," and I can truly say with the renowned Col. Robert G. Ingersoll—

Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action, rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith. Banish me from Eden when you will, but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

A few words more about the *flood* (?) and then I will take my leave of it. There are two points I wish to notice in connection with it. The first is, that the writer of the account, "according" to Matthew, chapter xxiv., 37 and 38th verses, make Jesus indorse the story. And the Second, is the

idea that the shamefully inconsistent story with its overwhelming impediments is by some reconciled, and all the difficulties are swept aside by God having accomplished it by a *miracle*. Now please reflect how easily God might have removed all the evil ones from the earth by a miracle, in an instant, without bringing a flood and putting Noah to the trouble of building the ark.

Col. Ingersoll further says :—

The Church has been, and still is, the greatest robber. She is the stone at the sepulchre of liberty; the upas tree, in whose shade the intellect of man has withered; the Gorgon, beneath whose gaze the human heart has turned to stone.

And Mr. Kersey Graves also says of the Christian theory :—

Look for a moment at some of the many childish incongruities and logical difficulties this giant absurdity drags with it. It represents Almighty God as coming into the world through the hands of a midwife—as passing through the process of gestation and parturition. It insults our reason with the idea that the *great infinite* Jehovah could be moulded into the human form—a thought that is shocking to the moral sense, and withering, cramping, and dwarfing to the intellect, imposing upon it a heavy drag-chain, which checks its expansion and forbids its onward progress.

What the celebrated Thomas Paine has to say of God :—

Do we want to contemplate his power? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate his munificence? We

see it in the abundance with which he fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate his mercy? We see it in his not withholding that abundance from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is? Search not the book called the Scripture, which any human hand might make, but the Scripture called the Creation.

While Col. Ingersoll again says:—

The enfranchisement of the soul is a slow and painful process. Superstition, the mother of those hideous twins, Fear and Faith, from her throne of skulls, still rules the world, and will, until the mind of woman ceases to be the property of priests.

A believer is a bird in a cage, a freethinker is an eagle parting the clouds with tireless wing. We are looking for the time when the useful shall be the honorable; when the true shall be the beautiful, and when Reason, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the King of Kings.

“’Tis liberty alone that gives the flowers
Of fleeting time their lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.”

CHAPTER IV.

What the banker says to the preacher—What is practical Christianity?—Does it not require fanaticism to carry it out?—"The Widow's Mite"—Her children secondary—Freeman and wife—Where are they now?—He obeys and casts away a hand—Jesus Christ, what and who was he?—The mistakes of the New Testament—Paul was mistaken—Jesus did not come while his auditors and himself lived—A Kentucky boy alarmed with the same story—Millerism in Michigan—An ominous day in autumn—Resolution of my brother Clark—A brilliant sky and a trembling boy, who, when a man, consoles another boy who is sorely troubled from a like cause—A little estimate of the earth's age and duration, by the latest and most able astronomers and scientists—The wonderful exploits of Jesus in his infancy—The incarceration of Robert Taylor—His productions—Early worship of the physical sun—"I am the light, I am the life, and I am the resurrection"—Note your almanacs—The sun and the twelve signs of the zodiac—Jesus and the twelve Apostles—An interesting letter from a Boston man—A learned Jew enters upon the scene—Jesus an Essene—A few words regarding their history and modes of life—Frederick the Great ordered to stand aside to let the sun shine on one of them.

SOME one has said that the banker in speaking to the preacher of the people, expresses this sentiment—"You keep them *ignorant*, and I will keep them *poor*." The Church has never

failed to fulfill that office, while it has assisted the capitalist to keep them poor, by having its hand in every man's pocket, to grasp all of his surplus change for the "help of the Lord against the mighty." Jesus said of the Pharisees and Sadducees, the Jewish orthodox sects of his day, that they "made long prayers for pretence and robbed widows' houses." A short time ago a case came under our observation, where a widow, whose husband had but recently died, gave seventy dollars of the scanty means left by her husband, towards building a magnificent church. My wife admonished her for it—the lady having five or six small children. Mrs. A. advised her that the church was extravagant, and that her duty was first to her children, whereupon the lady manifested much feeling, and replied, "They cannot build too expensive a house for the Lord, and my duty to assist in the erection of the house of worship, however extravagant, is far greater than that to my children."

There are but few whose zeal incite them to really practical observance of the monstrous teachings of the Bible; there are, however, two cases in point before me at this time. In the State of Massachusetts, one Freeman and his wife, two honest good-meaning people, are awaiting their trial in jail for killing, with a butcher-knife, their beautiful little daughter of four summers, through a

fanatical trial of faith, in accordance with that of Abraham and his son Isaac. And the other case, an account of which lies before me in a fresh newspaper, is of a man in Colorado Territory, who, under the influence of a revival meeting, had read, "If thy eye offend thee, pluck it out, or if thy right hand offend, cut it off and cast it from thee." After a wakeful night of restless anxiety, he arose from his bed, chopped off his right hand at the wrist and *cast it from him*. I think Jesus himself to have lived a blameless life, but that he became fanatical at times and uttered very unpractical expressions. However, many of his sayings that would be very unpractical in the present state of society, such as "Take no thought for to-morrow, for what ye shall eat, and what ye shall wear," etc., was of far different import, considering that he was preaching to a community of interests who lived with the least possible expense, to mortify the flesh, and who esteemed contentment of mind the first of all things, to-wit: "Seek first the kingdom of God" and all will be added.

The character of Christ, or Jesus (Joshua) of Nazareth, has all of my life greatly interested me, that is, the accounts we have of him, which accounts were written long after the time he was said to have lived, by whom it is not known, but they are *according* to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. It would seem that they were prepared

from memory of what those men had been known to say of him, as it does not state that the accounts were given by those men themselves, but *according* to them. These statements are conflicting, while there is no other history of him save one bare mention found in the works of Josephus, the Jewish historian, which says, "About this time there lived a man—*if it be lawful to call him a man*—that was doing wonderful works about Jerusalem," etc., but even that is supposed to be an interpolation, inserted through the influence of priests, in the later editions, and that it was not included in his original works. There are very many honest investigators, who believe that Jesus *did not live*, that there was, in fact, no such character, but that the whole account is fixed up from astronomical figures, and that the sayings and moral precepts are entirely borrowed from the accounts of Chrishna, of India—the Hindoo Christ—and other religious characters like unto him, who were said to have lived long ages before Jesus, or before the Jews were known as a nation; the accounts of which are almost completely analagous, whereas the wise precepts and moral codes said to have been given through them from time to time direct from God, are in fact the accumulated wisdom of sages—heathen philosophers and noble benefactors of all ages. The craft of theologians has affixed in these sacred writings a sort of safeguard against

investigation, knowing they are too vulnerable to bear close scrutiny, by warning the people against *infidelity*, and assuring them that there is danger of the "very elect," and that "*scoffers* would arise in the last days," etc. *Bosh!* When are the *last days*? We have come to comprehend the fact that matter is *eternal*, that planets are not manufactured in *six days*; and recently, a young *miss* of *sixteen*, said to me, "The people have now become so enlightened, that they understand a *whale* has not got a throat large enough to *swallow a man*," but so long as the preacher can keep the people in ignorance, and by the cry of *infidelity* prevent all investigations, they feel safe, knowing that superstition is the offspring of ignorance and that blank, ignorant superstition will *swallow* anything that is presented from the "sacred desk." There are people who suppose the Jewish Scriptures are perfect throughout, whereas, they abound in contradictions and absurdities. Paul made the mistake to assure the people of his time, that Jesus would *come* "*while they yet lived*," from which Millerites and Adventists have continued to flourish by changing the time to suit themselves. Please read the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, and especially note the thirty-fourth verse, and see what an absurd prediction the writer, *according* to Matthew, makes Jesus utter. For myself, I do not believe he ever said a thing of the kind.

I recollect a bright little boy came to me in Covington, Ky., one day some years ago, when I was there, and taking hold of both my hands, asked me, fervently, if I could tell him if the world would burn up, and everybody be destroyed. I enquired why he asked me. He replied that a preacher had said it would. When I kindly assured him that the preacher was *mistaken*, and that the world never would burn up, he looked me fervently in the face, and asked, "Do you know it won't?" When I again assured him that it would not, the little fellow *thanked me*, and said he knew that I was a "*good man*", and that I would tell him the truth." I done a good office, and made the little boy happy in removing the bug-bear from his mind. He had become so impressed with the thought, that his eyes fairly sparkled when he was satisfied that I had told him the truth.

I well remember, when I was a boy and living with my parents at Birmingham, there was a great excitement of this kind: A man by the name of Miller, a devout Adventist of ability, had aroused the people of that part of the country to a frenzy upon the subject. Many had quit all business, and had got their *robes made*, to meet Jesus at his coming. The day was set, and on that day my brother Clark and myself were hauling stone for the cellar walls of the old homestead building of my parents, at that place. We were quite small boys, and

while on the road, a mile or two from the village, after a load, some women came to us and advised us to turn back ; that the time was very near for the coming of the Lord—but a few hours. We were both frightened, but my brother was resolute and he drove on ; we got our load, but we watched the sky very closely. It was at the season in autumn called the Indian Summer ; the weather was gloomy, smoky and ominous, and from the sun's reflection, a red streak flashed for a spell across the horizon, and I was completely terrified. But it is rather superfluous for me to add that the world did not take fire on that appointed day, nor on any of the very many since that have been appointed. And thus my sympathy for the little boy in Kentucky.

Again in the Spring of 1842 or '43, I recollect the snow remained upon the ground deep until nearly the first of May, and that Winter Millerism was rife in Michigan, or about Pontiac, where I then was, and they said that the Lord had decreed that the snow would *turn to oil, take fire*, and the world burn up. Oh, superstition ! thou art the child of ignorance ! The revival meetings of the churches, that flourish every gloomy winter now, are akin to the Millerite excitements of those days. For the benefit of all Adventists, "end of the world" sufferers that may read this book, I append the following :—

HOW OLD IS THE WORLD AND ITS SATELLITE?

[An extract from a report of Professor Proctor's Lecture in the New York *Tribune*.]

Then if we pass back into the preceding ages we must compute the time for the earth to cool down from a molten state. Bischoff, the German, determines by experiments with molten rock, and he is supported by Helmholtz, that the period required for the earth to cool from $2,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade to 200° is 350,000,000 years. Bischoff probably erred in underestimating rather than in overestimating the period; but if we take this period as probable, and add to it the succeeding time, we have 450,000,000 years since the earth was a nebular mass, and in round numbers may declare 500,000,000 years the age of our planet.

Much longer periods are required for the larger planets. In estimating time in planetary life we must apply Newton's principle that the larger the planet the longer the stages of its existence. We find that if we heat two iron balls, one an inch in diameter and the other two inches in diameter, it will take twice as long for the latter to cool as the former, for although it has four times as much mass it has eight times as much surface from which all heat must depart. The planet Jupiter in mass is nearly 343 times as large as the earth; 343 is equal to the cube of seven; for Jupiter, then, to reach the same density of the earth, it would take seven times as many years, or seven times 350,000,000, equal to 2,450,000,000; and allowing the same proportion for subsequent changes, for Jupiter to reach the point the earth has would require 3,500,000,000; or 3,000,000,000 more years than the earth. But Jupiter is still far younger in development than is our planet. When we turn to the sun we reach far higher figures. Following the same rule, as the mass of the sun is 340,000 times greater than that of the earth, its age will be seventy times as great, and we find that it would take 35,000,000,000 years for the sun to reach the earth's present state.

Considering the smaller orbs, as the moon, we find that the past period is comparatively brief, but that the earth will reach the same condition far in the remote future. The moon in mass is 81 times less than the earth, and its surface is as 1 to 13. By dividing 81 by 13 we find how many times the comparative age of the moon is less than the earth's. This gives 83,000,000 years as the time it took for the moon to reach a condition similar to the present stage of the earth's existence. The earth is behind the moon about 420,000,000 years, and as the moon goes on six times as fast as the earth, 420,000,000 multiplied by 6 gives us 2,500,000,000 years before we shall see the earth as the moon now is.

THE FUTURE OF THE EARTH.

From the present condition of the moon we learn what to expect on our earth. Our planet, now full of life, will in 2,500,000,000 years be in extreme old age.* These periods of enormous duration of time sink into insignificance before the history of the solar system as a whole.

We find a wide relation between the parts of the solar system, in that all the planets, from the mightiest globe to the smallest satellite, except one of Uranus, move in their paths in the same direction. Astronomers would be as much surprised to see one of the asteroids—of which 200 have been discovered—going in the opposite direction as to see the sun rise in the West.

All the heavenly bodies are parts of some mighty whole. By the nebular hypothesis, the whole solar system was once an enormous mass of gaseous matter, which began turning like a disc. Then the outer part became dissevered and formed one orb; the next and the next followed, until there was only a central sun left to rule the entire system. Each planet went

*Just what I saw by the *spirit*, or clairvoyantly, twenty-five years ago. The earth will be barren then.—T. S. A.

through the same process, rings after rings and satellites after satellites were formed. This nebular theory accounts for the general features. It is not opposed by facts. The meteoric system must also be considered. Professor Newton of Yale College, estimates that the earth is increased by 400,000,000 every year. This may amount to thousands of tons of matter, but it is nothing as compared with the mass of the earth.

Still we may say the earth is growing; but her growth is only like that of one who has already attained full stature. These meteors are only the residue of a residue, the few left out of the millions of the past. In the remote ages the earth must have met far more. From a rough calculation I made, I find that my assumption must have been wrong, or the earth would have increased ten fold more than she did. But we may rightly contend that no small part of the mass of the earth is formed from meteoric aggregations. If we take La Place's theory with the meteoric, we may account for the present condition of our planet.

Notwithstanding Paul's mistake about the *coming of Jesus* (the coming of Christ is a different thing), still he was the most logical of the New Testament writers. "Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good," is both liberal and correct advice, and his assertion that "there is a natural (physical) body, and that there is a spiritual body," is correct.

The Apocrypha of the New Testament of the Bible is a part of the original New Testament, thrown out by the revising councils at Nice and Laodicea, in 1537. It purports to give the early history of Jesus, which was considered too ridicu-

lous to be continued in the accepted ment. It is, however, still retained in lic Bible, but rejected by the Protestar an account of the infancy of Jesus—say a little boy, he would sometimes make plastic mud, or clay, and by breathing cause them to assume life and fly av amusement of his children playmate when he was older, and worked with h the carpenter business, he would lengthen timbers or enlarge building father desired to have enlarged. And people were instantly healed of diseas ing the garments of Mary his said mot A few of the absurdities, however, gleaned from the Testament now in instance, his *cursing a fig tree* because prolific of *fruit* out of season. The i swine that ran down into the sea an because he, Jesus (Joshua) commande (if anybody can tell what that means) crazy man and enter the swine. We h experiences nowadays, and the stor relate who was made responsible for the hogs.

One of the early commentators of t marked that when one discovers the *ke* should observe silence, but the Rev. F lor, who was imprisoned in England

during the sixteenth century for blasphemy,* was learned in the *languages*, and spoke out too plainly of what he had discovered that would impeach the Jewish Scriptures and foundation of the Christian system of religion, for which he was incarcerated, and while *in durance* he wrote two works entitled respectively, "The Dio-Jesus," and "The Devil's Pulpit." In these works he goes to show that the most ancient devotions were paid to the planets, and that from the worship of the sun, all the later forms of religion had been manufactured, placing men, *divine men*—CHRISTS, in the place of the physical sun, as also having men as apostles, in place of the twelve signs of the zodiac, as may be seen in almost any almanac, and it will be observed that some almanacs have a man in the center of the circle, and some the luminous sun. (See fore-part of your almanac.) The sun was worshiped by the ancients as the great fountain of life, from which man derives all his benefits. In their very ancient codes, it was the *physical sun* itself that would be seen "coming in the East midst the clouds of heaven with great power and glory." Our

**Blasphemy* is to attribute to God that which is contrary to his nature, and does not belong to him, and to deny what does. This offence has been enlarged in most of the United States by statutory provision. In England, all blasphemies against God, the Christian religion, the Holy Scriptures, and malicious revilings of the Established Church, are punishable by indictment. In some Catholic countries the crime of *blasphemy* includes speaking evil of the Virgin Mary and the saints.—*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, p. 189.

Bible has it that "The fool says in his heart (brain) that there is no God," but the old languages interpreted, advise us, that this utterance had reference to Spring and Summer. That in Winter (or may be in a late, cold, backward Spring) the foolish lacking faith in the sun to again bring the Spring with its new life, and the Summer with its productions of food, etc., gave utterance to their fears. The word God or *good*, is signified by the word *Elohim* in the Hebrew language, and *el*, evil; and, in the astronomical system of *sun* and planetary worship *el* is Winter—evil—and God, good—Summer—and in its original, it signified that the weak and hopeless ones, said in their hearts there would be no more good Summer. But their priests to the sun, who understood the regularity of the planetary movements, assured them that the sun (the *son* of man, our Jewish Testament has it) will be seen coming at the last day (last of Winter regular) in the East (the sun rises in the East), with great power and glory. That is, the earth being nearer the sun, the warmth becomes the power and glory. "I am the *life* and the *resurrection*." That is, the life of vegetation, which is killed by the Winter, *el—evil*; the hot rays of the sun resurrects and brings it forth. "I am the life," "I am the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (*i. e.*, the daylight).

He, the sun, turns the *water into wine* when he

ripens the grape. The vineyards and wine were a great matter with the ancients. They thought wine gave them blood, consequently the wine that the sun gave them, they construed as the blood, and the grain and food the body, and they supposed they were all from the sun, and thus they were called the *blood* and *body* of their God, which was the physical sun. But the Jews make a god of Jesus, and our church adherents sup the wine and eat the bread as the blood and body of the Savior, not understanding that he lived as a humble individual, as a liberal free thinker, opposed to all craft, but that long after his death he was deified, and the ceremonies of the sunworshippers of old used for the ceremonial, and he placed in the stead of the physical sun, and they changed the feature of the process of the sun ripening the grapes to a parlor scene.

But enough. I will now give place to the following letter upon this subject, which I recently clipped from the columns of the *Truth-Seeker*, a liberal newspaper, now published in New York City :

JESUS CHRIST WAS A SUN-GOD, NOT A MAN.*

You ask me to send a short epistle, giving a few reasons for believing that Jesus Christ never existed as a man. It is a long story, and you were brought up under Christian influences and traditions, and are, therefore, probably not unbiased. But I

*Letter to a Christian friend from Henry N. Stone, Boston, Mass.

find there is no contemporary evidence among the pagans of his existence. No one professes to know where his mother was born, how old she was, and but very little about her. The time of his birth was not given until about the year 526 of the Christian era, when Dionysius, a monk, dated it back. He thought that Jesus had been born in the consulate of Cæsar and Paulus, and that, therefore, that was the proper time to locate the stories of Christ and Paul as commencing. But it seems that King Herod, who was an actual character, died four years previously, according to the Roman histories. Most Christian writers, therefore, insist that Jesus was born four years B. C.; probably Herod did not kill children four years after he was dead. The computation of years from the birth of Christ did not begin till seven hundred and forty-eight years after his assumed birth. All the pictures of him till the seventh century were pictures of a crucified *lamb*, and not of a man. And, finally, the stories about him are very similar to the stories about the various sun-gods of the pagan nations round about. Let us place the names of some of these sun-gods in juxtaposition. The corresponding gods were, in

Greece	Uranus,	Bacchus,	Apollo;
Latium	Janus,	Castor,	Pollux;
Syria	John,	Christ,	Paul;
India	Arjuna,	Chrishna,	Kapila.

Without going any further, I remark that all these correspond to each other nearly in name and very much in character. Uranus, the beginner of the Greek mythology, according to Hesiod, was the good rainer, as his name shows, from the two Greek words, *eu-raino*, and his month was under the sign of Aquarius, the water-bearer, with Janus (January). Both of these were sun-gods.

Godfrey Higgins, quoting from Hermes' Sythicus, says the Scandinavians call the sun "John;" the Trojans adore the same under the name Jonah. All these correspond with Janus

in Etruria, the supreme "sun-god." Now John was the same character, and began his baptizing under the sign of the water-bearer, in January or Johnuary. Arjuna was the beloved disciple of Chrishna in India, and always preceded him, being as inferior to him as John was to Christ. As to Castor and Chrishna, both were killed in connection with two thieves, like many of the sun-gods. This story came from the character of the two nearest planets to the sun. Thursday was the great day when the gods were killed, and they rose three days thereafter on Sunday. Now Wednesday was Mercury's day, called "Mercredi" in France, "dies Mercurii" in Italy, etc., etc., and Mercury was the god of thieves. Friday was the day of Venus, the next nearest planet to the sun. The Goddess Venus, as Marina, rose from the sea on that day, and fish were always eaten in honor of her for that reason, as it is now in honor of Mary in Christian mythology. Venus was called Marina from the Latin word *mare*, the sea. The Greek name of the goddess Venus was "*Aphrodite*," derived from three Greek words, *aphros*, *dia*, *te*, meaning, literally, "foam," "from," "taken," signifying that she was born from the foam of the sea. That the high authorities of the Roman Catholic church knew that Venus, as Marina, the mother of the God of Love, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, the Christian God of love, were one and the same character, may be properly inferred from this: When the festival of the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary" was decided upon, it was inaugurated on the 8th of December, 1874, the day of the transit of Venus, which had been looked forward to by the scientific world, taken in connection with this fact. Among the ancient Romans, the god Momus mocked at all the gods and goddesses except Venus, or Marina, who was immaculate according to their mythology. She could do no wrong, probably because she was "all beauty and no mind." Her Latin name, Venus, comes from two Greek words, *ve*, "little," and *nous*, "mind." The planet Venus, a morning star, was called in Greece *Phosphoros*, a

word compounded of *phos*, a *man*, and *phoros*, a *thief*. So the sun died between a god-thief and a man-thief. After Castor had been killed by one of the two thieves, "Linceas and Idas," Pollux besought Jupiter to let him die daily, that Castor might live half the time and he the other half. Castor comes from the two Latin words, *castus orbis*, the "brilliant orb," or the sun in the daytime. Pollux comes from *pollutus lux*, the "darkened light," or the sun in the night. Paul, to correspond, "dies daily," as Pollux does. In the Greek and Latin mythologies, Apollo was called Sol, as Paul was called Saul in the Christian. In very many ways, Jesus was like the sun. His day of worship was on Sunday. He was the "light of the world" that "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He was preceded by a star in the East, like the sun, and he came "in clouds," and his coming was predicted by magi and magicians. His twelve disciples were the twelve signs of the zodiac, and his four evangelists the four seasons of the year. He was said to be "a consuming fire," and was as a lamb led to the slaughter from "the foundation of the world," terms descriptive of the sun. There are hundreds of other coincidences between the two, but I have no time to look them up. I have written this without looking at my notes. You will recollect that the face of Jesus was as "bright as the sun," which shows that he was the sun. When you eat the bread of his body, you eat the rays of sun concentrated in the wheat; and when you drink the wine of his blood, you drink the same rays first grown into grapes and then pressed out into wine.

P. S.—I am not sure that 1874 was the year of the transit of Venus. The 8th of December is right; Mary was made immaculate on the day of the transit.

Thomas Paine, who was a devout and reverential believer in a Supreme Being, though a decided unbeliever in the divinity of Jesus Christ, says in his work, entitled, "The Age of Reason," p. 116:

I see no reason for not believing that such a woman as Mary, and such a man as Joseph, and Jesus existed; their mere existence is a matter of indifference, about which there is no grounds either to believe, or to disbelieve, and which comes under the common head of, *it may be so*. The probability, however, is, that there were such persons, or at least such as resembled them in part of the circumstances, because almost all romantic stories have been suggested by some actual circumstance; as the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, not a word of which is true, were suggested by the case of Alexander Selkirk.

And in another place, Mr. Paine refers again to the probability that Jesus did exist as a man, as follows :—

That such a person as Jesus Christ did live, and that he was crucified, which was the mode of execution at that day, are historical relations strictly within the limits of probability. He preached most excellent morality, and the equality of man; but he preached also against the corruptions and avarice of the Jewish priests, and thus brought upon him the hatred and vengeance of the whole order of priesthood. The accusation which those priests brought against him was that of sedition and conspiracy against the Roman government, to which the Jews were then subject and tributary, and it is not impossible that the Roman Government might have some secret apprehension of the effects of his doctrine as well as the Jewish priests; neither is it improbable that Jesus Christ had in contemplation the delivery of the Jewish nation from the bondage of the Romans. Between the two, however, this virtuous reformer and revolutionist lost his life.

And, again, Mr. Paine says :—

It is not difficult to account for the credit that was given to the story of Jesus Christ being the Son of God. He was born

when the heathen mythology had still some fashion and repute in the world, and that mythology had prepared the people for the belief of such a story. Almost all of the extraordinary men that lived under the heathen mythology were reputed to be the sons of some of their gods. It is curious to observe how the theory of what is called the Christian Church, sprang out of the tail of the heathen mythology.

For myself, as before stated, I believe that Jesus *did live*, but of course do not believe anything of the story of his divinity. I think he was a very different character from what he is represented to have been, and that the account of him is greatly exaggerated. The idea, that "if all he said was printed, the *world would not hold the books*." He was yet a young man when he was put to death, but, had he lived *nine hundred* years, as some of the old-time, Bible characters were said to have lived (?) and taught all the time with a short-hand writer continually by him, and the press kept employed to print all in books as fast as rendered, then a good-sized warehouse would "*hold the books*."

I think Jesus was a pure man, finely organized, and a subject of spirit control. The account of a woman, who said he told her her past life—"told her all she had done," is no more than Andrew Jackson Davis, E. V. Wilson, and other of our mediums have done, and the *walking on the water*, only comports with the stories told of Home, the spirit medium, whom it is said, has been *carried*

out of a four-story window and brought in at another by spirits. I think both stories doubtful, but believe as much of one as the other. But whether the fact of "walking on the water," or the stories of Home, the medium, are true or not, I still believe Jesus was a *medium* for spirit control, and that Socrates was his controlling spirit; besides which, I think I have a correct idea of his position and manner of life. I met with a learned Jew some years ago, who seemed to have a reliable tradition. He informed me that there were three sects in Palestine at the time Jesus lived (he always called him Joshua when he mentioned him)—the Pharisees, Saducees and the Assenians, or Essenes, and that Jesus was an "anointed" Essenian, and their greatest leader. That they also flourished about Athens, Greece; and at Alexandria, Egypt. That their doctrines were mainly derived from India and Egypt; but that they were a sort of secret society; that they lived all in common; did not buy nor sell among themselves, and were what the French would call a commune (community), and it is supposed that the intention was to make Jesus their ruler, seize the government from the Romans, and establish the Commune as the rule of the land. They were mostly celibate—taught that there was no marrying or giving in marriage in the future state, and their idea was to "do on earth as done in heaven," or the heavens.

I received impressions years ago, when subject to spirit influence, that prepared me to receive this account as correct; as is also the account I here quote from Mr. Graves' "World's Saviors," as follows:—

More than twenty thousand sermons are preached in the Christian pulpits every recurring Sabbath, to convince the people that the religion and morality taught and practiced by Jesus Christ was of divine emanation, and was never before taught in the world; that his system of morality was without a parallel, and his practical life without a precedent; that the doctrine of self-denial, humility, unselfishness, benevolence and charity, also, devout piety, kind treatment of enemies, and love for the human race, which he preached and practiced, had never before been exemplified in the life and teachings of any individual or nation. But a thorough acquaintance with the history and moral systems of some of the Oriental nations, and the practical lives of piety and self-denial exemplified, in leading men, long anterior to the birth of Christ, and long before the name of Christianity was anywhere known, must convince any unprejudiced mind that such a claim is without foundation, and to prove it, we will here institute a critical comparison between Christianity and some of the older systems with respect to the essential spirit of their teachings, and observe how utterly untenable and groundless is the dogmatic assumption which claims for the Christian religion either any originality or any superiority. Of course, if there is nothing new or original, there is nothing superior.

We will first arrange Christianity side by side with the ancient system known as Essenism, a religion whose origin has never been discovered, though it is known that the Essenes existed in the days of Jonathan Maccabeus, B. C. 150, and that they were of Jewish origin, and constituted one of the three Jewish sects (the other two being Pharisees and Sadu-

cees). We have but fragments of their history, as furnished by Philo, Josephus, Pliny, and their copyists, Eusebius, Dr. Ginsburg, and others, on whose authority we will proceed to show that Alexandrian and Judean Christianity; in other words, Judean Christianity teaches the same doctrines and moral precepts which had been previously inculcated by the disciples of the Essenian religion.

PARALLELS.

We will condense from Philo, Josephus, and other authors :

Philo says, "It is our first duty to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" so the Essenes believed and taught.—(Matt. vi., 33. Luke xii., 31.) "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all things shall be added."

Philo says, "They abjured all amusements, all elegancies, and all pleasures of the senses."

Scripture—"Forsake the world and the things thereof."

The Essenes say, "Lay up nothing on earth, but fix your mind solely on heaven."

Scripture—"Lay up nothing on earth," etc.

"The Essenians having lain aside all the anxieties of life," says Philo, "and leaving society, they make their residence in solitary wilds and gardens."

Scripture—"They wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and in caves of the earth." (Heb. xi., 38.)

Josephus says, "They neither buy nor sell among themselves, but give of what they have to him that wanteth."

Scripture—"And parted them (their goods) to all men as every man need." (Acts ii, 45.)

Eusebius says, "Even as it is related in the Acts of the Apostles, all (the Essenes) were wont to sell their possessions and their substance, and divide among all according as any one had need, so that there was not one among them in want."

Scripture—"For whosoever of Christ's disciples were owners of estates or houses, sold them, and brought the price thereof,

and laid them at the Apostles' feet, and distribution was made as every one had need." So Philo relates things exactly similar of the Essenes.

Scripture parallel—The text above quoted.

"Philo tells us (says Eusebius) that the Essenes forsook father, mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands for their religion."

Scripture—"Whosoever forsake not father and mother, houses and lands, etc., cannot be my disciples."

"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." (John xvii. 16.)

"They maintained a perfect community of goods and an equality of external rank." (Mich Vol. iv., p. 83.)

"The Essenes had all things in common, and appointed one of their number to manage the common bag." (Dr. Ginsburg.)

Scripture—"And had all things in common." (Acts ii., 44 ; see also Acts iv., 32.)

Mr. Graves carries those parallels on for many pages, but I have given sufficient to show that Jesus belonged to the sect and secret society of Assenes, and the probability is that he was born an Assenian, as there is no account to show when he joined them. "They believed in miracles," says Pliny, "their maxims were, 'Take no thought for to-morrow,' and 'Cast not pearls before swine,' (give none of their secrets to outsiders was meant.) 'seest thou tell no man.'" It has been deemed a very unwise and unpractical teaching of Jesus, "Take no thought for to-morrow," but when it is understood, as inculcated by a community who looked out for one another, and held that content-

ment of mind was first of all things to be coveted, it gives it quite a different aspect. I think myself it would be rather *queer*, not to say unpractical undertaking for Christ's disciples of Ohio.

But I will quote Mr. Graves a little further, on the Essenes. He says :—

Philo was born 20 B. C., and lived to 60 A. D., and was himself an Essenian Jew. In his further account of them, he says : "They do not lay up treasures of gold and silver, but provide themselves only with necessities of life, having food and raiment they are contented. Contentment of mind they regarded as the greatest of riches. They repudiate every inducement to covetousness. Paul afterward having caught the spirit, advises the same course of life : holiness, piety, righteousness, economy. Their rule was, love God, love virtue, love mankind. They believed in prophesy, a Messiah, and a *spiritual* and *not a physical* resurrection.

Josephus, the Jewish historian, was once a member of the Assenian brotherhood, though it was supposed to have been before Jesus' time. And the following is what he says of them :

They love each other more than others (that is as a brotherhood). They despise riches and have all things in common, so there is neither abject poverty nor distinction of riches among them. They change neither garments nor shoes until they are worn out, or become unfit for use. They are girt about with a linen apron ; they never speak about worldly matters before sunrise ; they say grace and break bread at table ; they also return thanks after eating, and put off their white garments ; strangers are made welcome at their table, and without price ; they give food to the hungry and needy,

and show mercy to all. They curb their passions, restrain their anger, and claim to be ministers of peace on earth. An oath they consider as worse than perjury. They excommunicate offenders (go and tell it to the churches, said Jesus). They condemn finery in dress. Members were admitted to the secret brotherhood.

Dr. Ginsburg, says :—

They lived peaceably with all men ; a mysterious silence was observed while eating ; a solemn oath was required on becoming a member of the secret order, which required three things : 1. Love of God ; 2. Merciful justice to all men, and to avoid the wicked ; 3. Bodily purity, spiritual purity, celibacy, the suppression of anger and the cultivation of a meek and lowly spirit. Their maxims, passwords and greetings were, "Great is the mysteries of Godliness," and "*See thou tellest no man.*" They believed in miracles, in a Messiah, and gloried in martyrdom. They preached and sang to God in their sufferings, but in their domestic habits were extremely filthy. They wore their clothes till they became ragged, filthy and offensive, never changing them till they were worn out.* Their food consisted of bread and water, and wild roots and fruits of the palm tree. They enjoined not only forgiveness of enemies, but of seeking to benefit them. Such was the religion, such the moral system, such the devout piety, and such the practical

*Lycorigus, of Athens, the only son of a wealthy banker, forsook wealth and position for this life, and having become renowned for his intelligence and eccentricities, attracted a visit from Alexander the Great. The Emperor found him seated in the sun in front of his cabin, both barefooted and bareheaded, and upon approaching, the Emperor inquired if he was Lycorigus, and, upon his affirmative response, the Emperor said to him, "I am Alexander the Great. I have called to ask if I can do anything for you ?" Lycorigus replied, with a wave of his hand. "*Yes, you can stand on one side and let the sun shine on me.*" The Emperor replied, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Lycorigus."

lives of the Essenian Jews, a religious sect which flourished in Alexandria and Judea several hundred years before the birth of Christ, and went out of history the hour Christianity came in.

The Essenians believed that the "*word would become flesh,*" and that is according to hereditary transmission. It is not at all strange that a child should be born of them, completely imbued with the spirit of the long-cherished and practically lived faith, and *such* was Jesus of Nazareth.

CHAPTER V.

Twenty-seven Bibles and sixteen crucified Saviors—Every Bible has some grand, elevating and soul-stirring sentiments and precepts—The people of the world gradually overcoming animalism—Man struggles for something better—His tendency is onward and upward—Every Bible claimed to be divinely inspired—Their main matter all the same story—Who copied?—The same identical matter of the Jewish Scriptures found to be contained in heathen Bibles of fifteen thousand years priority—Mr. Horace Greeley declares that the Christian religion had all been anticipated—What is that you say, Mr. Greeley?—The Hindoo Christ or Chrishna—What he said and done—His crucifixion—The tree upon which he is crucified blossoms out in great red flowers—He is to reappear and reclaim the world—A full list of the world's redeemers—Precepts of Chrishna—The miracles and wonders performed by other "Gods."

THE following limited account of the Bibles, and Redeemers of the world, is quoted from Mr. Kersey Graves' two great works, entitled "Bible of Bibles," and "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors." This eminent writer has done a wonderful work for mankind through his patient researches of ancient history, and those two books should be read by all of the people of our country and of the world. His address is Richmond, Indiana.

Mr. Graves' works give an authentic account of *twenty-seven* Bibles, and over *twenty Redeemers*, sixteen of whom were *crucified*. He says that in all of the Bibles is displayed a devout recognition of moral principles, and a strong manifestation of moral feeling, as follows:—

The disciples of all Bibles manifest an ardent aspiration for something higher, something nobler—a mental struggle to reach a higher plane. This moral aspect is displayed in almost every chapter, and there are, in all Bibles, veins of beautiful thoughts coursing through their pages. Then numerous outbursts of religious feeling indicate the depth of their devotion, while the many noble, moral aphorisms indicate an appreciation of, and a desire for, a higher moral life than they were able to practice, because of the strength of their animal feelings. This is especially true of the Jews, and also of the early Christians. They had a partial perception of a true, moral life, and a desire at times to practice it; but that desire was counteracted and held in check by their still stronger animal natures and animal propensities. But there can be no question that from the two-fold avenues of science and history, the great principle of universal progress, which is carrying everything forward to a higher plane and state of perfection, has elevated the most advanced nations of the present age *beyond* and *above* the religion and morals prevalent in the world when the Jewish and Christian Bible was written, which makes it very unsuitable for the *present* advanced state of society. An investigation of the science of Anthropology discloses the very significant fact that the religious feelings of the founders and early representatives of the Jewish and Christian religions were under the control of their animal natures, which accounts for their frequent use of obscene language, and their frequent indulgence in the practice of every species of crime; with the full sanction of the principles of their religion, and they cherished the conviction that these things had the divine sanction. The moral and religious feel-

ings of the Jews and early Christians *co-operate* with their animal propensities, and the *latter held* supreme sway over the former; while the moral and religious feelings of the most advanced minds of the present day, co-operate, not with the *animal*, but with the *intellectual*. This makes a very important and very marked difference, and makes the *semi-animal* religion of the past very unsuited for the present age. It may readily be conceded that the writers and compilers of all Bibles were honest and that all the errors which those Bibles embrace, and the crimes which they sanction, were honestly believed to be right, and in accordance with the will of God.

Mr. G., in his reference to the Ramayana, one of the Hindoo Testaments, says:—

Colonel Sherman tells us in his "Recollections of an Indian Official," that the people (Hindoos) assured us this Bible was written, if not by the hand of Deity himself, at least by his inspiration, and, if asked if any absurdity that may be pointed out in the book be true, they reply with great *naivete*, "Is it not written in the Holy Book? and how could it be there and not be true?" Exactly the same defense that is often set up for the Christian Bible by its educationally warped adherents. It is believed the great Hindoo prophet, Vyas, wrote much of this Bible, or "Inspired Poem, as some call it."*

From the multitudinous and conclusive evidence adduced by this eminent Biblical historian to prove that the Jewish Scriptures were not given to them direct from God, as claimed; and further, that they were not even original with the Jews, but that they were almost wholly copied from more ancient Bibles, I quote as follows:—

*There is no Sanscrit writings in prose, it is all in poetry. Their Bible, which is ours, with the characters changed, is a grand epic poem.—T. S. A.

The Hindoo Bible, VEDA or VEDAS, is the oldest sacred book of the Hindoos, and is evidently the oldest Bible now extant. There is a vast amount of evidence, says the historian, to prove that it was written long before the time of Moses, which establishes the fact that it borrowed nothing from the Jews or the Jewish writings. They purport to be the inspired utterances of very ancient and holy saints and prophets known as Rishis, who received them direct from the mouth of the great God Brahma, about nine thousand years ago, after they had existed in his mind from all eternity. These "holy men," by their devout piety and unreserved devotion to the cause of God and religion, it was believed had attained to true holiness and heavenly sanctity. The Vedas treat of the attributes of God, and his dealings with the human race; his invisibility and spirituality; his unchangeableness, omniscience and omnipresence; the nature and binding force of his laws; the doctrine of future rewards and punishments; frequent and wonderful display of Divine power, called miracles, etc. It contains likewise, many noble, lofty, and beautiful moral precepts. It also treats, to some extent, of astronomy, medicine and government.

The May number of *The New York Tribune*, for 1838, contains a very interesting account of the recent translation of the Vedas into the English language, from which we will make a few extracts: "The whole of the Veda is now being published for the first time by the East India Company, by which the reader will learn that most of the odious things which have been charged to it are false. They are not found therein. They are Christian forgeries; such as the burning of widows on the pyre of their husbands, the marriage of children, the doctrine of caste, etc. None of these things are taught or countenanced by the Vedas. The man who believes in the Vedas approximates to a Christian." [Mark this statement Christian reader.] Mr. Greeley further says: "The highest authority for the religion of the Brahmins is the Vedas. The most elab-

orate arguments have been framed by its devout believers to establish its divine origin and absolute authority. They constantly appeal to its authority, and in controversy with Mahomedan and Christian missionaries, they invariably fall back on the Vedas, referring to it with great confidence in support of anything they wish to establish as divine. There is no doctrine of Christianity which has not been anticipated by the Vedas." What is that you say, Mr. Greeley? They have all the doctrines of Christianity! Is that possible? All the holy and inspired doctrines of Jesus Christ, the great, Divine Lawgiver and Savior of the world, found in an old, heathen Bible, written more than two thousand years before a single line of the doctrines of Christ was penned! Here is one of the most astounding announcements ever made to the world. There are several later editions, or parts to the Vedas, that followed it, as the New Testament is an addition to the Jewish Bible. They are called respectively, the "Code of Menn," the "Ramayana," the "Mahabarat," and the "Purans," or "Poranas," says Mr. Graves. Brahminism and Judaism are *each* old forms of religion. Brahma and Jehovah both created the sun, moon, stars, etc. The spirit of both moved upon the face of the waters. The world is spoken into existence by Jehovah and Brahma. In each case man was created last and set to rule over the animals. The Hindoos had an Adimo and Iva, the Hebrews an Adam and Eve.

In each case, everything is to be produced after its kind. Man in each case is the last and crowning work of the whole creation. Both stories set man as a ruler over subordinate creation. Light in each case was spoken into existence. Jehovah and Brahma each occupied six days in the work of creation. There is a primitive paradise and state of moral purity in each story. A serpent figures in each, and outwits Brahma and Jehovah, etc., etc., and Chrishna was their Christ.

Mr. Graves concludes his account of the Hindoos, of which I have quoted but a part, as follows :

Having presented a long list of analogies between the Hindoo and Jewish religions, we will proceed to prove the prior existence of the Hindoo system, and leave the reader to deduce his own inferences. In times coeval with the earliest authentic records—according to the learned astronomer, Bailey—their calculations in astronomy extended back to the remote period of seventeen hundred years before Moses, and some of the ancient monuments and inscriptions of India bespeak for its religion a very remote antiquity. Some of our modern learned antiquarians have expressed the opinion that the Sanscrit language of the Brahmins is the oldest language that can be traced in the history of the human race. They also state that this language was extant before the Jews were known as a nation; and neither it nor their religion has ever been known to change. These facts are sufficient to establish the existence of the Brahmin and Buddhist systems of religion long prior to the earliest records of the Jewish nation.

Mr. G. adds the following note :

Here we desire to call the attention of the reader to the very remarkable statement of Colonel Dow, in his "History of India." He tells us that the Hindoos give *a very particular account* of the *origin* of the Jewish religion. (pref. v.) They say that a pious Hindoo, by the name of Rajah Tura, apostatized from the faith, for which he was banished to the West, where he established a system of religion, which afterwards became known as the Jewish religion. Tura only needs a change of one letter to make Tera, the father of Abraham. Let the reader make a note of this.

Next is the Egyptian Bible, the "Hermos," of which Mr. Graves remarks as follows :

The "Hermos," or "Books of Hermos," were believed by the Egyptians to have been dictated by the god Isis, and inspired by him. In their collected capacity, they constituted

the Egyptian Bible, and were believed to contain "the sum total of human and divine wisdom." Their great age is undisputed. They treat of the inferior deities, which answer to angels in the Christian system, as they hold the same office and are apparently the same kind of beings. The "Hermos," like all other Bibles, recognizes but one Supreme God, whom it declares to be just, holy, morally perfect, invisible and indivisible, and whom it recommends to be worshiped in silence. This "Holy Book" contains some lofty and soul-inspiring moral sentiments and useful precepts.

Modern archæological researchers in Egypt have disclosed a very striking resemblance between the ancient Egyptian religion and that in the Jewish Old Testament, which, with the evidence of the greater antiquity of the former, has fastened the conviction upon the mind of every important reader of history, that the Jewish religion was constructed from the materials obtained in Egypt and India, and this conclusion is corroborated by the Bible itself, which tells us Moses was skilled in all the wisdom and learning of Egypt, and was by birth an Egyptian.

Next, the Persian Bibles—the ZEND AVESTA and the SADDER—like the Jewish Old and New Testaments, they proclaim the will of God (G. Javidan) or eternal wisdom. They give a like account of creation in six *kappas*, or infinite periods of time; the temptation and fall of man, and his final restoration; the immortality of the soul, etc. Also the war in heaven, in which the great dragon, or devil, *Abrimanes*, is finally slain. These Scriptures are older than the writings of Zoroaster, which were penned 600 B. C. According to Berosus, fragments of history have been found

that carries the Persian religion back fifteen thousand years, and says it was computed with great care.

The Chinese also have a number of Bibles or sacred books. I have an account of nine of these Chinese Bibles lying before me, and their "regular chronology dates back to two thousand and six hundred years before the period assigned to the creation of Adam." They relate the advent of a Christ, and advocate the pure, moral precepts. "Their Christ, *Natigai*, like Jesus, was both Creator and Mediator," and their Bibles, like those of the other nations already given, are amalgamated with the same doctrines of the Christian Bible. They treat of a primitive paradise, in which was a tree of knowledge, and a tree of life, the deluge, the ark, baptism, the cross, etc., etc. Mr. William H. Seward, our Secretary of State under the immortal Lincoln, was greatly surprised when in China, on his famous journey around the world, to find pictures in the *joss houses* (churches) in China, precisely the same as the picture we have of Mary with the babe Jesus in arms, said to have been painted six thousand years ago, as representing the Chinese Savior of the world, *Natigai*, and his Virgin mother.

In proof of my claim that the Jewish Scriptures are not original, the Jews not a chosen people of God, and their Scriptures not given by God direct

to them, I have cited the Hindoo, Egyptian, Persian and Chinese Bibles, of remote ages, containing precisely the same subject-matter, told in different words, and had I space I could adduce overwhelming proof in corroboration of my position. I believe that the spiritual spheres exert an influence upon the nations of the earth, whilst I as sincerely believe that the ruling theologies are mostly of human origin, having their rise in heathen mythology, and copied with slight modification from one Bible to another, "ever remaining the same conservative, erroneous, crafty, blighting, and injurious powers." But I also believe that they will soon cease their influence, as man is rising up out of the mist of ages to a perception of his real and true position in nature.

Mr. Graves further says:—

The Bible of the Soffees, the "Musnavi," teaches that God exists everywhere and in everything; that the soul of man, and the principle of life throughout all nature, are not from God, but of God, and constitute a part of his essence. That nothing exists essentially but God, and that all nature abounds with divine life.*

*And this Pantheistic view is exactly my belief. I believe that all matter constitutes the body, and all life the spirit and soul of God; that the elements which compose this Almighty Unity are male and female. Love and wisdom, positive and negative. That the life of the blade of grass, or a leaflet, is as complete for its condition and capacity, as is the life and soul of man to him. I believe in mother God as well as father God, and that emanating from this divine principle is all life, power and wisdom, both just and omnipotent, and which we can never evade.—T. S. A.

Mr. Malcolm, in his "History of the Moguls," (p. 269), says: "The Soffees are incessantly occupied in adoring the Almighty, and in search after truth. They are passionately fond of music and poetry (two essential elements of civilization). Their Bible teaches many beautiful moral lessons."

"The Tamalese Holy Book," says Mr. G., "was known as the *Kaliwakam*, and contains some excellent moral precepts."

"Saya," meaning wisdom, is the name of the Scandinavian inspired volume, believed to have emanated from the fountain of divine wisdom.

The Kalmuc's Bible was also believed to contain all the wisdom of God and man.

The Athenian Bible was also claimed to be a "God-delivered book," called "The Testament." Dinarchus alludes to it in his speech against Demosthenes. It was read with deep, solemn awe and devoutness.

The Cabalist's Bible also relates some wonderful cures and miracles performed by that sect.

The Koran, or Alkoran, the Mahomedan Bible, is one of the most modern Bibles, having been written six hundred years after the Christian Bible, and the production of a single author, and is thereby more uniform, and abounds in fewer contradictions than other Bibles. The Koran being more modern, is superior to all other Bibles, and wields a powerful influence in the countries

of its adoption. Unlike the Christian Bible, it does not both sanction and condemn intoxicating liquors, but *forbids them*. It also commands cleanliness and ablutions, and levies a tax on its disciples of two and one per cent. for the support of the poor, and it enjoins not only kindness and respect for enemies, but a careful provision for their necessities. The disciples of the Koran are taught and believe that their "Holy Book" was originated in heaven, and preserved by Allah, its divine author.

The Mormon Bible is the most modern of them all, and its revelator was once attentive to my mother's hired girl. This sacred book is claimed to have been found inscribed on gold plates several feet below the surface of the earth, near Palmyra, N. Y., by Joseph Smith, who said he was directed by heaven, but we know that it was written by a superannuated preacher at Conneaut, Ohio, and, under the chicanery of Sidney Rigdon, brought out as a sacred book through the Mormon "Prophet," Joseph. But it will continue, and a multitude of people will in time venerate it as the Christian Bible is venerated now, and Joseph Smith will be a Christ, and Brigham Young a Moses.

"Researches into oriental history," says Kersey Graves, the historian, "reveal the remarkable fact

that stories of incarnate Gods, answering to and resembling the miraculous character of Jesus Christ, have been prevalent in most, if not all, the principal religious heathen nations of antiquity, and the accounts and narrations of some of these deific incarnations bear such a striking resemblance to that of the Christian Savior—not only in their general features, but in some cases in the most minute details, from the legend of the immaculate conception to that of the crucifixion and subsequent ascension into heaven—that one might almost be mistaken for the other. More than twenty claims of this kind—claims of beings invested with divine honor (deified)—have come forward and presented themselves at the bar of the world with their credentials, to contest the verdict of Christendom, in having proclaimed Jesus Christ ‘the only Son of God.’ Twenty Messiahs and Sons of God, according to history or tradition, have, in past time, descended from heaven, and taken upon themselves the form of men, clothed themselves with human flesh, and furnished incontestable evidence of a divine origin, by various miracles, marvelous works and superlative virtues, and finally, these twenty Jesus Christs (accepting their character for the name) laid the foundation for the salvation of the world, and ascended back to heaven,” viz. :—

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| 1. Chrishna, of Hindostan. | 19. Alcides, of Thebes. |
| 2. Budha Sakia, of India. | 20. Mikado, of the Sintoos. |
| 3. Salivahana, of Bermuda. | 21. Beddru, of Japan. |
| 4. Zulis or Zule, also Osiris and Orus,* of Egypt. | 22. Hesús or Eros, and Bremrillah of the Druids. |
| 5. Odin, of the Scandinavians. | 23. Thor, son of Odin, of the Gauls |
| 6. Crite, of Chaldea. | 24. Cadmus, of Greece. |
| 7. Zoroaster and Mithra, of Persia | 25. Hil and Feta, of the Mondaits. |
| 8. Baal and Taut, "the only begotten of God," of Phœnicia. | 26. Gentaut and Quexoleote, of Mexico. |
| 9. Indra, of Tibet | 27. Universal Monarch of the Sibyls |
| 10. Bali, of Afghanistan. | 28. Ischy, of the Islands of Formosa |
| 11. Jao, of Nepaul. | 29. Divine Teacher, of Plato. |
| 12. Wittoba, of the Billingonese. | 30. Holy One, of Xaca. |
| 13. Thammuz, of Syria. | 31. Fohi and Tien, of China. |
| 14. Xlys, of Phrygia. | 32. Adonis, son of the Virgin Io, of Greece. |
| 15. Xamolxis, of Thrace. | 33. Ixion and Quirinus, of Rome. |
| 16. Zoor, of the Bonzes. | 34. Prometheus, of Cancasus. |
| 17. Adad, of Assyria. | 35. Mohamud, or Mahomet, of Arabia. |
| 18. Deva Tat and Samonocadam of Siam. | |

These have all received divine honors, have nearly all been worshiped as Gods, or Sons of Gods; were mostly incarnated as Christs, Saviors, Messiahs or Mediators. Not a few of them were reputably born of Virgins; some of them filling a character almost identical with that ascribed by the Christian's Bible to Jesus Christ; many of them, like him, are reported to have been crucified, and all of them together, furnish a prototype and parallel for nearly every important instant and wonder-inciting miracle and doctrine and precept recorded in the New Testament, of the Christian's Savior.

"Surely," says Mr. Graves, "with so many Saviors, the world cannot, or should not, be lost."

My limits will only permit of my giving a few more short extracts from Mr. Graves' valuable Biblical researches, but sufficient to show con-

clusively, I think, that the code of morals and plan of the New Testament had been long in use, with slight alterations suited to different countries and different characters, long before the time of Jesus.

Mr. G. gives an interesting account, in his works, explanatory of how all, or nearly all of the nations of the earth came to have this one form of theologic procedure. He says they in ancient times convened at Alexandria at appointed times, the different nations sending delegates; that they consulted together, borrowed from each other, and there arranged their tactics.

A SKETCH OF CHRISHNA.

The history of Chrishna Zeus (or Jesus, as some writers spell it) is contained principally in the Baghavat Gita, the episode portion of the Marhbrat Bible. The book is believed to be divinely inspired, like all other Bibles, and the Hindoos claim for it an antiquity of six thousand years. Like Christ, he was of humble origin, and like him, had to encounter opposition and persecution. But he seems to have been more successful in the propagation of his doctrines; for it is declared he soon became surrounded by many earnest followers, and the people in vast multitudes followed him, crying aloud, "This is indeed the Redeemer promised to our fathers." His pathway was thickly strewn with miracles, which consisted in healing the sick, curing lepers, restoring the dumb, deaf and the blind, raising the dead, aiding the weak, comforting the sorrow-stricken, relieving the oppressed, casting out devils, etc. He came as he declared, "to reject evil and restore the reign of

good, and redeem man from the consequences of the fall, and deliver the oppressed earth from its load of sin and suffering." His disciples believed him to be God himself, and millions worshiped him as such in the time of Alexander the Great, 330 B. C. The hundreds of counterparts to the history of Christ, proving their histories to be almost identical, will be found enumerated in chapter xxxii., such as his miraculous birth by a virgin; the mother and child being visited by shepherds, wise men and the angelic host, who joyously sang, "In thy delivery, O favored among women, all nations shall have cause to exult;" the edict of the tyrant ruler Causa, ordering all the first-born to be put to death; the miraculous escape of the mother and child from his bloody decree, by the parting of the waves of the river Jumna, to permit them to pass through on dry ground; the early retirement of Chrishna to a desert;" his baptism or ablution in the river Ganges, corresponding to Christ's baptism in the Jordan; his transfiguration at Madura, where he assured his disciples, that "present or absent, I will always be with you." He had a favorite disciple (Arjoön), who was his bosom friend. He was anointed with oil by women, like Christ, and a somewhat similar fish story is told of him—his disciples being enabled by him to catch large drafts of the finny prey in their nets. (For three hundred other similar parallels, see chapter xxxii. of the same Bible.) Like Christ, he taught much by parables and precepts. A notable sermon preached by him is also reported, which we have not space for. On one occasion, having returned from a ministerial journey, as he entered Madura, the people came out in crowds to meet him, strewing the ground with branches of cocoanut trees, and desiring to hear him; he addressed them in parables, the conclusion and moral of one of which, called the parable of the fishes, runs thus: "And thus it was," says a writer, "that Chrishna spread among the people the holy doctrines of purest morality, and initiated his hearers into the exalted principles of charity, of self-denial and self-respect, at a time when the desert countries

of the West were inhabited only by savage tribes," and, we will add, long before Christianity was thought of.

* * * * *

We have the remarkable admission of the *Christian Examiner* that the best precepts of the (Christian) Bible are contained in the Hindoo Boghavat. Then it is not true that "Christ spake as never man spake," and if his "best precepts" were previously recorded in an old heathen Bible, then they afford no proof of his divinity. This suicidal concession of the *Examiner* pulls up the claims of Orthodox Christianity by the roots, and many of the precepts uttered by Chrishna, display a profound wisdom and depth of thought equal to any of those attributed to Jesus Christ. In proof of the statement, we will cite a few examples out of the hundreds in our possession :

- "1. Those who do not control their passions cannot act properly toward others.
2. The evil we inflict upon others follow us as our shadows follow our bodies.
3. Only the humble are beloved of God.
4. Virtue sustains the soul as the muscles do the body.
5. When the poor man knocks at your door, take him and administer to his wants, for the poor are the chosen of God. (Jesus said. 'God hath chosen the poor.')
6. Let your hand be always open to the unfortunate.
7. Look not upon a woman with unchaste desires.
8. Avoid every covetous, falsehood, imposture and slander and sexual desires.
9. Above all things cultivate love for your neighbor.
10. When you die you leave your worldly wealth behind you, but your virtues and vices follow you.
11. Contemn riches and worldly honor.
12. Seek the company of the wicked in order to reform them.
13. Do good for its own sake, and expect no reward on earth.
14. Never take delight in another's misfortunes.

15. It is better to forgive an injury than to avenge it.
16. You can accomplish by kindness what you cannot by force.
17. Pardon the offense of others but not your own.
18. What you blame in others do not practice yourself.
19. He who rules his temper conquers his greatest enemy.
20. The wise man governs his passions, but the fool obeys them.
21. Spend every day as if it was the last.
22. We must master our evil propensities or they will master us.
23. He who has conquered his propensities rules over a kingdom.
24. He who gives to the needy loses nothing himself.
25. The wounds of the soul are more important than those of the body.
26. The wounds of the conscience leave a scar.
27. Protect, love and assist others if you would serve God.
28. Money does not satisfy the love of gain, but only stimulates it.
29. Your greatest enemy is your own bosom.
30. When woman is honored God is honored.

The foregoing are but specimens of the many precepts of Chrishna.

Mr. Graves, in his "World's Savior," gives a complete history of the different redeemers of the world, their birth, death, (most of them were crucified,) nationality, dates of their existence, precepts; all earlier than Jesus, save Mahomet and Joseph Smith, and *Time* has not yet rendered them christs. In the routine he classes Chrishna as the eighth, and I quote a specimen of his account of his historic crucifixion, as follows:

CRUCIFIXION OF CHRISHNA, OF INDIA, 1200, B. C.

"Among the sin-atonng gods who condescended, in ancient times, to forsake the throne of heaven and descend upon the plains of India, through human birth, to suffer and die for the sins and transgressions of the human race, the eighth avatar, or savior, may be considered the exalted character, as he led the most conspicuous life and commanded the most devout and the most universal homage. And, while some of the other incarnate demigods were invested with only a limited measure of the infinite deityship, Chrishna, according to the teaching of their New Testament, (the Ramazand,) comprehended in himself a full measure of the Godhead, bodily. The evidence of his having been crucified is as conclusive as any other sacrificial or sin-atonng God, whose name has been memorialized in history, or embalmed as a sacred idol in the memories of his devout worshipers. Mr. More, an English traveler and writer, in a large collection of drawings taken from Hindoo sculpture and monuments, which he has arranged together in a book, entitled "The Hindoo Pantheon," has one representing, suspended on the cross, the Hindoo crucified God and Son of God, "our Lord and Savior," Chrishna, with holes pierced in his feet, evidently intended to represent the nail holes made by the act at crucifixion. Mr. Higgins, who examined this work, which he found in the British Museum, makes a report of a number of the transcript drawings intended to represent the crucifixion of this Oriental and mediatorial God, which we will here condense. "In plate ninety-eight this savior is represented with a hole in the top of one foot, just above the toes, where the nail was inserted in the act of crucifixion. In another drawing he is represented exactly in the form of a Roman Christian crucifix, but not fixed or fastened to a tree, though the legs and feet are arranged in the usual way, with nail-holes in the latter. There is a halo of glory over it, emanating from the heavens above, just as we have seen Jesus Christ repre-

sented in a work by a Christian writer, entitled "Quarles' Emblems," also in other Christian books. In several of the *icons* (drawings) there are marks of holes in both feet, and in others of holes in the hands only," etc., etc.

CHRISHNA'S PREPARATION FOR THE CRUCIFIXION, AND HIS
SECOND COMING.

"When Chrishna knew his hour had come, forbidding his disciples to follow him, he repaired to the bank of the River Ganges, and having performed three ablutions, he knelt down and looked up to heaven, he prayed to Brahma." While nailed to the cross, the tree on which he was suspended became suddenly covered with great red flowers, which diffused their fragrance all around. And it is said he often appeared to his disciples after death "in all his divine majesty." "And there is not a Hindoo or a Brahmin who does not look upon the second coming of Chrishna as an established article of faith." Their holy bibles (the Vedas and Gita) prophecy of him thus: "He shall come crowned with light; he shall come, and the heavens and the earth shall be joyous; the stars shall pale before his splendor; the earth will be too small to contain him, for he is infinite, he is Almighty, he is Wisdom, he is Beauty, he is all and in all," etc., etc.

"The age in which Christ flourished was pre-eminently an age of miracle. The practice of thaumaturgy, and the legends invested with the display of the miracle-working power, both preceding and subsequent to that era, rose to a great height. 'All nations of that time,' says a writer, 'were mighty bent on working miracles.' And the disciples who acted the part of biographers for the various crucified gods and sin-atoners saviors throughout the East seemed to vie with each other in setting off the lives and histories of their favorite objects of worship respectively, with marvelous exploits and the pagentry of the most astounding prodigies. And the miracles in each case were pretty much of the same character, thus indicating a

common source for their origin—all, probably, having been cast in the same mold, in the theological schools of the once famous world-renowned city of Alexandria, the capital of Egypt."

What will the deluded ones say, who have long fed the contribution-box of the churches for the missionary cause, when they learn that the cause of Chrishna is so much in advance of the Christian in every way, and that those of that faith expect their religion to convert the world at large, and who also say that the Christian religion is so much like their own that it may be of some help to them? While the numbers who are fervent disciples of that faith are legion, comparatively, to those who are adherents of Christianity. I do wish my friends would investigate these great truths, and no longer be slaves to a cause that cramps the intellect and completely dwarfs the better nature.

If all would read and investigate, the *Truth* would set them *free*.

THE MIRACLES RECORDED OF ALCIDES, OSIRIS, AND OTHER
GODS OF EGYPT.

"We have the miraculous birth by a virgin, in the case of Alcides."

"Orisis, while a sucking infant, in his cradle, killed two serpents which came to destroy him."

"Alcides performed many miraculous cures; according to Ovid, he cured, by miracle, the daughter of Archiades."

And both of these Gods converted water into wine.

Both of them frequently cast out devils.

Julius declares Alcides raised Tyndarus from the dead.

When Zulus was crucified, the sun became dark, and the moon refused to shine.

Both he and Orisis were resurrected by a miracle. Both ascended to heaven in sight of many witnesses, and, finally, we are told that from Alexandria, the whole Empire became filled with the fame of these miracle-workers who restored the blind to sight, cured the paralytic, caused the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, etc. All of these miracles were as credibly related of these Gods as similar miracles of Jesus Christ.

PYTHAGORAS AND OTHERS.

"Pythagoras was a spirit in heaven before he was born on earth. His birth was miraculously foretold. His mother conceived him by a spectre, (the Holy Ghost.) His mother was a virgin of great moral purity."

And when in his youth he (Pythagoras) astonished the doctors by his wisdom.

Plato's mother, Paretona, says Olympiodorus conceived him by the God Apollo.

Pythagoras was worshiped as a "Son of God," "Porclete," "Child of Divinity," etc.

Could see events many ages in the future.

Could, like Christ, appear at two places at once.

Could walk on the water and travel in the air.

Could discern and read the thoughts of his disciples.

Jamblicus says, "he could allay storms on the sea, could raise the dead, and a thousand other things are told of him."

And so of all the "Gods," but I have space for no more quotations, and have given these few from a very great selection by Mr. Graves, collected from ancient bibles and Oriental historians.

CHAPTER VI.

The big quail story—Oh! faith, and oh! mythology—What has Ecclesiasticism done for the people?—It has led them blindly astray and murdered them for their non-conformity to inhuman and incomprehensible absurdities—Christianity and Mormonism not without honor, save in their own localities—The Old Testament established by blood and debaucheries—Early wrangles of the Christians, and soon wars and desolations commence—The Roman Catholic Church becomes the only real Christian Church—It destroys science and philosophy and brings on the dark ages—It is the fiendish enemy of light and knowledge—The beautiful and learned Hypatia dies by the club of the fiendish monks—The Alexandrian libraries, the pride of the scientific world, destroyed—“Were this world of gold, and mine, I would give it all rather than not have my wife and children with me”—But they hack him to pieces with a rusty sword—The tables are turned, and now the Protestants become the blood-thirsty tyrants in the establishment of church and state in England—Are *we* in danger from a like cause?—Thomas Paine, the father of our political and religious liberties, was he inspired?—His best thoughts bolt into his mind.

THE following *Quail Story* reminds me that the Rev. Frothingham, of New York, an eminent minister and biblical scholar, says that there is not one reference to *truth* in the Jewish Scriptures; that there is not a passage that admonishes the reader to *search* after truth.

M. Babcock, of St. Johns, Michigan, says :

"LET ME TELL THE SACRED QUAIL STORY."

And here it is. It belongs with the myth of the Flood, a few pages back :

"We are told that there were six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, and it is supposed that these six hundred thousand men were warriors. From this an estimate has been formed of the number of the children of Israel, which fixed it at three million souls. It would be sad for the quail story if the number was any less. The least space they could occupy would be twelve miles square.

AREA OF TERRITORY COVERED BY QUAILS.

"And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high on the face of the earth." "And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day," (Numb. xi, 31, 32). This was a very long time for so many people to stand up, but it was their only safety, for had they sat down, they would have been buried alive ; but by standing an ordinary sized woman's head would stick up about a foot or so above the quails after they had got through falling.

The "quails came from the sea." But what could so many quails have been doing on the sea? Were they hunting for fish?

A day's journey is estimated to be about thirty-three miles. Taking the camp out, or measuring from the center of the camp, this would make an area three thousand four hundred and twenty-one square miles, equal to the territory of four large counties, containing twenty four townships, sixteen square miles each. These quails were given to supply a demand for meat, and it was to last a month. (See verses 19 and 20.)

THE EXACT AMOUNT OF QUAILES.

The quails lay two cubits deep over all this territory; that is to say, from three feet to three feet eight inches deep over a space of three thousand four hundred and twenty-one square miles, allowing the lowest measure; and reducing the quails to cubic inches, we have three hundred and thirteen trillion, two hundred and sixty-one billion five hundred and seventy-two million, ninety-six thousand, which, divided by two thousand one hundred and fifty, and multiplied by forty-three, gives six trillion two hundred and sixty-five billion two hundred and thirty-one million four hundred and forty-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven bushels.

These were sent, as we have already seen, to last a month, and would be equal to two million eighty-eight thousand six hundred and forty-three bushels to each man, woman and child. And to have eaten all of them would have required each individual to eat sixty-nine thousand six hundred and twenty-one bushels per meal.

Suppose the able-bodied men and women were all that went a quailing, and that their average was ten homers to the person, this would yet amount to over four homers, or fifty-three bushels for each man, woman, and child, or one-half bushel and five pints per meal.

After gathering this amount, they had left on the ground six trillion two hundred and sixty-five billion seven hundred and seventy-one million four hundred and forty-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine bushels; that is to say, that by some mistake the Lord sent them thirty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty-two times as many quails as they needed, after supposing that each man, woman and child would eat over a half bushel at a meal.

We are told that they spread them out to dry; but where did they spread them, since the quails were three feet deep all over the country? One would think a Hebrew could

never look a quail in the face again after eating so many, and we know of many persons who "quail" before this story. But "the Lord smote them with a plague whilst the meat was sticking between their teeth," and killed them on the spot. Splendid. Don't you think, gentlemen, that this God ought to be worshiped in our school so that our children may see how good your God is?

It would seem from the account that your God has more power than economy, more revenge than mercy, and that he became so disgusted with the quail business that he has never since so much as sent even one of his quails to his many starving children. Ten millions in China, and six millions in India of his children have within the last two years died of starvation. Why didn't your God send them a flock of quails? Is he out of quails? Has he lost his power? or is he so disgusted with his past foolishness as to cause him to abandon and go out of the miracle business? In my judgment, the world has so far advanced in science and civilization that God (priestcraft—T. S. A.) no longer is able to impose upon it; and for that reason he has gone out of the miracle business.

ST. JOHNS, MICH., Dec. 2, 1879.

INFLUENCE OF THE TEACHINGS OF THE BIBLE UPON THE PEOPLE.

PETITIONERS for the extension of the suffrage to persons not church members, were fined and imprisoned in New England, in 1646, and in 1664 were not permitted to be eligible as electors, as freemen of the Colony, except on a formal certificate to their orthodoxy from the minister.

We have it as a saying of Jesus, that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." This seems to be the case with the Christian and

Mormon religions; with both, *distance* seems to *lend enchantment*. Judea, the birthplace of Christianity, is overrun with Mahomedanism, there the Koran predominates, while Mosaic Judaism retains to some extent; but if we would find Christianity, we must go to distant countries. The Mormons do not flourish about Palmyra, N. Y.—the native place of Joseph Smith—but away upon the deserts of the far West, while they go beyond the seas for their adherents. They “compass land and water to make proselytes and make them ten times more the children of Satan than they were before.” And so of Christianity in general. But not so with Buddhism and the Oriental religions, they have continued to flourish and gain strength at home and with their own people.

I find it necessary to occupy much space in this department with extracts from reliable sources, to assist me in giving a brief inkling of my reasons for dissenting from the orthodox Christianity of to-day.

The refugees who left England to escape the religious persecutions of the Old World, brought the shell of persecution upon their own backs, which immediately cropped out in New England by banishing Quakers, (and, by the way, the Quakers are the only sect who never persecuted,) by burning witches, etc. And so of Christianity in general. For, notwithstanding the humble, devout

and "love-your-enemy" regimen of the Essenians, from which the Christian religion had its rise and from which their Christ—their Messiah—took its name and its early doctrines ; yet they, being Jews, indorsed the Old Testament with all its historic cruelties, debaucheries and crime, as practiced under the sanction of Jehovah. And, besides, it was at a time when the deification of heroes was in vogue, and, under the Romish dispensation, the deifying process was changed to *Sainting* the Christian heroes and favorites, and, under the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, the sword was unsheathed to enforce it ; and coupled with the name of Constantine is that of Charlemagne, whose names mark the two most important eras in history, But to go back :

From the days of Peter and Paul there have been "contentions," "heresies," among Christians. There were four sects, if not more, in the Church as soon as it was organized. One party said they were of Paul, and another that they were of Apollos, still others who were of Cephas and a fourth class who were of Christ.—1. Cor. i. 12.

These divisions increased at the expense of rivers of blood. The person who could "hate father and mother, brother and sister, and child for Christ's sake," would not falter at the shedding of blood for the glory of God. Hence the pathway of Christianity ; wherever Christianity has had rule, has been washed with blood. Without shedding of blood there is no remission. The Jewish faith demanded blood, which is the tap-root of our present religious intolerance. (D. M. Bennett's "Champions of the Church.")

A renowned writer in referring to the Christian religion, remarks as follows :

Some Christians pretend that Christianity was not established by the sword, but of what period of time they do not speak. It was impossible that twelve men could begin with the sword ; they had not the power, but no sooner were the professors of Christianity sufficiently powerful to employ the sword than they did so, and the stake and faggot, too ; and Mahomet could not do it sooner. By the same spirit that Peter cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant, he would have cut off his head, and the head of his master, had he been able. Besides this, Christianity grounds itself originally upon the Bible, and the Bible was established altogether by the sword, and that in the worst use of it ; not to terrify, but to extirpate. The Jews made no converts, they butchered all. The Bible is the sire of the Testament, and both are called the *Word of God*. The Christians read both books ; the ministry preach from both books ; and the thing called Christianity is made up of both. It is then false to say that Christianity was not established by the sword.

THE CHURCH OF ROME—WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

The Roman Catholic Church became the Christian Church proper, and as an outgrowth of that blood-stained monster, we have the Protestant Church of to-day, with the shell of the Roman Catholic Church upon its back, and the spirit of intolerance and defiance deeply implanted in its very nature.

CHRISTIANITY (THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH) DESTROYED THE SCIENCES AND BROUGHT ON THE DARK AGES—DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL HYPATIA.

From D. M. Bennett's great work, entitled, "Champions of the Church," I quote as follows:

A millenium and a half ago, Alexandria was the intellectual and commercial center of civilization. In the multitudinous life that poured through its two great, wide streets commingled representatives from all the nationalities of earth. Its lofty temples and theatres, gymnasiums and synagogues, and its marvelous porticoes, rose in unrivaled magnificence on every side, and were the pride and glory of the East. Its harbor was a forest of masts. Countless boats brought in abundant harvests of the Nile to feed the many-mouthed multitude, and long trains of camels from the yellow sand-hills of the desert wound through the thriving streets of trade. It was the favored seat of science and learning, to which flocked philosophers from all parts of the world. Botanical gardens, zoological menageries, chemical laboratories, anatomical and astronomical schools, afforded all that was needed for scientific pursuits. Its University contained fourteen thousand students, and its two splendid libraries over seven hundred thousand volumes. But Christianity, with all its baleful accompaniment of ignorance and superstition, intolerance, bigotry and bloodshed, had here entered upon its career, seeking to suppress all that was lovely and valuable in the antiquity of thought, and to inaugurate a fit prelude to the Dark Ages which followed ere long. Christianity with its brutal club here met and shivered the polished steel of Grecian philosophy, and extinguished the last remaining spark of classic art and intellect. In the Serapion was a magnificent library of four hundred thousand volumes, and the astronomical and geometrical instruments which had once been assiduously employed by Euclid, Eratosthenes and others,

but which were now regarded by Christian ignorance and bigotry as devices of the Devil. In digging the foundation for a new church, to be built upon the site of an ancient temple of Osiris, some symbols of Phallic worship were discovered. These were exhibited for the derision of the rabble in the market place, and a riot ensued. The pagans made the Serapion their headquarters. Theophilus, formerly a monk of Nitria, a bold, bad man, was at this time Archbishop of Alexandria. He, armed with a rescript from the Emperor, ordered the destruction of the building. The library was destroyed, the treasures of the temple were pillaged, the image of Serapis was broken to atoms by battle-axes, the whole structure was razed to the ground, and a Christian Church constructed in its precincts. The other temples forthwith shared the same fate; the brutal, black-cowled monks now began to tyrannize over the ancient faith and philosophy, and convulse Alexandria with Christian riot and conflict. Finally, Archbishop Theophilus went the way of all flesh, and his nephew, St. Cyril, succeeded him.

This cruel, fanatical Father of the Church, was born in 376. He was called to occupy his uncle's throne in 412. From all that can be learned of him, he appears to have been a testy, turbulent, headstrong prelate, who quarreled with everybody and everything. He had been expressly prepared for his office by a residence of five years among the monks of Nitria. There were at the time within the walls of Alexandria, not less than forty thousand Jews. St. Cyril signalized his unscrupulous zeal by sacking the synagogues, pillaging the houses of the Jews, and finally, at the head of his old associates, the Nitrian monks, who had swarmed into the town from the desert, succeeded in driving them from the city. Orestes, the Governor, while endeavoring to stop the riot, was assaulted and wounded in the head by a stone thrown by one of the monks.

The Alexandrian school was celebrated for its mathematicians. It had produced some of the most remarkable men in

the history of science. Here Euclid taught, and wrote that immortal work on Geometry which still bears his name, and which has extorted admiration from all posterity as the model of correct and perspicuous exposition. Here had the great Archimedes made his mechanical discoveries and inventions, and conveyed his magnificent sense of mastery and trust in the universality of natural law in the well-known saying, "Give me whereon to stand and I will move the world."

Here Eratostheus demonstrated the rotundity of the earth; Apolonius invented the first clock; Hero the first steam engine, and here flourished Hippocrates, the father of medicine. Here also lived, in the time of Cyril, Theon the Younger, the famous mathematician and Platonic philosopher. He wrote commentaries on the *Almagest* of Ptolemy, and edited the works of Euclid. The beautiful and gifted Hypatia was Theon's daughter. She had become celebrated all through the East by her expositions of the Neo-Platonic and peripatetic doctrines of philosophy in the Academy at Alexandria. The wealth and fashion of the emporium of the oriental world crowded her lecture room, and long trains of chariots daily stood before her door. She was honored for her virtue, and grace, and talents, and her aristocratic audiences rivaled those of Cyril, the archbishop. She was considered by Christians as a pagan sorceress. At last it could be no longer borne that the learned and lovely enchantress should divide the great metropolis with the powerful prelate. In the sweet person of Hypatia seemed typified the witchery and magic of classic Greece, her art, her poetry, her philosophy. Cyril was the personal embodiment of ecclesiastical ambition and intolerance. These two now stood face to face in the City of Alexandria—the former armed with the bright sword blade of reason; the latter with the iron mace of brutality. The finely-tempered Grecian steel is shattered by one swift, tremendous blow.

And now occurs one of the most tragic scenes that blacken the long, bloody catalogue of Christian crime. One day, in

414, Hypatia went forth to her academy. She is met by Cyril's mob—a merciless mob of many monks. They drag her from her chariot and strip her naked in the public street. They drag her into a Christian church and, in that sacred edifice, she is killed by the cruel club of Peter, the reader. The murderous monks then outrage the naked corpse, dismember it, scrape the flesh from the bones with oyster shells, and cast the remains into the fire. A Christian saint has glutted his vengeance. He has removed the great obstacle in his way to uncontrolled power in the city. With his clumsy club of bigotry he has given science a deadly blow, and it must now sink into obscurity. And it did; it finally expired in the intellectual metropolis of the world. It henceforth, through the long, dark, Christian ages, lay dead and prostrate at the feet of the Church.

Thus perished, in her fresh, fair, youth, the loveliest and most intellectual lady that ever fell a victim to religious riot and persecution. Her crime was having taught Homer and Plato and expounded the teachings of Apollonius and Aristotle to the academy of Alexandria. For this, a Christian saint incensed the populace against her, and her naked, bleeding body was dragged into a Christian church to be outraged and burnt. Though this crime of Cyril passed unquestioned, his memory will have to bear the weight of the righteous execration of mankind through all the after ages. This saint and champion, of the church died in 444.

THE HOLY INQUISITION—STATISTICS FURNISHED BY LA ROY
SUNDERLAND.

Sectarianism has always opposed human liberty, of which individual sovereignty is the only true foundation.

In the time of Torquemada, the first grand inquisitor of Spain, from 1481 to 1498, 10,220 persons were burned in effigy, and 97,071 were condemned to the galleys and to prison.

From 1495 to 1507 there were 2,598 persons burned alive;

820 burned in effigy; and 32,752 consigned to the galleys or to prison.

From 1507 to 1517, 3,564 were burned; 2,352 were burned in effigy; and 48,059 condemned to the galleys and to prison.

From 1517 to 1521, under Adrian Florencio, the victims were 1,620 burned alive; 560 burned in effigy; and 5,060 sent to the prisons and galleys.

From 1521 to 1522 there were 324 burned alive; 112 burned in effigy; 4,481 sent to the galleys and prisons.

From 1523 to 1538, under Alfonso Manriquez, 2,250 individuals were burned at the stake; 1,122 were burned in effigy; and 11,250 were condemned to the galleys and to prison.

From 1538 to 1545 there were burned alive 480 persons; burned in effigy, 420; imprisoned, 6,550.

From 1545 to 1546, in the reign of Charles V., 1,305 were burned; 660 burned in effigy; and 6,660 imprisoned. During the reign of Philip II., the numbers were, burned alive, 3,990; in effigy, 1,845; imprisoned or sent to the galleys, 18,430. In the reign of Philip III., between 1597 and 1621, there were burned alive, 692; burned in effigy, 10,716. Under Philip IV., burned alive, 546; in effigy, 652. Under Philip V., from 1700 to 1746, they burned 1,600 persons alive, 760 in effigy, and sent 9,120 to the galleys and prison. In the reign of Charles VI., from 1788 to 1808, the numbers diminished still more; one person only was condemned to be burnt in effigy, and forty-two sent to the galleys. It was evident that the time of desolation had come; the holy tribunal was forced to abdicate before the civil spirit of the age—it was sufficient for its glory that it had fulfilled its duty for three hundred and thirty-nine years.

What can be more eloquent than this naked summary of figures in three hundred and thirty-nine years? Thanks to the decrees of the Holy Inquisition, 33,658 "souls were dismissed to hell after their accursed bodies had been burned to ashes at the stake, 18,490 were burnt in effigy, and 288,214

sent to the galleys and prisons—a punishment, perhaps, involving greater misery than that of suffering at the stake.”

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

[From Bennett's Champions of the Church.]

Philip II., the “Demon of the South,” was a crowned cut-throat. He was the only legitimate son of the Emperor Charles V., who left him the kingdom of Spain and her dependencies, on his abdication, 1555. His whole life was spent in an endeavor, however vain, to suppress the Reformation and exterminate the reformers. His robber father had left his kingdom with the injunction to preserve, in all its purity, the holy Catholic faith; but Philip needed no encouragement in a work so congenial to his nature. His thirst for the lives of heretics was unquenchable. “It is probable,” says Lafuente, the Spanish historian, “that had the Inquisition not existed, he would have invented it.” Certainly no inquisitor was ever more cruel than he, no fanatic more zealous in spreading the Gospel of Christ. He used all his energies, all the power and wealth of his vast possessions, to accomplish his darling dream of murdering Protestants.

* * * * *

Philip returned to Spain determined to extirpate heresy by extirpating the heretics. The Inquisition was kept busy, and a dozen new bishoprics created and filled by the Pope, each Bishop being head Inquisitor for his district. Inquisitorial agents were appointed by them, scaffolds were erected, stakes planted, dungeons built, and everything possible was done to win the erring children back to the bosom of their mother Church. The inquisitors were ordered to make it known that they were not doing their own work, but that of Christ.

* * * * *

Titelmann was the most active of all the agents in the religious persecutions at this time, but he had held his office for

many years. The provinces reeked with his murders. He burned men for idle words or suspected thoughts; he rarely waited for deeds. Hearing once that a certain schoolmaster was "addicted to reading the Bible," he summoned him before him and proceeded to catechise him. The schoolmaster soon convicted himself by his admissions of his doubts upon the dogmas of the Church. Titelmann commanded him to recant. He refused. "Do you not love your wife and children?" asked the fiendish inquisitor. "If the whole world were of gold, and my own," answered the heroic heretic, "I would give it all only to have them with me, even had I to live on bread and water and in bondage." "You have, then, only to renounce the error of your opinions," responded the churchman. "Neither for wife, children, nor all the world, can I renounce my belief," answered the prisoner. Thereupon, Titelmann condemned him to be burned. He was strangled, and then thrown into the flames.

About the same time, a tapestry weaver of Tournay, Thomas Coleberg, was convicted of having copied some hymns from a book printed in Geneva. Titelmann burned him alive. Another man, for the horrible crime of being an Anabaptist,* was hacked to death with seven blows of a rusty sword, in the presence of his wife, who was so horror-stricken that she died on the spot before her husband.

In the same year Walter Kapell, a man of considerable property and noted for his charities, was burned at the stake for his heretical opinions. At Tournay, one of the citizens in Titelmann's district, Bertrand C. Blas, a velvet manufacturer, for having broken and trampled on a wafer, supposed to be the body of Christ, suffered a terrible punishment. He was put thrice to the torture, after which, he was dragged on a hur-

*One who denies the validity of infant baptism, and who, of course, maintains that those who have been baptized in their infancy ought to be baptized again. With these sentiments is generally united the belief that baptism ought always to be performed by immersion.—*Webster*.

dle, with his mouth closed with an iron gag, to the market place. Here his right hand and foot were burned and twisted off between two red-hot irons; his tongue was then torn out by the roots; with his arms and legs fastened together behind his back, he was hooked by the middle of his body to an iron chain, and made to swing to and fro over a slow fire until he was entirely roasted. His life lasted almost to the end of the ingenious tortures. Titlemann also caused the arrest of a protestant family, Robert Ogier, his wife and two sons. The father and eldest son were immediately condemned to the stake. "Oh, God!" prayed the youth writhing in the flames, "Eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives in the name of thy beloved Son." "Thou liest, scoundrel!" fiercely interrupted a monk, who was heaping fuel upon the fire, "God is not your father; ye are the devil's children." As the hot flames rose higher about them, the poor boy, losing his senses, once more cried out: "Look, my father, all heaven is opening, and I see ten hundred thousand angels (*spirits*) rejoicing over us. Let us be glad for we are dying for the truth." "Thou liest! thou liest!" again screamed the monk, "all hell is opening and you see ten thousand devils thrusting you into eternal fire."

* * * * *

The Lutherans and Calvinists now began to assemble in armed bodies in the open air to listen to the doctrines of the reformers, and the royal troops were sent to disperse them. The protestant preachers recited the valiant deeds of Joshua, Judas Maccabeus and other Bible heroes, put a good deal of trust in God, and entreated their followers to resist to the last. One, Pierre Cornaille, a locksmith and Calvinist preacher, collected a force of nearly three thousand rustics, young students, and mechanics at Lanoy, and announced his determination to hold the fort against the enemies of his so-called God. Philip dispatched one of his Generals, Naircarnes, to convert him and his followers back to the Catholic faith. Naircarnes

destroyed half of them at the very first charge. The preacher thought well, but his undisciplined force could not oppose the trained troops of Philip. A thousand were soon stretched upon the field dead; others were hunted into the river. According to the Catholic accounts, "twenty-six hundred were killed within an hour." It would require volumes to give anything like a full account of the atrocities of the inquisition, and the continued bloody slaughters that Christianity has perpetrated, and I give these limited sketches as a mere sample of them only.

What a horrible state of society it was when the Spanish Inquisition ruled! It may be said that Christianity, the religion of the Bible, was not to blame for that; but I am prepared to show that it was. That doctrine is as plainly taught as any in the Bible. Listen to what this Bible says:

"If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known — thou nor thy fathers — namely, of the gods of the people which are round about you, nigh unto thee, or far off from thee, from the one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth, thou shalt not consent unto him nor hearken unto him; neither shalt thine eye pity him; neither shall thou spare him; neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him; but thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people." (Deuteronomy xiii. 6, 7, 8, 9).

The Catholics slaughtered the Calvinists, and Calvin burned Servetus at the stake by a slow fire in his turn. The Catholics persecuted the Protestants to the death and they returned the compliment so soon as they got the power. For

the proof of which I refer you to the following authentic account of Church and State in England—the Protestant Episcopal Church over the Roman Catholic :

PROTESTANT PERSECUTIONS—WILLIAM COBBETT ON THE ENGLISH CHURCH—A LETTER TO LORD TENDERTEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND. APRIL 6, 1829.

My Lord : I have read the report of your lordship's speech made on the 4th inst. on the second reading of the Catholic bill; and there is one passage of it on which I think it my duty thus publicly to remark. The passage to which I allude relates to the *character* of the *law-established church*, and also to the probable fate that will, in consequence of this bill, attend her in Ireland.

Now, with very sincere respect for your lordship, I do think it my duty to the people of this country to show that the character which you have given to the Church of England, as by *law* established, is not correct; to show that she is not, and never has been, *tolerant in matters of religion*: and is not, nor ever has been, *favorable to civil liberty*. In short, with more sincere respect for your lordship, with greater respect for you than I ever had for any public functionary in England, and with the greatest admiration of your conduct in your high and important office—with all these, I think it my duty “flatly to contradict” your lordship with regard to the character of this Church, and especially in the two particulars mentioned by you. I do not charge you with insincerity; for why should you not be in error as to this matter, when I know that “twenty or thirty years ago” I myself should, in a similar case, have said just what you have now said on this subject? Nevertheless, it being error, and gross error to, and I “knowing it to be error,” I am bound, in duty to my readers, to expose the

error; and I am more strictly bound because this error coming from you is more likely to be widely spread.

First, then, my lord, let us take your proposition "that there is no church so tolerant as this." I am sure your lordship has never read her history; I am sure you have not. If you had, you never would have uttered these words. Not being content to deal in general terms, I will not say she has been, and was from the outset, the most intolerant Church that the world ever saw; that she started at first armed with halters, ripping-knives, axes and racks; that her footsteps were marked with blood, while her back bent under the plunder of her innumerable innocent victims; and that for refinement in cruelty, and extent of rapacity she never had an equal, whether corporate or sole. I will not thus speak of her in general terms, but I will lay before your lordship some historical *facts*, to make good that *contradiction* which I have given to your words. I assert that this law-church is the most INTOLERANT church I ever read or heard of; and this assertion I now proceed to make good.

This church began to exist in 1547, and in the reign of Edward VI. Until now the religion of the country had been for several years under the tyrant Henry VII., a sort of mongrel; but now it became wholly Protestant by LAW. The Articles of Religion and the Common Prayer-book were now drawn up, and were established by acts of Parliament. The Catholic altars were pulled down in all the churches; the priests, on pain of ouster and fine, were compelled to teach the new religion, that is to say, to be apostates; and the people who had been born and bred Catholics were not only punished if they heard mass, but were also punished if they did not go to hear the new parsons; that is to say, if they refused to become apostates. The people, smarting under this tyranny, rose in insurrection in several parts, and, indeed, all over the country. They complained that they had been robbed of their religion, and of the relief to the poor which the old church

gave; and they demanded that the mass and the monasteries should be restored, and that the priests should not be allowed to marry. And how were they answered? The bullet and bayonet at the hands of German troops slaughtered a part, caused another part to be imprisoned and flogged, and the remainder to submit, outwardly, at least, to the law-church. And now mark this tolerant and merciful church. Many of the old monastics and priests, who had been expelled from their convents and livings, were compelled to beg their bread about the country, and thus found subsistence among the pious Catholics. This was an eye-sore to the law-church, who deemed the very existence of these men, who refused to apostatize, a libel on her. Therefore, in company, actually in company with the law that founded the new church, came forth a law to punish beggars, by burning them in the face with a red-hot iron, and by making them slaves for two years, with power in their masters to make them wear an iron collar. Your lordship must have read this act of Parliament, passed in the first year of the first Protestant reign, and coming forth in company with the Common Prayer-book. This was tolerant work to be sure; and fine proof we have here of this church being "favorable to civil and religious liberty." Not content with stripping these faithful Catholic priests of their livings; not content with turning them out upon the wide world, this tolerant church must cause them to perish with hunger or be branded slaves.

Such was the tolerant spirit of this church when she was young. As to her burnings under Cranmer (who made the Prayer-book), they are hardly worthy of particular notice, when we have before us the sweeping cruelties of this first Protestant reign, during which, short as it was, the people of England suffered so much that the suffering actually thinned their numbers; it was a people partly destroyed, and that, too, in the space of about six years; and this is acknowledged even in acts of Parliament of that day. But this law church was established in reality during the reign of Elizabeth, which

lasted forty-five years; that is, from 1588 to 1633; and though this church has always kept up its character, even to the present day, its deeds during this long reign are the most remarkable.

Elizabeth established what she called "a court of high commission," consisting chiefly of bishops of your lordship's "most tolerant church," in order to punish all who did not conform to her religious creed, she being "the head of the church." This commission was empowered to have control over the "opinions" of all men, and to punish all men according to their "discretion, short of death." They had power to extort evidence by the prison or by the rack. They had power to compel a man (on oath) to "reveal his thoughts," and to "accuse his friend, brother, parent, wife, or child; and this, too, on "pain of death." These monsters, in order to "discover priests," and to crush the old religion, "fined, imprisoned, racked," and did such things as would have made Nero shudder to think of. They sent hundreds to the rack in order to get from them confessions, "on which confessions many of them were put to death."

I have not room to make even an enumeration of the deeds of religious persecution during this long and "tolerant" reign; but I will state a few of them.

1. It was *death* to make a new Catholic priest within the kingdom.
2. It was *death* for a Catholic priest to come into the kingdom from abroad.
3. It was *death* to harbor a Catholic priest coming from abroad.
4. It was *death* to confess to such a priest.
5. It was *death* for any priest to say mass.
6. It was *death* for any one to hear mass.
7. It was *death* to *deny*, or *not to swear*, if called on, that this woman was the head of the church of Christ.
8. It was an offense (punishable with a heavy fine) *not to go*

to the Protestant Church. This fine was £20 a lunar month, or £250 a year, and of our present money £3,250 a year. Thousands upon thousands refused to go to the law-church, and thus the *head* of the church sacked thousands upon thousands of estates! The poor conscientious Catholics who refused to go to the "most tolerant church," and who had no money to pay fines, were crammed into the jails until the counties petitioned to be relieved from keeping them. They were then discharged, being first publicly whipped, and having their ears bored with a red-hot iron. But this very great "toleration" not answering the purpose, an act was passed to banish for life all these non-goers to church, if they were not worth twenty pounds; and, in case of return, they were to be punished with death.

I am, my lord, not making loose assertions here; I am all along stating from acts of Parliament, and the above form a small sample of the whole; and this your lordship must know well. I am not declaiming, but relating undeniable facts; with facts of the same character, with a *bare list*, made in the above manner, I could fill a considerable volume. The names of the persons put to death merely for being Catholics, during this long and dreary reign, would, especially if we were to include Ireland, form a list ten times as long as that of our army and navy, both taken together. The usual mode of inflicting death was to hang the victim for a short time, just to benumb his or her faculties, then cut down and instantly rip open the belly, and tear out the heart, and hold it up, fling the bowels into the fire, then chop off the head, and cut the body into quarters, then boil the head and quarters, and then hang them up at the gates of cities, or other conspicuous places. This was done, including Ireland, to many hundreds of persons, merely for adhering to the church in which they had been born and bred. There were one hundred and eighty-seven ripped up and boiled in England in the years from 1577 to 1603; that is to say, in the last twenty-six years of Elizabeth's reign; and these might all have been spared if they would

agree to go to church and hear the common prayer! All, or nearly all of them were racked before they were put to death; and the cruelties in prison, and the manner of execution, were the most horrible that can be conceived. They were flung into dungeons, kept in their filth, and fed on bullock's liver, boiled and unwashed tripe, and such things as dogs are fed on. Edwards Genings, a priest, detected in saying mass in Holborn, was after sentence of death offered his pardon if he would go to church; but having refused to do this, and having at the place of execution boldly said that he would die a thousand deaths rather than acknowledge the Queen to be the spiritual head of the Church, Topliffe, the Attorney-General, ordered the rope to be cut the moment the victim was turned off, "so that (says this historian) "the priest being little or nothing stunned, stood on his feet casting his eyes towards heaven, till the hangman tripped up his heels, and flung him on the block, where he was ripped up and quartered." He was so much alive, even after the bowling, that he cried with a loud voice, "Oh! it smarts!" And then he exclaimed, *Sancte Gregorie, orâ pro me,*" while the hangman having sworn a most wicked oath, cried "Zounds! his heart is in my hand, and yet Gregory is in his mouth!"

This "tolerance" of the law-church was shown towards women as well as towards men. There was a Mrs. Ward, who, for assisting a priest to escape from prison (the crime of that priest being saying mass) was imprisoned, flogged, racked, and finally hanged, ripped up and quartered. She was executed at Tyburn, on the 30th of August, 1588. At her trial the Judges asked if she had done the thing laid to her charge. She said "Yes!" and that she was happy to reflect that she had been the means of "delivering that innocent lamb from the hands of those bloody wolves." They in vain endeavored to terrify her into a confession relative to the place whither the priest was gone; and when they found threats unavailing, they promised her pardon if she would go to church; but she

answered that she would loose many lives if she had them rather than acknowledge that heretical church. They, therefore, treated her very savagely, and ripped her up while in her senses.

There was a Mrs. Clithero pressed to death at York in the year 1556. She was a lady of good family, and her crime was relieving and harboring priests. She refused to plead, that she might not tell a lie nor expose others to danger. She was therefore pressed to death in the following manner: She was laid on the floor, on her back. Her hands and feet were bound down as close as possible. Then a great door was laid upon her, and many hundred weights placed upon that door. Sharp stones were put under her back, and the weights, pressing upon her body, first broke her ribs, and finally, though by no means quickly, extinguished life. Her husband was forced to flee the country; her little children, who wept for their dear, good mother, were taken up, and being questioned concerning their religious belief, and answering as they were taught by her, were severely whipped, and the eldest, who was but twelve years old, was cast into prison.

Need I go on, my lord? Twenty large volumes, allotting only one page to each case, would not, if we were to include Ireland, contain an account of those who have fallen victims to their refusal to conform to this "most tolerant church in the world." Nay, a hundred volumes, each volume being five hundred pages, and one page allowed to each victim, would not suffice for the holding of this bloody record. Short of death by ripping up, there was death by martial law, death in prison, and this in cases without number, banishment, and loss of estate. Doctor Bridgewater, in a tale published by him at the end of the "*Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*," gives the names of about twelve hundred who had suffered in this way before the year 1558—that is to say, before the heat of the "tolerance." In this list there were twenty-one bishops, one hundred and twenty monastics, thirteen deans, fourteen archdeacons, sixty

prebendaries, five hundred and thirty priests, forty-nine doctors of divinity, eighteen doctors of law, fifteen masters of colleges, eight earls, ten barons, twenty-six knights, three hundred and twenty-six gentlemen, sixty ladies and gentlewomen. Many of these, and, indeed, the greater part of them, died in prison, and many of them died while under sentence of death.

There, my lord, I do not think that you will question the truth of this statement; and if you cannot, I hope you will allow that no lover of truth and justice ought to be silent while reports of speeches are circulating calling this "the most tolerant church in the world." But, my lord, why need I, in addressing myself to you on this subject, do more than refer you to the cruel, the savage, the bloody penal code? Leaving poor, half-minded Ireland out of the question, what have I to do in answer to the praises of this church and your assertion as to its tolerance but to request you to remember the enactments in the following acts of Elizabeth, the head and the establisher of this church? Stat. i, ch. 1 and 2; stat. v, ch. 1; stat. xii, ch. 2; stat. xxiii, ch. 1; stat. vxvii, ch. 2; stat. xxix, ch. 6; stat. xxxv, ch. 1 and 2. What have I to do, my lord, but to request you to look at, or rather to call to mind, those laws of plunder and of blood; fine, fine, fine; banish, banish, banish; or, death, death, death, in every line? Your lordship knows that this is true; you know that all these horrors, all this hellish tyranny, the whole arose out of a desire to make this Protestant Church predominant. How, then, can this Protestant Church be called "the most tolerant Church in the world?" I have here given a mere sample of the doings of this law-church. I have not taken your lordship to Ireland, half-murdered Ireland; nor have I even hinted at many acts done in England during Elizabeth's reign, each of which would have excited the indignation of every virtuous man on earth; but I must not omit to mention two traits of tolerance in this church: First, Edward VI was advised to "bring his sister Mary to trial," and of course to punishment, for not conform-

ing to the law-church ; and she was saved only by the menaces of her cousin, the emperor Charles V. Second, when Mary, Queen of Scotland, had been condemned to die, she, though she earnestly sued for it, was not allowed to have a priest to perform the religious offices deemed so necessary in such cases. They brought the Protestant Dean of Peterborough to pray by or with her, but she would not hear him. When her head fell upon the block the Dean exclaimed : "So let our Queen's enemies perish !" And the Earl of Kent responded "Amen." Baker, in his *Chronicle*, p. 273, says that the death of this Queen was earnestly desired, because "that if she lived, the religion received in England could not subsist."

This church has been no changeling ; she has been of the same character from the day of her establishment to the present hour. In Ireland her deeds have surpassed those of Mohammed ; but it would take a large volume to put down a bare list of her intolerant deeds. She at last, however, seems to be nearly at the end of her tether ; the nation has always been making sacrifices to her haughty predominance. Boulogne and Calais were the first sacrifices ; "poor rates," an "enormous debt," "a standing army" and a "civil list" have followed ; all, yea all, to be ascribed to the predominance of this church, and her haughty spirit of ascendancy. But now the nation has made so many and such great sacrifices to her, that "it can make no more." It cannot venture on "another civil war" (about the twentieth) in order to support the ascendancy of this church, and be you assured, my lord, that that hierarchy in Ireland, to uphold which you seem so very anxious, is not much longer to be upheld by any power on earth, seeing that all the miseries of Ireland, all of them, without a single exception, are to be traced directly to that hierarchy ; and in these miseries "England sees terrific danger."

The case is very plain. The opponents of the Catholic bill say, We dislike it because it exposes the church, and especially "the Irish church," to imminent "danger." The answer of

the Duke is, I cannot prevent this danger without "risking a civil war;" and the state cannot afford that. The law-church might reply, Why, there have been many civil wars carried on for the purpose of upholding my ascendancy; but to that the Duke might rejoin. Very true; but we now have a paper money system (also made to uphold you) "which cannot live in civil war," and the death of which may produce that of the state itself; and, therefore, you must now be left to support your ascendancy by your talents, piety, zeal, charity, humility and sound doctrine. This is the true state of the case, my lord, and therefore, unless the church can support itself by these means, it is manifestly destined to fall. I am, your lordship's most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

The following is taken from a copy of the Chicago *Sentinel* of recent date, and gives expression to the dangers that menace our own Republic from like causes. The motto of General Jackson was, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and let us not forget it:

STAND BY YOUR GUNS.

The most important question that has come before the courts, since the trial of D. M. Bennett in New York, is the question just decided by Judge Barnum, of Chicago, that the people have the right under the national Constitution to keep and bear arms with or without the permission of the Legislature of the State of Illinois. In so holding, Judge Barnum has shown himself capable of comprehending the spirit of the Constitution, and the principles of republican government, and deserves very high praise as a fearless, conscientious, and clear-headed jurist. The question was whether the Militia act of the last Legislature, which prohibits the bearing of arms by

military companies, except such as are therein designated and provided for, is constitutional. Judge Barnum holds that the act is in conflict with the provision of the federal Constitution that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." He holds that this right is not a collective right to be regulated by a state legislature, but that it is an individual right of each and every citizen of each and every state; that the militia law is an "infringement" of the right of every citizen. In this decision Judge Barnum is eminently right. The decision will take rank with Judge Mansfield's decision in the celebrated Somerset case, and other decisions upholding the safeguards which the spirit of the law has placed around personal liberty. "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." In all despotisms, "when the powers which be," which the people have always been told, are "ordained of God," have succeeded in securing the disarming of the people, and the absolute control of the arms-bearing populace, such despotisms have been made absolute and as safe as a despotism can be.

In this republic the tendencies have been very apparent, of late years, towards despotic, class, church, and party rule. Wealth seeks to control and does largely control legislation in its own interests. The church and wealth are one in interest, and wealth never objects to what the church asks for, and the church never objects to what wealth seeks. The party in power is always obsequious, hat in hand before wealth and the church, and scruples at nothing to perpetuate its control of the government. Party henchmen seek to use the army, the treasury, the church, and the wealth of the nation, as far as possible, to secure party majorities. The national soldiery at the polls has finally seized upon the ballot-box in the interest of the party in power. The party in power has, at the request of the church, submitted an amendment to the Constitution, known as the Edmunds amendment, the object of which is to unite church and state. It has sought to destroy the freedom

of the press, and has thrust men into dungeons for heresy under the obscene literature act. It remains only to take away the right of the people to keep and bear arms, and to establish a standing army under the soft name of a state militia, to completely enslave the minority of the people, and probably the majority, to the party which happens to be dominant. We are fast drifting, without knowing it, into despotism, under republican forms, a despotism of money and ecclesiasticism ; a religio plutocracy, which, if permitted to seize upon the exclusive control of arms and military stores, and to disarm the people, can and will probably change the republic in form, as well as essentially, into a permanent class government.

The devil works best in the livery of heaven. What would be impossible without a mask becomes easy in a religious or republican disguise. When the church proposed the Edmunds amendment, it did it under the pretense of "recognizing God in the Constitution." It was and is a pious fraud, to catch and completely harness the national government to the car of the Protestant Church. This scheme is not dead, nor does it sleep, but it is being pushed as vigorously as fanaticism, ecclesiastical cunning, and religious contribution-boxes will do it. All church property is already exempt from taxation, amounting to many hundred millions. When church and republic are one, when the hand of the nondescript despotism that shall hold the scepter of a united republican state and Protestant church shall clutch and wield a standing army of state militia, and disarm the people, what, pray, will be left of liberty in this country ?

The necks of the people will then be absolutely under the relentless heel of a religious plutocracy worse than Elizabethan Catholicism or the foul and rapacious tyranny of Louis XVI. and the Jesuit priests.

As long as the right of the people to keep and bear arms is not infringed, the road to such a despotism will not be an easy Jordan to travel, and liberty will be reasonably secure.

Money and bigotry, cant and superstition, will, though wielding a fearful power, encounter insurmountable difficulties in the effort to capture this republic while the people are not disarmed.

That there has been quietly organized a deep laid plot to accomplish all this, and to crown the nineteenth century with the hideous ceremonies of the sixteenth, there is abundant evidence on every hand.

If it had not been for German immigration, by which Protestant and Puritan bigotry has had to encounter a million so-called Infidel votes that have controlled parties, it is fair to suppose that church and state would have been united by this time, and we would have had a constitutional religion to support which all the property of the people would have been openly and directly taxed. German immigration has saved the republic. The founders of the republic, Paine, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, were Infidels, so-called, who hated religious bigotry and intolerance as cordially as they hated the tyranny of Great Britain. This is why they absolutely divorced church and state, and provided positive and unequivocal safeguards for the protection of religious liberty. Insidious sapping and mining by the church has destroyed those safeguards, or seriously menaced their existence; religious immunity no longer exists; spies and informers, and bigotry on the bench, imprison honest good men for opinion's sake.

Explicit provisions were also placed in the Constitution to guard civil rights. Among them was this most vital provision, that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall never be infringed." This provision must not be stricken down by the courts, state or federal! It must not be overridden by state or national legislation! It must be upheld by the people with "eternal vigilance." The people must stand by the judges who uphold it. United plutocracy and ecclesiasticism must not rule this republic. The use of arms must not be infringed by any power, nor forgotten by the people.

The fathers learned the use of arms by fighting savages and wild beasts. This enabled them to fight George III. successfully. It may become necessary to fight an army in this country worse than Great Britain's or Jeff. Davis's, that liberty may be preserved. That enemy is the united tyranny of canting, cruel religious bigotry, and rapacious, unfeeling, and unscrupulous wealth.

A. J. GROVER.

To show that Thomas Paine, the instigator of the *Declaration of Independence*, by the people of the United States,—who was really the father of our liberties—was *inspired*, (subject to spirit influence) I quote from his own words, as follows :

I had no disposition for what is called politics. It presented to my mind no other idea than is contained in the word jockeyship. When, therefore, I turned my thoughts towards matters of government, I had to form a system for myself, that accorded with the moral and philosophic principles in which I had been educated. I saw, or at least I thought I saw, a vast scene opening itself to the world in the affairs of America; and it appeared to me, that unless the Americans changed the plan they were then pursuing, with respect to the government of England, and declared themselves independent, they would not only involve themselves in a multiplicity of new difficulties, but shut out the prospect that was then offering itself to mankind through their means. It was from these motives that I published the work known by the name "*Common Sense*," which is the first work I ever did publish; and so far as I can judge of myself, I believe I should never have been known in the world as an author, on any subject whatever, had it not been for the affairs of America. I wrote "*Common Sense*" the latter end of the year 1775, and published it the first

of January, 1776. Independence was declared the fourth of July following."

Mr. Paine continues :—

Any person who has made observations on the state and progress of the human mind, by observing his own, cannot but have observed that there are two distinct classes of what are called Thoughts ; those that we produce in ourselves by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that bolt into the mind (by spirit influence—T. S. A.) of their own accord. I have always made it a rule to treat those voluntary visitors with civility, taking care to examine, as well as I was able, if they were worth entertaining ; and it is from them I have acquired almost all of the knowledge that I have. As to the learning that any person gains from school education, it serves only like a small capital, to put him in the way of beginning learning for himself afterwards. Every person of learning is finally his own teacher, the reason of which is, that principles, being quality to circumstances, cannot be impressed upon the memory ; their place of mental residence is the understanding, and they are never so lasting as when they begin by conception.—(By spiritual impression, T. S. A.)

Mr. Paine further says :—

Soon after I had published the pamphlet, "*Common Sense*," in America, I saw the exceeding probability that a revolution in the system of Government would be followed by a revolution in the system of religion. The adulterous connection of Church and State, wherever it had taken place, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, had so effectually prohibited, by pains and penalties, every discussion upon established creeds, and upon first principles of religion, that until the system of government was changed, these subjects could not be brought fairly and openly before the world ; but that when-

ever this should be done, a revolution in the system of religion would follow. Human inventions and priestcraft would be detected; and man would return to the pure, unmixed, and unadulterated belief of one God, and no more—every national church or religion has established itself by pretending some especial mission from God communicated through certain individuals, as if the way to God was not open to every man alike. It is impossible to calculate the moral mischief, if I may so express it, that mental lying has produced in society. When a man has so far corrupted and prostituted the chastity of his mind, as to subscribe his professional belief to things he does not believe, he has prepared himself for the commission of every other crime.

Mr. Paine says that "*infidelity* consists in pretending to believe what one does not believe," and he refers to the fact that the Christian scheme of redemption is founded on the financial system that one man can volunteer to pay another man's debts.

Our forefathers, with Thomas Paine as their inspired prompter, knowing well the desultory conditions of the old world, by reason of the usurpations of the church (church and state, with the church on top) made the wise provision in our organic plan of confederation, that the church should forever stand aloof and have no connection with the state. They made our Constitution wholly secular. But of late, the church seeing that light and knowledge is being spread abroad in the land; that science is doing its work to enlighten the people, and thereby that "*infidelity*"* is making great strides, they have become alarmed,

*Humanitarianism.

and have formed a project whereby they hope to gain the reins of government, and have the Constitution, under which we have so greatly prospered, altered, and the intermarriage of the church and state enacted. And to effect this scheme, they commenced about the year 1871 or '72, to form what is known as Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the nation, to control politics, and they now control the Republican party. It is the party in power that they work with. When slavery was an institution of the country, and the Democratic party was in power, they were with them and upheld slavery. But the liberals of the nation are now forming leagues throughout the land as an offset, with the hope to retain the liberties our fathers gave us. We shall see!

CHAPTER VII.

A few words from the renowned Thomas Paine on Christianity—

“A religion that will shock a child cannot be true”—Sayyed A Badawy, a Mohammedan, on Christianity—“Water added to Mud”—D. M. Bennett on Gods, Devils, Izeds, Devas, Gnomes, Genii, Gorgons, Fates, Furies, Harpies, Naiads, Sprites, Fairies, Hobgoblins, Giants, Dwarfs, Elves, Hulders, Trolls, Witches, etc.—“The Sun of Truth has risen, and its light-giving rays will eventually lighten the civilized world.”

HOMAS PAINE says:—

From the time I was capable of conceiving an idea, and acting upon it by reflection, I either doubted the truth of the Christian system, or thought it to be a strange affair; I scarcely knew which it was; but I well remember, when about seven or eight years of age, hearing a sermon read by a relative of mine, who was a great devotee of church, upon the subject of what is called *Redemption by the death of the Son of God*. After the sermon was ended, I went into the garden, and as I was going down the garden steps (for I perfectly recollect the spot) I revolted at the recollection of what I had heard, and thought to myself that it was making God Almighty act like a passionate man, that killed his son, when he could not revenge himself any other way, and as I was sure a man would be hanged that did such a thing, I could not see for what purpose they preached such sermons. This was not one of that kind of thoughts that had anything in it of childish levity; it was to me a serious reflection, arising from the idea I had, that God was too good to do such an action, and also too almighty to be under any necessity of doing it. I believe in the same manner at this moment; and I moreover believe, that any system

of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child, cannot be a true system.

What Badawy says —

Sayyed A. Badawy is a Mohammedan, living at Alexandria, and he has sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a rather curious letter on what he calls the failure of Christianity. It is, (says a writer) beyond doubt, and nothing but rational. He observes :

To say that real Christianity has been prevented by the gloomy ages of the past, or was erased immediately after Christ, by those who had the power of killing Christ himself; and all the present forms of Christianity are not worthy to be named as such.

Luther's works, he calls "a noble attempt to reform" Christianity, but unfortunately it was only "the adding of so much water to mud."

What D. M. Bennett says :—

The gods and religions of the ancients is a great field for study. It shows through what almost interminable depths of error and darkness the human race has waded for thousands of years, with the almost nameless vagaries, chimeras, myths, and baseless imaginings which their illy-informed minds conceived. To look back as far as the history of the race can take us, toward the time when primitive man emerged from barbarism, it seems that one of the leading occupations to which he has given his attention has been the devising and manufacturing of gods, and he has constantly been cudgeling his brains to see how he could please or appease them after he has formed them.

Man's gods and religions had their origin in fear and ignorance, and these have indeed led him a hapless chase for thousands of years. He saw nature in all her loveliness and all her force around him, and unable to form a truthful conception of her, he imagined all possible kinds of errors and absurdities. Wherever he saw action or motion he supposed some invisible being dwelt there who delighted in ministering to his comfort or adding to his disquietude. Thus he located a god, a devil, or a sprite in every breeze, in the clouds, in the moving leaves of trees, in the waving grass, in flowing streams, in waterfalls, in the ocean, in the burning rays of the sun, in the frosts and storms of winter, in lightning, thunder, and the tornado. He located one of these invisible personages in every whirlwind, in every cascade, in every glen, dell, and cavern. He had a god for the morning, one for the noon-day, one for the twilight, and one for midnight darkness. Every element and force in nature was thus personified or placed under the supervision of some invisible supernatural being. In this way a crude, mistaken nature-worship became the basis of the gods and religions, and the devils and demons which man imagined were tormenting him. As he found that the fierce rays of the sun, the storm and tempest, the hurricane and tornado, the bleak winds and frosts of winter, caused him more discomfort and pain than aught else, man supposed these to be controlled by evil gods or demons, whom to keep from harming him, he must placate and appease by any devices—sacrifices and oblations—within his reach.

In the world around him he saw the opposing forces of light and darkness, heat and cold, and it was quite natural for him to regard them as contending gods and devils; the sun, the source of light and heat, being the beneficent god, the source of life, plenty and happiness; while darkness and cold were monsters of evil—the direst enemies to the good divinities and to the human race. In this way, poor, ignorant man peopled the surface of the earth and the air above it with innumerable

gods, devils, izeds, devas, gnomes, genii, gorgons, fates, furies, harpies, naiads, sprites, fairies, hobgoblins, giants, dwarfs, elves, hulders, trolls, witches, and an almost endless class of similar impossible beings, formed wholly of the imagination, which no man ever has seen nor ever can see.

Interminable troubles have fallen upon the race by the mistakes which have grown out of man's ignorance and fears. Could he have had more rational views of the forces of nature and the laws which govern the universe, it would have saved him a world of terror and unhappiness. Could he have understood that everything that takes place in the world and in the universe is the result of a natural cause, and that nothing is governed by invisible, imaginary beings, it would have been immensely better for him; then he would have studied nature more and let his mind run far less upon the monstrosities which had only a fancied existence. Here is the great error which poor, mistaken man has made in all these thousands of years. He overlooked the great truth that nature and everything that has a real existence is governed by natural laws, and that no supernatural being or influence has aught to do with them. Had he not started so far amiss probably he would in time have understood that the universe comprehends and contains every form of existence, matter, and force; that it fills immensity; that there is no room within or without it for any extraneous or supernatural beings or powers, whether good or bad. Had he pursued realities more and phantoms less; had he learned that the universe contains within it all that exists; that matter and force are alike inherent in it and cannot be separated from it; that it requires no demons or sprites, or even gods, to keep it in action; no superintendents to hold it in good running order, he would have acquired a fund of important truths and have escaped a living hell of fear, terror and painful apprehension.

Man made the mistake to suppose that the vast universe, with its thousands of suns, systems, and constellations, must

needs have had a designer and creator to bring it from non-existence into existence; to convert it all from nothing and void into an immensity of something, of substance, of reality and force; and to keep it from relapsing back into nothing or reverting again to chaos, as though the universe is not itself infinite and eternal, and far more capable of acting in harmony with its own laws than any Brahma, Chang-ti, Ormuzd, Osiris, Zeus, Baal, Chemosh, Adad, Jupiter, Odin, Jah, Mumbo-Jumbo, Taroa, Manitou, or any of the numberless imaginary gods.

As the universe is the sum total of all that has an existence; as in many of its forms and conditions it is tangible, palpable, visible, it is not strange that man saw in it ample room for his contemplation, adoration, and study, but the great pity is, I repeat, that a belief in these gods and demons should ever have clouded his mind and led him into such depths or darkness and error. It has required a great loss of time to get rid of these creations of the imagination and for such men as Bruno, Copernicus, Spinoza, Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Draper, and men of grasp and clearness of intellect to come upon the stage and teach the world truths about the powers, potencies, and possibilities of the grand old universe, in place of the myths, figments, and fancies which preceded them. Could the idea of supernaturalism have escaped the mind of man entirely and he have studied and informed himself of that which is natural, that which is real and true; had he studied this world more, and other worlds less, had he studied himself and all that pertains to his welfare instead of gods and devils, inconceivably better would it have been for his happiness and prosperity.

Instead of leading a happy and peaceful life, man has lived in constant dread and terror. How to secure the good will of the gods and devils has been his greatest trouble. To facilitate this vexatious business and to save him the constant trouble of offering up prayers and sacrifices he has delegated


a considerable share of this labor to a class of his fellow-men called priests, whom he supposed had more influence with the gods than he possessed, and who for a reasonable consideration would act as proxies or mediators and make it "all right" with the celestial autocracy above. This priesthood soon became a privileged class, and held their services and intercessions with the spiritual powers to be of the greatest value to man, and for those services they levied heavy exactions and taxations. As they ruled the gods they became also the rulers of men. They assumed arrogant airs, and pretended to know far more about the will and purposes of the gods than all the world besides. They pronounced the will of the gods with great authority, and enforced their injunctions with the utmost priestly authority. This gave them great advantages over their fellow-men, and their rule became correspondingly imperative and oppressive. Their favor and influence were courted, and the greatest honors paid to them. This has enabled them to so play upon the fears and credulity of the race, not only to give them great power, but to enable them to live upon the best the earth afforded; to array themselves in rich furs and fine linen; to enjoy an immunity from toil, and to be regarded in every way as a superior class of beings. This rule of priestcraft has cost man largely of the proceeds of his labor and toil, and has fastened upon the world the numerous systems of religion and belief which man has sustained for these thousands of years. Every system of religion, from the lowest forms of fetishism, which man first accepts in his low primitive state up through the more elaborate systems which have been acknowledged in the world, has abounded in priests who have boasted of the superior power and majesty of their special gods, and of the great influence they were able to wield over them. This priestcraft has been a great incubus upon the human race, the effects of which are still plainly marked upon it. Rationalism, science, reason, and truth have yet many years of hard word to perform to remove those injurious effects; but it is gradually

being done. The sun of truth has risen, and its bright light-giving rays will eventually lighten the civilized world, and, let us hope, the entire inhabited world.

A marked peculiarity of the gods is that they have patterned closely after their makers. This has been true in point of civilization, taste, morality, and refinement. If the god-makers were but slightly advanced in intelligence, if their reasoning powers were dull and ill-developed, their gods were the same. If the god-makers were warlike, aggressive, and tyrannical, so were their gods. If they were fond of slaughters, massacres, and bloodshed, their gods showed the same traits. If they were degraded, so were their gods; if they were beastly, so were their gods; if they were gluttonous, so were their gods; if they were heartless, so were their gods; if they were revengeful and murderous, so were their gods. On the other hand, such nations as were mild in character, and disposed to live in peace with their fellow-men, had mild and peaceful gods. Whatever characteristics the devisers and makers of gods possessed were made conspicuous in their handiwork.

CHAPTER VIII.

Twenty-five years of rational industry and still sane—No tampering hypocrisy, but give us truth though the heavens fall!—Sunday-schools a hot-bed of superstition—An honest, truthful man is not an infidel—The scare-crow is dead—My children reared free from theology—What my teachings were to them—They have never dishonored me—The laws of compensation—My son a thinker and a liberal—My daughter not subject to the weakness of her sex on priestcraft—History makes as I write—Another heir born to my generation—Agnes Elizabeth Andrews—I congratulate you my children—My summing up on theology and spiritualism—Is the Christian church a moral necessity?—Japan and the United States compared--What will be the final redemption of the people?—Their redemption will be through rationalistic, humanitarian, spiritual truth—Love of man instead of false worship and blind homage to priestcraft—Evil is a use, a necessity, and true redemption comes of self-abnegation and overcoming evil with good—Is spiritualism true?—My own tests, and what Mrs. H. N. G. Butts, and William Denton have to say upon the subject—Farewell—The End.

 HAVE already explained that I think my religious experience and belief germane to my memoirs, but will now add that near thirty years ago some of my friends thought me a trifle beside myself, because I had caught a glimpse of spirit life, and fervently expressed views antagon-

istic to the prevalent popular theologies that have come down to us from the dingy ages of the past. But now, after a long, busy career, they must award an honest, upright intention, when here in my probable last affectionate address to my children, and all those I love best in the world, I still point them to those living fountains of natural spiritual truth, and endeavor to incite their reason to think, question and faithfully investigate with an honest intention after truth and for the right. I do not believe that it is best to teach what is false, to frighten the people into obedience. I believe that evil disposed persons are a thousand times more afraid of a penitentiary than they are of a future hell. The fact is though, they are steeped in it. Besides, I do not believe in *falsehood* in any shape it may be put. I do not believe in erroneous teaching that good may come of them, for in the end the result is evil. Then I say give us *truth* though the *heavens fall*. I deem the Sunday-school a hot-bed of false conceptions, that are there learned, to blind and fetter the natural love of truth and knowledge, which man ever longs to possess. I want man to have the full use of his reason, and want him to read the Bible for what it is worth, and no more. *Infidelity* is the reverse of *fidelity*, and has nothing to do with a man's belief. If he lives a truthful, honest, upright life, and seeks to do good to his fellow man, I

care not what his belief may be, he is *not an infidel*.

My children have been reared free from theology. They have never attended Sunday-schools, and I have endeavored to teach them to do right for the sake of right ; that if they act dishonorably they will feel ignobly ; and, that if they commit a crime, it will recoil upon them ; if they do noble acts it will enlarge their souls and cause them to feel nobly ; that benevolent acts and kindnesses shown to others of their fellow-beings will enlarge and quicken their benevolence, and bless them in the end ; that there is a law of compensation affixed in the very soul of nature that is extended to all and which man can never escape. I have taught them that there is no *devil* outside of themselves ; no future heaven nor hell, but that self-culture, and generous, high-minded motives will prosper them, while bad acts and a bad life will make them miserable ; that the vital, bodily powers should be conserved and the laws of health observed. And, insomuch as this appendix is not particularly addressed to my children as the two former parts of this work are, I can here speak of them with propriety, rather than to them, and I will say of them, that it is a theme of great pleasure to me, that they have learned to comprehend and honor my views and that they have never *dishonored me*. I observe that their minds enlarge with each year,

and that they come to comprehend principles and to appreciate the more substantial matters of life rather than the giddy, superfluous and superstitious.

My son is becoming a logical thinker, and is an out and out liberal; and though he resides in a thoroughly theologic college town, and is outspoken on religious subjects, yet he is respected for his honesty and industry, and has been honored with an election to office by a majority of the people of his township. It is a theme that women are the support of the church by reason of their circumscribed social position, and their necessity for recognition and moral standing; but were all like my daughter, ministers would have to seek other employment. In a recent letter she advises me that a *revival* meeting was in progress in the village of her home, and that the minister had called upon her with the endeavor to induce her to attend, but that he met with poor success, for she took the opportunity to explain to him the evil influence of those theologic excitements. She says that she "talked right up to him," (and that was your right, my daughter!)

How fast history is making! Since this work has been written, another member has been added to my generation. On the 8th day of December, 1879, my son and his wife had a daughter born to them, at Spring Arbor, Jackson county, Mich.—

Agnes Elizabeth Andrews. I sincerely congratulate you, my children, as parents of a son and a daughter.

“To aid thy mind’s development—to watch
The dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to see!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent’s kiss.”

MY SUMMING UP ON THEOLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM.

A large majority of my countrymen have been reared under orthodox influences, and believe the Christian religion a divine truth in all of its particulars, while others—half skeptical with regard to its truth, nevertheless think it a necessity—that man requires *scarecrows*, the fear of future punishments, and temptations of the devil to restrain and keep him from doing evil. While I disclaim not only the truth of the Jesuist Scriptures upon which it is based, but I go further and disclaim its necessity,

If kindness, goodness, mercy—in short, if humanity—humble, good will to man, was taught, in the homes, together with the laws of compensation, and that the office of this life is for a beautiful, harmonious development into the spiritual; and if the system of false worship, and the hypocritical theologies were abandoned, to make room for a code of morals like those of Confucius

the Chinese philosopher, or those of Seneca, of Rome, who was put to death by the fiendish Nero, because of his fear of the influence of the philosopher's wisdom, and noble nature, the people would grow peaceful and happy. To substantiate this fact, and to prove that the Christian religion is *not* a necessity, I quote the following contrast between this country and Japan, from Mr. Grave's "Bible of Bibles," and the reader will bear in mind that Japan is a nation which will not consent to the introduction of Christianity. And besides this quotation, I will remark that General and Mrs. Grant refer to Japan as the most delightful country visited during their recent tour around the world, and they speak of the Japanese in the highest praise.

Mr. Graves says :—

The question is frequently asked by Bible adherents what would be the moral condition of society without the Bible? Would it not again relapse into barbarism? Such questions manifest an ignorance of history and moral instincts of the human mind, and are easily met and answered by other questions including broader views. We ask, then, what was the moral condition of the world, or that portion of it included in the Jewish nation, during the two thousand years which elapsed before any part of our Bible was written? Was it any worse than the next two thousand years after it was written? And what is the moral condition of five-sixths of the human family now, who never had our Bible? Facts in history prove that the morals of some of the nations included in this class are superior to any Bible nation, either now existing, or figur-

ing in past history. Take, for example, the Japanese. We will present the testimony of an English officer, Colonel Hall. Reporting his own observations, he says: "During more than a year's residence in Japan, I never saw a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen an angry blow struck, and have scarcely heard an angry word. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hill, and no amount of entangled strings, or kites lodged in the trees, provoked angry words or impatience. In their games of jack-stones and marbles, I have never seen an approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents; but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence for the aged is universal. A crying child is seldom seen. We have nothing to teach them out of the abundance of our civilization." And a description of this nation by Dr. Oliphant fully confirms the foregoing. He says, "Universal testimony assures us, that in their domestic relations, the men are gentle and forbearing; the women obedient and virtuous. Every department of crime is less in proportion to the population than in Christian countries. The native tribunals prove their competency to deal with criminals by giving general satisfaction. Unlike any Christian country, locks and keys are never used; yet theft and robbery are almost unknown. Although we had most tempting curiosities with us, and left them laying about our lodging for months, not one of them was carried off, though our room was sometimes crowded with people. During the whole of our stay in Yeddo, we never heard a scolding woman, nor saw a disturbance in the streets, nor a child struck or otherwise maltreated. In case of disputes between neighbors, their children are often selected as arbiters, and always give satisfaction. And parents in their old age often give their property and the entire management of their affairs in the hands of their children, who never betray their trust. Now it must be evident to every reader, that no such moral picture of society can be presented of any Christian country. And yet the

Christian Bible is not only scarcely known among them, but they have resisted the determined efforts of the Christian missionaries for more than two hundred years, to introduce it and circulate it among them. Do such facts tend to confirm the statement often made by devout Christians, "the Bible must be introduced and read by the people before they can have good morals in any country." The following moral picture of our country is from the pen of Parson Brownlow. He tells us, "The gospel is preached to the people regularly all over the country. And yet, notwithstanding all this, rascality abounds in all classes of society. Cheating and misrepresentation are the order of the day. In politics there is very little patriotism or love of country. In religion there is more hypocrisy than grace, and the biggest scoundrels living crowd the church with a view to hide their rascally designs, and more effectually serve the devil. Pious villains as sanctified as the moral law, are keeping false accounts, and resort to them for the sake of gain. In short, rascality abounds among all classes."

Mr. G. continues this comparison at length between other Christian, and other non-Christian nations, in his valuable work, "Bible of Bibles;" but I will only remark in conclusion of my limited space for this inquiry, that Greece was far advanced in science, philosophy and morals, as were several other nations, when this blighting and withering spectre, with its rewards, punishments, and vicarious atonements was sprung upon the people, with its *believe* and be *saved* fiat, and its clubs, spears and lighted torches at its command to enforce its mandates, together with the destruction of the arts and sciences. But as a sick man whose vitality carries him through to restoration, in spite of

the deadly drugs of the physician who wrongly prescribes them, so with the people. The sciences still exist in nature, and man is a progressive being; the dark ages are vanishing, the spirit world is again coming to our rescue, and the progress we are making towards a higher and more noble standard of morals and human goodness is not because, but in spite of, the Christian Church.

A humane prison-keeper, appointed to the place of a predecessor that was tyrannical and oppressive, advised the prisoners when he entered upon duty, that he was their friend; that they were his brothers and sisters, notwithstanding their misfortunes—that it is “the sick who need a physician, and not they that are whole.” He addressed them as *brothers* and called them *gentlemen*; said he would do all he could for them, and would expect the same good will from them, but assured them that he was placed there to do his duty as their keeper. After a time they came to understand that it was not hypocrisy on his part, but that he was the true, noble man he had indicated. Upon one occasion the prison was found to be on fire. He threw open their cells, and called to them, “Gentlemen, I am in trouble; the prison is on fire, and I trust you will take no advantage of me.” They caught buckets and worked with a desperation that saved the buildings, and when that was done, *every man* responded to his name, and not

one had taken advantage to make his escape. This is no fancy sketch; it actually occurred in one of the States of this Union.

Andrew Jackson Davis found a *thief* in his cellar at midnight, with a *blackened* face. Mr. Davis said to him, "My brother, you are tried by the circumstances of this world, or you would not hazard this undertaking. If you are in need, if you are a sufferer, I am willing to share with you; come to me by day and I will assist you. Will do you good and not evil. The man jumped through a window and ran away. But afterward the same man rescued Mr. Davis in a time of peril.

Two neighbors living on opposite sides of a road, each had cattle. An animal belonging to one got out of its inclosure, and was found by him in *the pound*, where he had to pay to redeem it. He mentioned it to his neighbor, who was a hard-hearted, selfish man, and expressed to him a wonder who could have placed his animal in the pound, whereupon the neighbor responded, "I did it, and if it gets out again, I will put it there again." "Well, neighbor," said the first, "I will tell you what I done. One night, a short time since, I heard cattle in my garden. I got up, called my sons, and upon going out, saw they were your cattle. I thought first I would call you, and ask you to come and take care of them, but upon looking over to your house I saw all was still and quiet,

and concluded not to disturb you. We drove them out and into your cattle-yard, and closed the gate all safe, and again returned to our beds; but in the morning we found they had done considerable damage to our cabbages and other vegetables, but I charged the boys not to let you know it, as it might disturb your feelings, and," he added, "if they get in again, I will do just so again." This neighbor had been an enemy, but his evil disposition was *overcome with good*, and he became forever after a fervent *friend*.

H. L. Green, of Salamanca, N. Y., says :

True Liberalism recognizes every member of the human family as a brother, and that if there is to be any difference in the treatment of human beings, it should be in favor of those who are the lowest down in the scale of moral development. The "holier than thou" doctrine belongs to the Christian church and not to Liberalism. We don't want any priests and Levites in the church of humanity. The most sublime words that Colonel Ingersoll has ever uttered, were these :

"But I tell you that I say to my children, 'Go where you will, commit what crime you may, fall to what depth of degradation you may, you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend.'"

When Liberalism has done its perfect work every Liberal will say to every member of the human family what Col. Ingersoll says to the members of his own family. At that day the fabled millenium will have arrived.

This is what I understand to be the central teachings of Jesus Christ, that men should learn to "do on earth" as is done in the heavens, but I sub-

mit if the orthodox church, in its usurpations and organized resistance of evil, is not more in harmony with the devil they employ, and if it is not themselves—the church—that goes about “like a roaring lion,” (with revival meetings) “seeking whom they may devour.”

IS SPIRITUALISM TRUE?

I have for years had very little to say upon the subject. Was I deluded? Was it a mere fanatical impulse and delusion? I am well aware of the complex, almost unfathomable, wondrous, strange and extraordinary workings of the human mentality. I am well aware that under the influence of narcotics and opiates the human brain becomes abnormal and impresses upon memory's tablet strange, delusive chimera, and, too, I am a subject easily affected by the influence of those nostrums, as were both my father and mother before me. I have still impressed indelibly upon my memory an image which once presented itself before me when upon a bed, sick, and under the influence of an opiate, a stick of wood seemed to raise up in the air before me, change to a Negro boy, and looked into my face with a grinning visage. But it did not administer to my mind and intelligence; it did not impart to me great living truths, which has since been confirmed to my then more ignorant mind upon those subjects both by history and

experience; nor has it followed me up through many dark and trying epochs of life and cast a radiant light before me, and with an influence to buoy and console me with hope and confidence during these long years, and ever encouraged me to struggle on and battle against the errors of false conceptions that would lead to a false and unprofitable life; all of which spiritualism has done.

My mother, as previously stated in this book, possessed a very aspiring nature, and was always particular about her associates. She ever entertained an especial pride in this respect, and always sought the association of those she deemed to be of the highest cast and known for their intelligence and respectability. Some years after her death, I chanced to attend a spiritual meeting in Townsend Hall, Buffalo, N. Y. It was on a Sunday forenoon; the hall was large, and well filled, and there was not one present with whom I had any acquaintance. Meanwhile a gentleman came and took me by the hand, struggled for a moment with the endeavor to speak, and while I looked at him with wonder he said to me in broken accents, "Your mother is heré, she bids me tell you that she dwells with bright spirits." In Wisconsin, upon one occasion when on a lecturing tour in that State, myself and wife arrived in a village where all were strangers. Being quite out of health and having eaten but little for, days, my appetite being fanciful, I laid

down upon a lounge or bed, and said to Anna, my wife, that I felt a great relish for some *good* dried beef. It seemed to me that if I could have some that was good, it would be as a medicine, and that I could eat it with benefit.

I will add that dried beef has always been a peculiar relish with me when out of health. But to return, what was our bewildered astonishment when soon after my expressing the wish, a gentle rap was heard at our door, and upon opening it, a lady stood outside, with a plate of the most palatable dried beef I ever ate. She was an entire stranger and in no way connected with the hotel at which we had put up, but resided in a house near by. She appeared quite diffident as she came in, made some excuse, but finally advised us that she had learned that a gentleman was at the hotel somewhat out of health; that she was a spiritualist and tried to obey her impressions; that she was powerfully impressed—she having some excellent dried beef—to bring in some, feeling that I might relish it.

It would be superfluous for me to mention our kind reception of the lady and her precious offering, which acted as a magic wand to benefit and tone me for my lecture that night.

My wife has also ever been influenced regarding events, and also inspired to press forward, overcoming every obstacle to the accomplishment of a

noble work in life, that will *live* and ameliorate the conditions of those of earth, after she has reached the EVERGREEN SHORES.

During all of our travels, and under every circumstance of my past life for over twenty years, which will be readily testified to by my wife and children, I have had tangible impressions to guide and guard me. At Ottawa, Ohio, some years since, when (waiting to receive some expected money, but the time having gone by and I had given up receiving it), while standing in the doorway at the residence of Mr. Geo. T. Craig, where we were making a temporary home at the time, a train of cars were passing by to the depot at that moment, when a deep impression came over me, as if to tell me certain that the expected money had come on that train. Thereupon, I turned to the household and said I would give them a *spiritual test*, and that was that the train just passing had brought me money; that Mr. Craig might himself go down and make inquiry and test my impression. He went, brought me a money package, and they all had to yield that it was "very curious."

When on a professional trip in Illinois, my son with me, upon one occasion, as he will likely remember, we had only been in the place part of a day, and I had gone into my sleeping room and lain down for a rest, when soon, he, my son, came

in and said to me that he thought we had come to a poor place for business, over which he was feeling slightly discouraged, when the impression came upon me before I could reply, which, in fact, gave me the reply, I said to him, "Oh, yes, we will have business here. I will give you a *test*, that I will do some business and take some money before night." As I finished speaking, a rap at our door aroused us. My boy turned and opened it; a stranger had called to ask if I could tell his difficulty; that he was much out of health. Upon a moment's diagnosis, I replied that he was suffering of a chronic liver difficulty. He asked my price for a prescription. I said, "three dollars." He handed my son a five dollar bill. He gave him the change, and after other preliminaries left. My son turned to me and expressed his *wonder*.

In the State of Iowa, a gentleman carried me three miles with his team, to meet an appointment to lecture. Before our arrival it had commenced to rain quite fast. It was a dreary winter evening, and on our arrival, we found that the building where I was to lecture was not lighted up, nor any fire made. We struck a light, but could find no wood. I said to the gentleman, never mind, let us immediately return, as we cannot expect that any people will come out to-night, the weather is too inclement. At that moment I *had my sign*, as my son was wont to call it. I thereupon, with-

out explanation to the gentleman, said, "It is raining. Let us wait a little." In a few moments some young men came in, who found wood and started a fire, and within twenty minutes from that time the house was well filled at twenty-five cents each. But enough, for though tests with me are beyond my ability to enumerate, yet such *tests* have little weight with me, but rather the voices of wisdom, and sacred visitations that have cheered me and upheld my efforts to proclaim the truth and win others from error and superstition, are the bright, genial realities I have, and ever will prize beyond price. Yea, for which I have felt to give thanks every moment of the best epochs of my life.

THE BEAUTIES OF SPIRITUALISM—BY MRS. H. N. G. BUTTS, OF
HOPEDALE, MICH.

Spiritualism does not come to us dressed in sable garments, telling us that the dear departed still live, only to inhabit a region of gloom and despair; but it comes to us in the radiant light of heaven's own brightness. It whispers of rest and peace, and reveals to our dim vision a land of supernal beauty, a happy land where no chilling theology comes with its dark and blighting influence to make more desolate the stricken soul. It comes, like the serene breath of summer's morning, fans our aching brows, and bears our fainting spirits upward, and introduces us into the beautiful gardens of the spirit home.

What tradition of the past, what historic miracle, can give to the seeking soul that completeness of joy which these spiritual realizations impart? What doctrine so well calculated to

inspire the soul with reverence for all that is good, true and beautiful—for every sunbeam that illumines our darkened way—for every pebble that glistens in the well of truth—as the cheering doctrine of Spiritualism?

This beautiful philosophy acknowledges no death. The warm heart of love still throbs on in that brighter sphere, and to the silver chain of memory has been added a firmer link, which assimilates more closely the immortal spirit to the human soul. There cannot be unkind voices speaking from the spheres above—chiding us when we weep for translated ones, but rather gentle whisperings fall upon our ears, while angel hands smooth our careworn brows, and say sweetly to us “there is no death—you are as much in eternity now as you ever will be.”

Spiritualism comes as a harbinger of joy to the soul that has long groped in materialistic darkness—who perhaps in vain has asked the question, “If a man die shall he live again?” The popular church, with its dark theology, has driven many sensitive souls into atheism; they choosing rather to believe in no God, no future, than to embrace a theory which clothes the heavenly Father with wrath and vengeance, and clouds the future with impenetrable gloom. But Spiritualism, like the morning star, dawns upon the receptive soul, and the long night of doubt and unbelief is exchanged for the happy belief in immortality. It is given to the newly-awakened soul to know that when the soul leaves the mortal body, it will ascend into higher scenes of action, where it will progress in wisdom and goodness forever.

To still further rest my pen I give you an extract from an address by Professor William Denton, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, recently delivered at Bismarck Grove, near Lawrence, Kansas, which I heartily endorse in every particular, and especially

does it embody my idea of Deity, as given me by spirit influence years ago.

SPIRITUALISM, HEAVEN AND HELL.

Kansas was known to me twenty years ago as the rallying place of the hosts of freedom, and I am again to witness the gathering of those intellectual forces of which we never dreamed in slavery days. We want a platform where religionists and non-religionists can meet, where women as well as men can express themselves. If we have truth we need not fear error. Is error immortal? Can the breath blow out error or truth? Truth has God's life blood flowing through its veins, and is as immortal as he. There is nature, a spirit analogous to man, a spirit that is neither male nor female, but both; a thinking, loving, hoping essence like our own. Without the influence of this spirit man could never have sprung from the red-hot, molten ball we now call earth; it guided life through the ages till it eventuated in man. Is it less probable that I should live in another state of existence than this! Out of this fiery abyss I have come, Oh, father and mother, to what I now am! The ignorant know nothing of the boundaries of the unseen universe; they will not believe what they themselves have not seen, felt and heard. Spirits have made themselves known to me times innumerable. I have touched hands with them, my father and mother have visited me with the tender old words of boyhood.

SPIRITUALISM.

You tell me you do not believe these things because you do not know them for yourself; but is your ignorance to be considered the boundary line of universal knowledge?

Says another, "If what you say is true, what's the reason I never seen or heard such things? Just let your spirits come and talk to me, and then I'll believe it."

Suppose I tell a man who has never seen a volcano that I

have seen a mountain belching forth fire and smoke, with streams of molten lava pouring down its sides. "Oh," says he: I don't believe it—it is impossible. I have seen thousands of mountains, but I never yet saw a mountain smoke, or have lava running down its side. Let your volcano come here and show itself, with its fire and smoke and lava, and then I'll believe what you say about it."

Spiritualism deals a death blow to orthodoxy, because it abolishes the orthodox heaven and the orthodox hell. It teaches us that we are in the hereafter what we have been. It has no use for a hell, because it teaches us that death does not change men into devils, with every spark of good burned out of them, and it has no use for a heaven, because it teaches that death does not change men into angels. We carry with us into the future life our vices as well as our virtues. We retain our individuality—we are neither angels nor devils, but ourselves. And I would not have it otherwise if I could; I want to live as myself and not as another, and there as here, I shall be William Denton.

"Oh," says my Christian brother, "you don't intend to

TAKE AWAY OUR HEAVEN

do you?" Yes; we intend to take it away, because you don't want it.

What kind of a place is it? You can not tell. But we read a description of it in Revelations, and from that we learn that it is a great city, surrounded by high walls, having gates; and St. Peter sets there as gate keeper. What does heaven want with walls and gates? There are only two reasons why any place should be thus surrounded; one is to keep rascals in; the other to keep rascals out. Which of these purposes does the wall of heaven serve? Let us suppose a case: William Lloyd Garrison, the philanthropist and champion of liberty, was whitewashed by the Methodists just before he died, and, of course, went to heaven. After Peter has let him in, an angel

comes to guide him through the place. He looks about him, but everything is strange—he sees no familiar faces. He says to his guide, "Where is my old friend Henry C. Wright, one of the grandest and purest men that ever lived on earth?" "Oh," says the angel, "he didn't believe the Bible and we had to send him to hell." "That's very sad," says William, "but where is Thomas Paine, the patriot and author of the revolution, whose pen did more than Washington's sword to secure the freedom of my country?" "You don't mean Tom Paine?" says the angel in astonishment. "Yes" says William, "Thomas Paine, whose works I so much admired." "Why," said the angel, "he's in hell, of course; he was one of the worst of infidels." Says William, "I don't see Washington or Franklin, or Jefferson, or any of the great patriots that our country produced. You don't mean to tell me they are all in hell?" "Yes," says the angel, "every one of them. They didn't say much about it, but they were all infidels, and what's the use of having a hell if such men are not sent there?" By this time we imagine Garrison to be growing desperate, as he says to the angel, "If all these are in hell who have you in heaven?" "Oh," replies the angel, "we have all the babies that ever died on earth. They were not old enough to do wrong and they were all saved." "But where are their mothers?" says Garrison. "The most of them sinned," says the guide, "and went to hell." "Oh, terrible picture," moans Garrison—"a whole multitude of little children with nobody to take care of them, and their mothers in hell. But go on—tell me who else you have here." "Well," replies the guide, "we have all the idiots from the earth. They were not accountable for their conduct, and were all saved."

"Alas, alas?" exclaims William, in anguish and despair. "All the babies and all the idiots are in heaven but all the heroes, patriots, philanthropists and noble souls, that I ever knew on earth, are in hell!"

And now my friends you can see what the wall is for. If it wasn't for that wall Garrison would be out of there and have

an underground railroad to hell in less than twenty-four hours. God is not a personality in the shape of a man, but an essence; humanity is a half orphan; we hear of god, the father, but no mother; had she been there hell-fire would long since have been quenched in tears. The Greeks taught us a lesson here, the maternal principle was always recognized in mythology. Let us begin to lead clean and wholesome lives, give up tobacco and strong drink, set a good example to these poor heathen Methodists and Baptists. Let us graduate into the heavenly school from the head of our class. Let them send their gospel to the heathen, we don't want it. Ours is the new religion in harmony with all that is grand and beautiful in nature, and better than the light of revelation is that reflected from dying eyes, as they gaze upon the faces of old-time friends waiting to receive them.

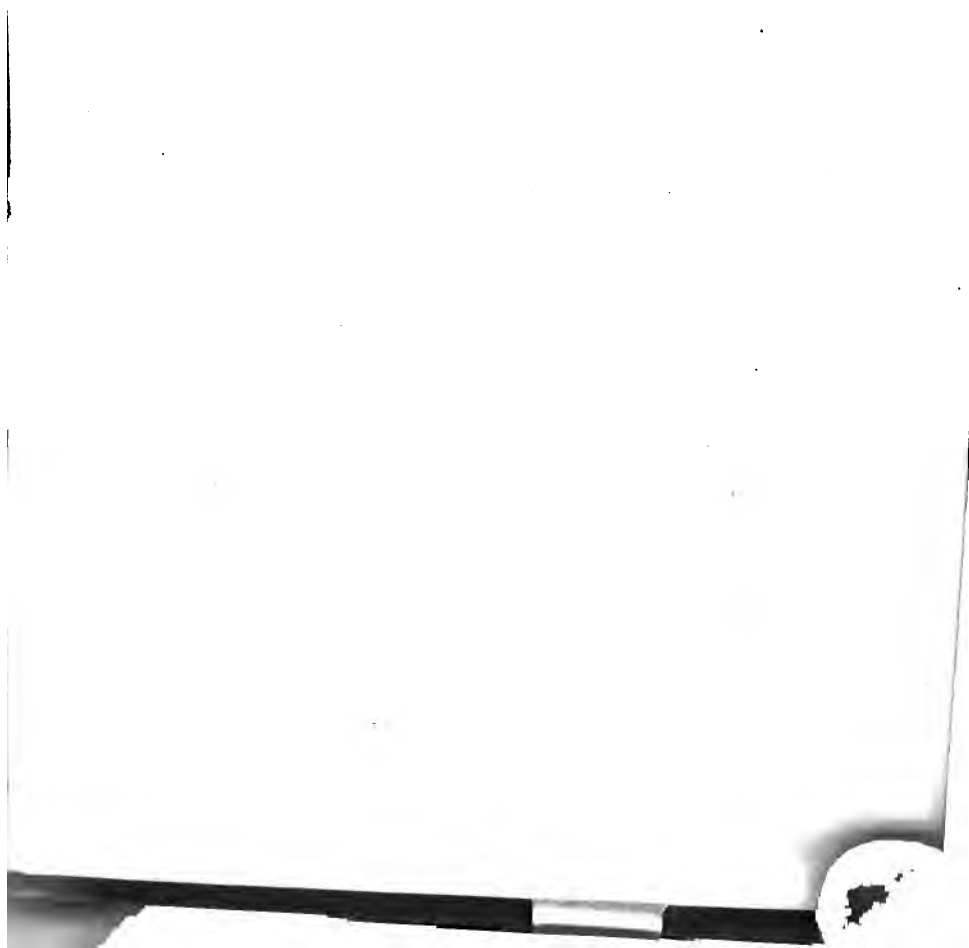
CONCLUSION.

I found myself a living, feeling, thinking identity upon this globe without my asking. I am not sorry for being here. I have told the simple story of my life as well as I could under the circumstances—not all—no man can tell all of his life. But what I have told is *truthful*. The hand that pens these lines will soon be paralyzed and I will go the way of my fathers. I *love* all individuals of the human family, because, they are my brothers and sisters, and especially do I love those of my blood. I hope to meet you all in a future state of existence, and now *good-bye*.



THE END.







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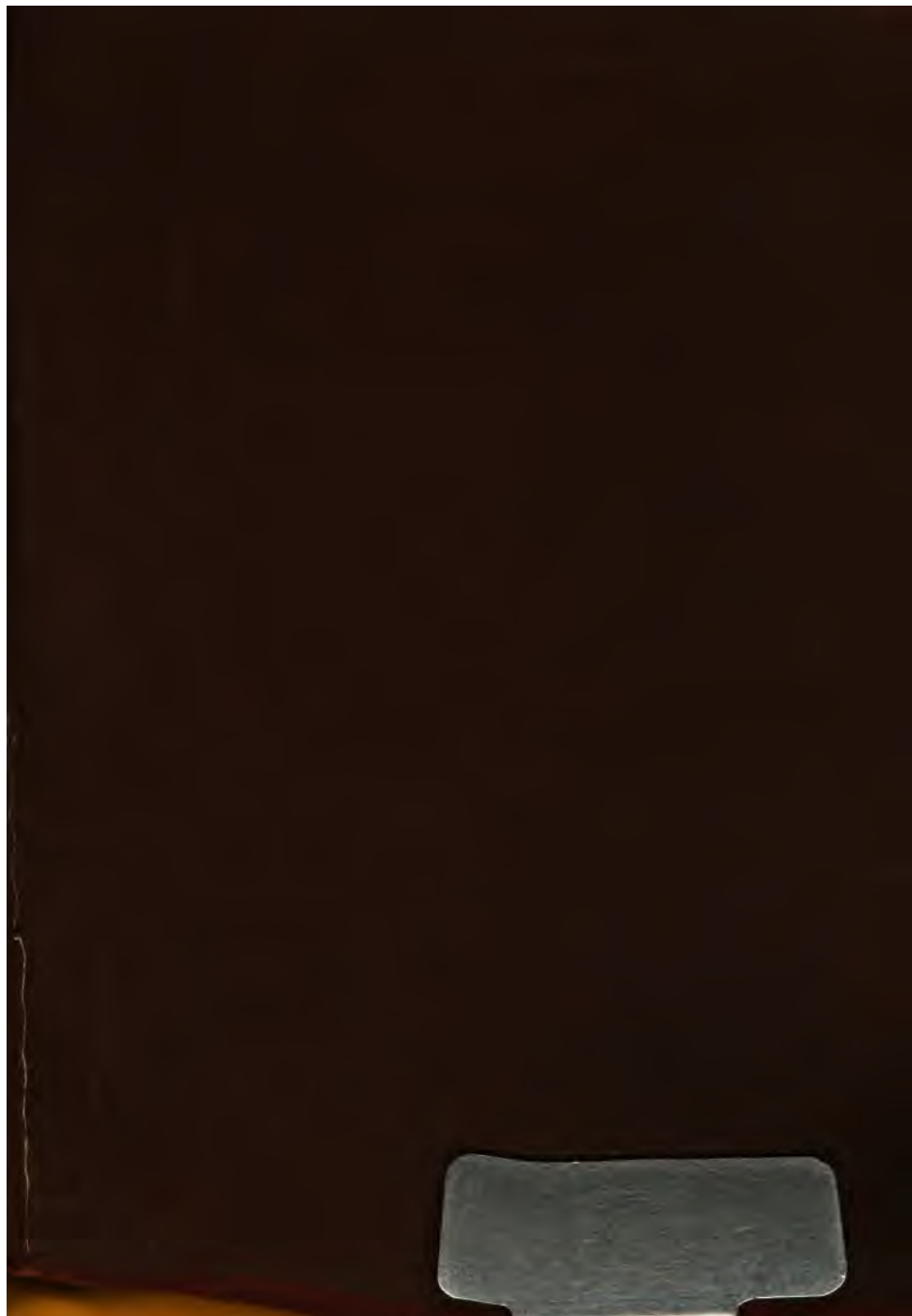
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